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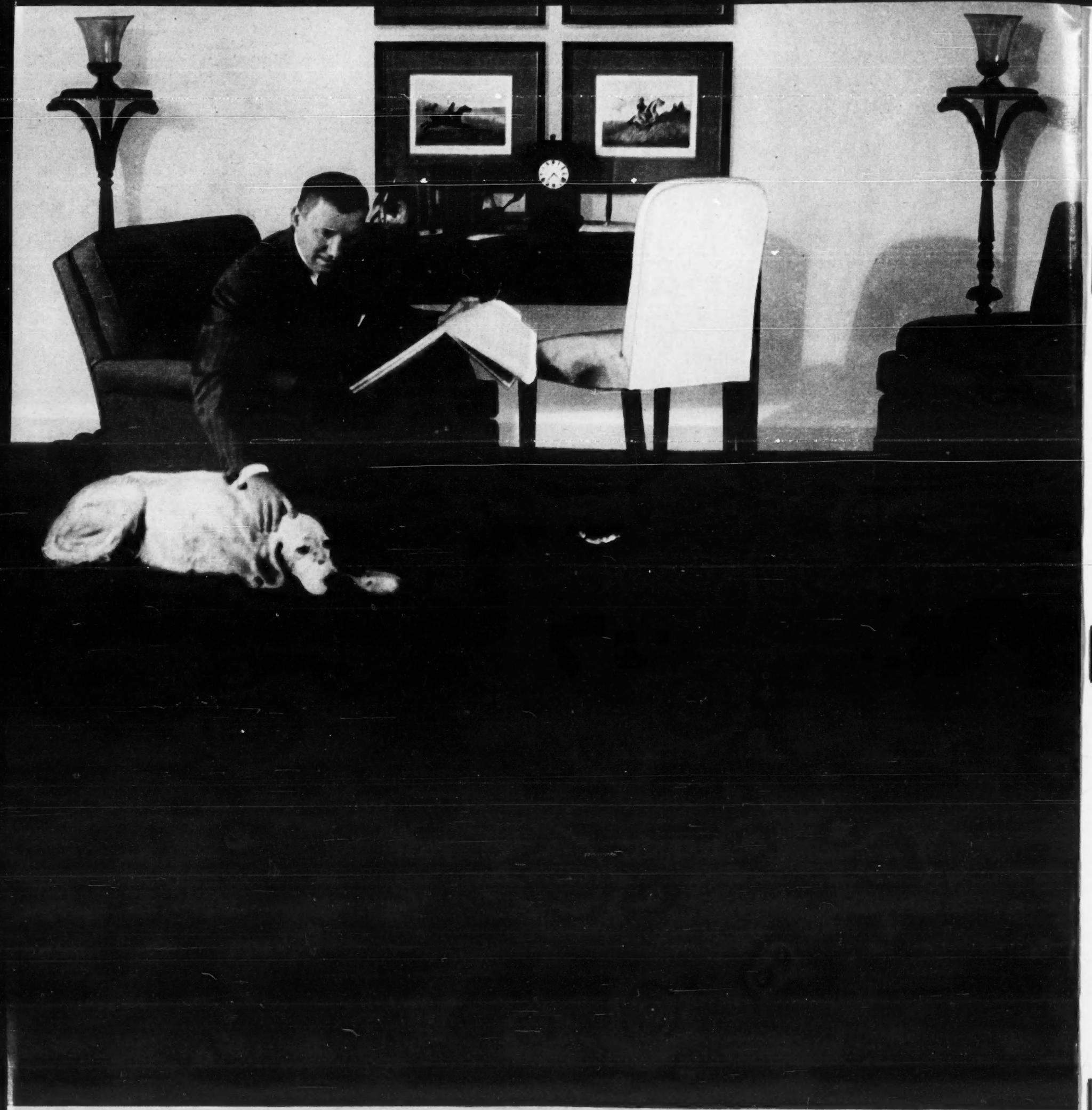
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Young Dr. Shannon and pretty Jean Law made a strange bargain. Since marriage to each other seemed impossible, they agreed to share only their exciting work. But they soon found that scientific research is no substitute for love! By the author of *The Citadel* and *The Keys of the Kingdom*.



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Let's Learn to LIKE Women

by Byrne Hope Sanders

IT SURPRISES me continually to find out how few women really like women.

If you don't believe me, do a little sleuthing on your own. Make some generalizations, unflattering to women as a sex. Not only will you earn a reputation among women for being pretty smart; but most of them will agree with you, comfortably and casually.

It is a well-known fact that the great majority of women prefer a man lawyer or doctor. Most girls will say they don't want to work for a woman boss. Discover there's a woman driver in the car ahead—and what's the usual reaction?

What support do women get from women in public life or politics?

We flock, as women, to men designers for our styles; agree that men chefs really are the best. Who wants to go to a woman golf pro? Men hairdressers are the very best of all. (And don't they know it? One of them, cutting my hair a few days ago, had the answer, "It's sex," he said, looking very owlish and very smug. "Women like to have a man fussing about their hair!")

IT MAY BE sex that makes women distrust women in business. Isn't it a basic fear that every woman in a job means one less opportunity for someone's husband or son? It may be that we are not accustomed yet to women in public life. But at the heart of the whole situation, I think, lies the fact that we don't bring a positive approach to the need for *liking* women. It's a very homely little verb, but it is a most significant one.

FROM THE time we are little girls we hear mildly derogatory reactions to woman. It may be the reiterated distaste on the part of so many women for "hen parties." Or the oft-repeated tribute to any brilliant woman—"She thinks like a man." It may be the flow of propaganda in press, movies, or our own conversation, indicating that while woman is often delightful, she is just as often—careless, emotional, sentimental, impractical, jealous, inexperienced, too fond of gossip.

WRITING AS a woman, for women, in a woman's magazine, I don't need to point out that any of those adjectives suit men just as often as women—individually or collectively. I don't need to remind you that, on the whole, a woman has to be smarter, better groomed, more charming than the average man in the same job. That she dare not utter the vague inanities of so many men when speaking from a platform—whether it has to do with church life or governmental interests. Women's organizing powers in community work are remarkable. As for her achievements in the homes across Canada—they are so noteworthy that even women appreciate them.

We know all this. But does it make us like our sex any more? Do we work at the job of *liking* women? Watch yourself over the next few weeks to get your own honest answers.

For until we do, there's not much chance of our winning greater success in the world at large.

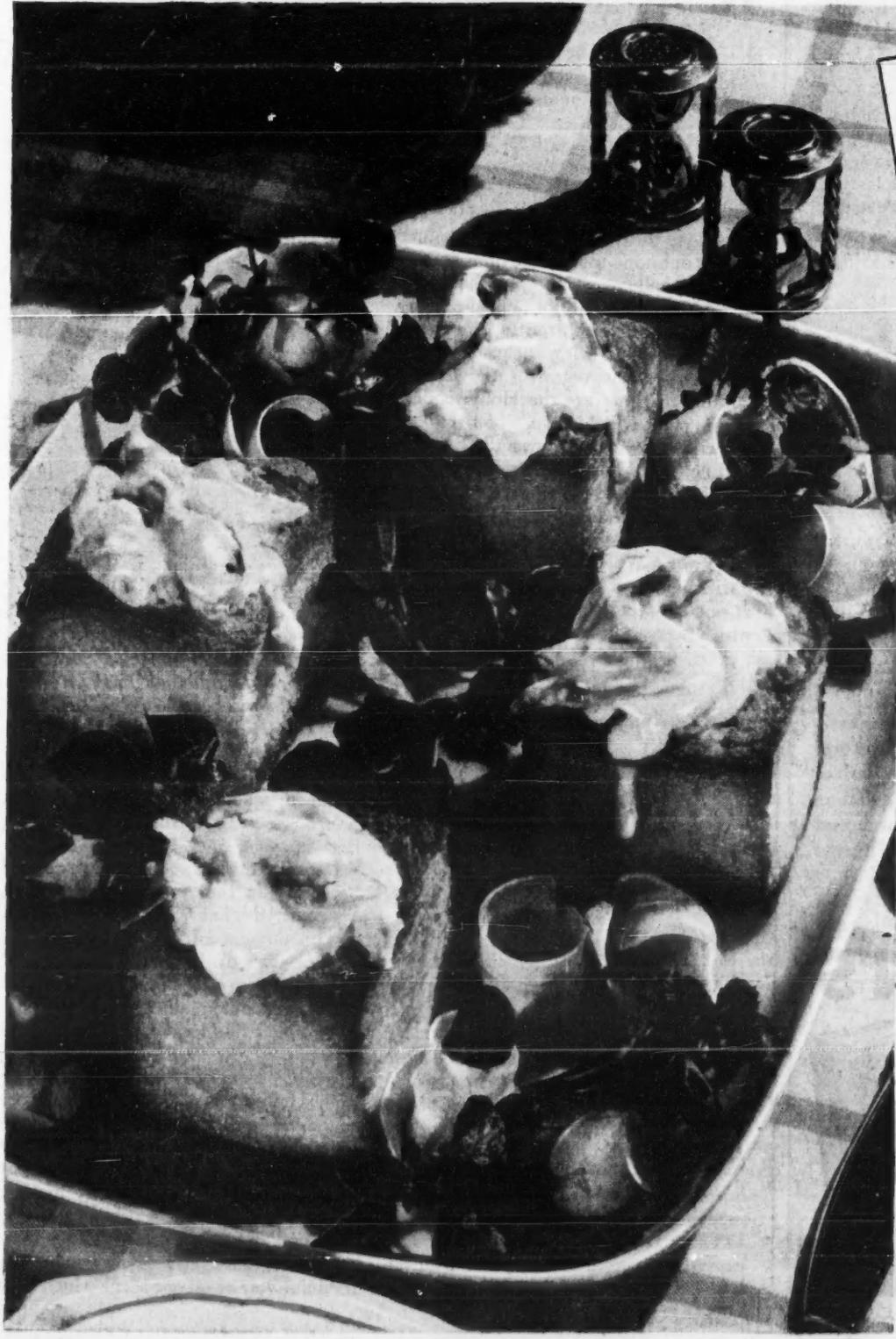
A N E D I T O R I A L

For Budget-Trimmers with "All the Trimmings"



Begin with Bread!

WHEN you find your food money melting away at the meat counter before you've had a chance to shop for groceries—sure, it's time to take measures! But you *don't need* to put your folks on an austerity diet. Just take your costlier ingredients—meats or sweets—and "stretch" them with Bread! You'll be amazed how many rich-tasting main dishes—and yummy desserts—you can make so easily and *so* cheaply when you BEGIN WITH BREAD! Just get an extra supply of wholesome, delicious baker's bread and plan one of these three treats to-day!



Croûstades of Creamed Chicken

(Illustrated)

Croûstades for servings desired
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium-thick white sauce
 Croûstades—Cut day-old bread in $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices. Remove crusts. Cut into 3 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces. Hollow out each block with sharp knife. Leave shells unbroken but thin. Brush all over with sharp butter. Brown lightly in moderate oven.

White Sauce—Melt 2 tbsps. butter and blend with 2 tbsps. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper, or a few grains cayenne. Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir and cook until mixture thickens smoothly. Combine sauce and chicken. Add scraped onion. Season to taste. Heat over boiling water. Serve in hot croûstades. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Meat Loaf

4 cups soft bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper
2 lbs. ground raw beef	1 tsp. dry mustard
1 chopped onion	1 tsp. mixed poultry
1 tbsp. salt	seasoning
1 egg, slightly beaten	Shortening

Combine all ingredients, except fat. Mix thoroughly and shape gently into loaf. Place in roasting pan and spread generously with fat and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Brown in very hot oven, 550°. When richly browned, lower heat sharply to 350°. Continue to bake uncovered 45 to 60 minutes longer. Baste frequently.

Creamy Egg Scramble on Savory Toast

Buttered toast slices	Cayenne
4 eggs, slightly beaten	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ cup rich milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	2 tbsps. butter

Seasoned anchovy, sardine or fish paste

Add salt, cayenne, milk and butter to eggs. Place over gently boiling water. When sides and bottom set, draw away from pan, letting liquid run under. Cook until all is lightly set. Turn onto hot platter. Border with fingers of toast, trimmed of crusts, and spread with savory fish paste.

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KEEN'S AND COLMAN'S D.S.F. MUSTARD FROM ENGLAND

Enjoyed The World Over!

What's Coming from Hollywood

by Kate Holliday



RKO
From the new Hollywood comes more budget films, like "Bed of Roses" starring Joan Fontaine and Mel Ferrer. You'll be hearing more of him.

HOLLYWOOD is back on the beam.
The fearful days are over.

HIt is a different kind of Hollywood, a saner, more adult kind.

It is a town which has learned that every industry must eventually grow up.

During the war, you see, the movie makers returned in many ways to their flamboyant beginnings. For then, just as in the days of the late D. W. Griffith and his cohorts, anything would sell.

and his cohorts, anything would sell. When peace came many of the studios were lax in realizing that a change had come over the populace. They continued to toss out none-too-terrific films costing multiple millions. They were shocked—and a bit hurt—that not only the critics but, even more importantly, the public did not respond with enthusiasm.

It took a few years for the reasons for this to penetrate the Hollywoodian brain, plus a little item which had to do with showing Hollywood's pictures in England. That dealt with the fact that only a small percentage of a film's profits could be taken from Great Britain, instead of the vast sums extracted formerly. When this was passed by Parliament, consternation hit the producers. It seemed the final straw: films which were not being clutched to the



WARNERS

bosoms of Americans usually made money from foreign markets; what now?

There were some men in the movie capital who were not afraid and never had been. Dore Shary was one. As

production head of RKO and later MGM, he maintained that good pictures could be made inexpensively. He looked the passing of the boom days in the face and turned out such things as "Crossfire" and "The Window" for RKO, both of which drew both critical and box-office acclaim and were produced for much less than a million dollars.

It was Shary, too, who had the intestinal fortitude to make the first of what the town calls "unusual" pictures. "Crossfire" concerned a man who killed a Jew simply because he didn't like Jews. It was the beginning of a cycle of films which dealt with racial prejudice of various kinds. "Gentleman's Agreement," made by Fox, followed it to win a plethora of Academy Awards. And, more recently, two excellent productions exploring the question of Negro intolerance have been released: "Home of the Brave," a quiet document of a Negro's experience in the armed forces, and "Lost Boundaries," the screen version of a true story of a light-skinned Negro doctor who "passed" as white in order that his family might have a chance at a normal life. Both are shocking in their honesty, hold tremendous emotional impact, and are acted magnificently.



Musicals may be less extravagant, but they still score at the box-office. In "Young Man With A Horn" new star Kirk Douglas teams up with Hoagy Carmichael.

cently. They also prove that Hollywood at last has the courage to use its medium for good, whether or not the financial return is as great as from a show starring Betty Grable.

It is expected that these pictures will be shown in the American South. It is expected that they may cause a certain amount of trouble, though the first playing of "Home of the Brave" in Texas was comparatively calm. But the point behind making them was more vital than the loss of a few "white supremacy" theatres.

These productions are one part of the "new Hollywood." Another part is more mundane but equally valuable. For the men who create films purely and simply for their revenue are, on the whole, not only making better films but making them for less. The spirit now is one of thrift. The days of spending thousands of dollars on a single gown for a feminine star or on one scene which may

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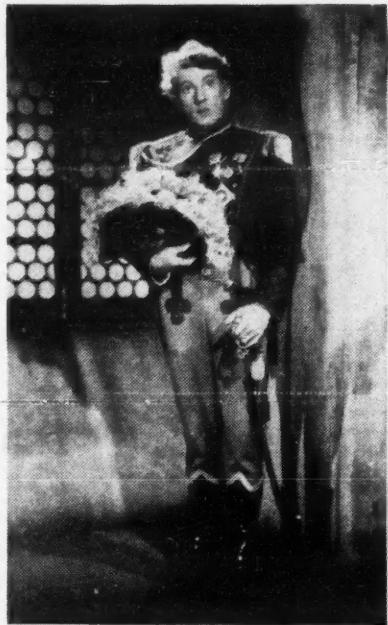


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perhaps run 30 seconds have departed. They will stay gone. Though there will be exceptions, of course, most films in the "A" class will be brought in for less than \$2,000,000 in the future, instead of twice or three times that amount, as in the past. And stories will be solid. Musicals will be made of Broadway hits, proven to have pleased the public. Dramas will include both the classics and the picture versions of best-selling books. Fewer originals, with the exception of the controversial stories already mentioned, will reach the theatres. In other words, Hollywood is finally playing it smart.

Another new development is the enormous number of pictures now being



After terrific success on London stage, Danny Kaye returns to his film clowning in "The Happy Times." You'll likely have to join the line-up to see this one.

made in foreign countries. This stems from two causes: Hollywood has become aware that it has used its own locations over and over, and that the public has come to recognize them; and most companies have funds frozen in Europe and other continents which can only be realized by shooting abroad. Thus, Ingrid Bergman is making "Stromboli" on that island; Franchot Tone just completed "Eiffel Tower" in Paris, and is going into "White Tower," an RKO film to be done in the Swiss Alps; and other Hollywood groups are holding forth in England, Germany, Italy, and even South Africa. The realism achieved in this manner will more than pay for the trouble of jaunting across the globe.

In some ways, of course, Hollywood has not changed. The star system, for instance, remains rampant, if anything more important than ever. Men like Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Gable, Ladd, Crosby, and so on, either demand—and get—weekly wages up to \$7,000, or make as much as \$200,000 per picture—some of which the government allows them to keep. And, recently, nearly the entire stable of David Selznick was signed by the brothers Warner, though the brothers have a few star names of their own. This new list includes Shirley Temple, Louis Jourdan, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joe Cotton, and Rory Calhoun, and Jack Warner paid Dave a large and heart-warming sum for partial rights to their services. Too,

Continued on page 15



Chocolate Surprise Cakes

1 1/4 cups sifted pastry flour or
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
8 tbsps. Jewel Shortening
2 cups (lightly packed) brown sugar

2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs
1 tsp. baking soda
1/2 cup sour milk
1/2 cup boiling water
1 tsp. pure vanilla

Measure flour and add baking powder and salt. Cream Jewel slightly—this just takes a jiffy for Jewel Shortening creams so quickly and easily. Gradually blend in sugar. Add melted chocolate and combine well. Beat and add eggs, then sift in dry ingredients alternately with baking soda dissolved in sour milk; combine after each addition. Stir in boiling water and add vanilla. Pour batter into Jewelled and floured muffin pans until they are two-thirds full. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, for 15 to 20 minutes. Ice when cold.

SMOOTH BUTTER FROSTING

Cream 3 tps. soft butter and blend in 1/2 cup sifted icing sugar. Add 3 tps. hot milk and pinch of salt, then gradually work in enough sifted icing sugar to make mixture of suitable spreading consistency. Add few drops vanilla and beat fluffy. Now let your imagination go to town! Spread this delicious butter icing on your cup cakes and decorate with saucy trimmings of fruit crystals, nuts, chocolate chips or coconut. Trace designs in the icing with your knife, or squeeze icing from a pastry tube, and surprise! These little cup cakes—so simple to make—will have everybody begging for more!

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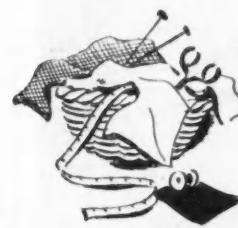
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TEEN PAGE

To you . . . the teen-year old. Because we feel you're important, we're staking this space for Chatelaine's teen-age news each month. We want to help with all sorts of things—your manners, your looks, your clothes, your dates, your future. So you'll be a bright-eyed, bright-thinking young person, ready to take a vital part in tomorrow's world.



Illustrated by
Frances Petty

New Term — New Time

"A stitch in time saves nine"—you heard that about the same time you coaxed Dad to listen to your tales. Well, let's dig out the ol' sewing basket, and bring that proverb up-to-date. This is a new term, a new time of your life . . . and a stitch or two now could save nine friendships!



Needle—Long and sharp. You tick it into friend 'n' foe. Marg's new skirt is the last gasp, but when the crowd oohs, you tab it a "sad plaid." Pricking people with your prattle isn't humor. So how about using a needle the way it was intended . . . to strengthen the fabric of friendship?



Scissors—You and Len are going steady. But Pete's your steady too. Play one gay blade off against the other, lass, and you'll get caught between 'em. Then instead of being someone's one and only, you'll be simply one and lonely.



Thimble—Two gal pals confiding, and in you push, taking over the conversation without a by-your-leave. Popular? Sure, like an epidemic! And must you try to boss the show, shoving others hither and yon? Watch it—people will find others more fun to know.



Thread—All a-twist on the spool. Your life's a mad tangle. You sleep in, stampede through cocoa, dash to class. And, like as not, draw a detention because there just wasn't time to do history last night. And your room! Why not straighten the mess, and work out a Schedule. Set definite time for homework . . . a session on your clothes . . . a weekly shampoo . . . and that room . . . and get up when the alarm says so.



Tape measure—You measure your associates and your classmates with a what's-in-this-for-me attitude. Pete doesn't have Gord's spending money . . . so Pete's cut dead. Janey's got a summer cottage and a big brother, so you pal with her—even though you know she's not your dish of tea. High time you took another look at that tape . . . and got your measurements straight.



Elastic—Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your grey matter grow? Is your mind closed tight against new ideas . . . or tolerant and responsive? Check up. Do you pan every political party except your dad's? Parrot the opinion you hear at home or from that new lad? Say "I'm right" when even Einstein wouldn't know for sure? Lazy Mary, won't you wake up . . . give your mind some stretching exercises. Read books, keep posted on people and things. Talk to a bus driver or a person. Sweep away the dust . . . and let your next "I think" be your very own, evolving thought.



Pins—Alike as you and Kate. She buys a skirt of midnight blue. You get one, too. She loathes Pidgeon, idolizes Lawford. So you do the same. Shop together, walk together, talk together. A pity. There's no achievement in being a twin pin. Who can take time to sort you out? So make your act a single . . . be your own individual self. No longer a copy-Kate.



Zipper—You join 'em all . . . Girls Club, Teen Council, Athletics. So can you help it if you don't get home till six . . . can't take time for family talk, KP, or dustpan duty Saturday morn? School doings are fine . . . teach you to work with others. But keep a balance. Select one group to join, then be its comfort and strength. And in those new-found minutes, zip up the gap twixt you and your family.



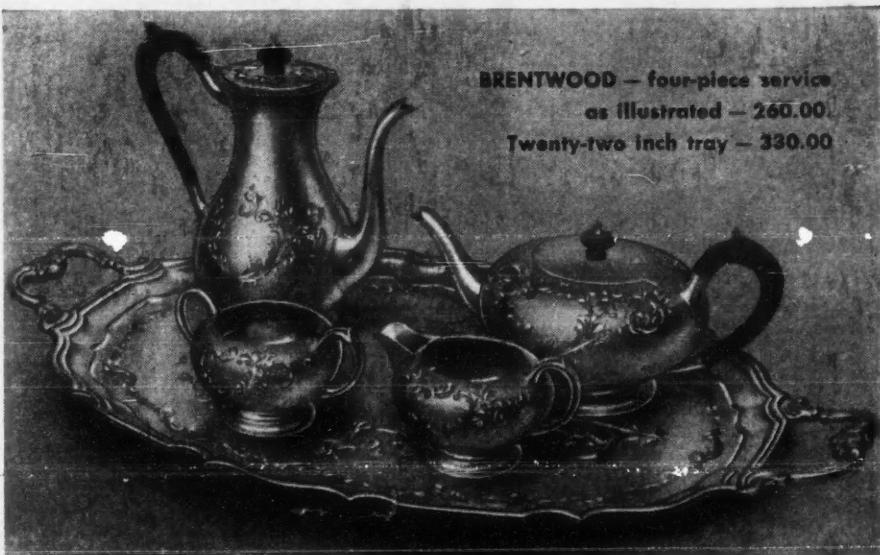
Patches—What's *your* blind spot? Do you think it's okay to white-lie a mite . . . to snaffle Janie's notes without asking . . . to "forget" to do that errand on the way home? Or maybe your blind spot is different again. Do you and your crowd welcome our new Canadians who are starting in to your school . . . teens of every race and religion? Prejudice has no place in One World. Find your particular blind spot, big or little, mountain or mote. And get rid of it.

Now it's up to you. Figure your fault, and take that stitch in time!

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Why Can't You

RELAX?

Want to take it easy . . . live an unhurried, unharried life? Here are five reasons why your mind may be tied in knots, and the antidote to each one.

by Stella K. Newman

WHY CAN'T I relax?" How often do doctors hear this question from their patients? Others don't ask. They tell: "I just can't relax."

As it happens there is nothing mysterious about the matter of relaxing or not relaxing. For example, one complainant admits in one breath that he is jumpy and jittery, yet asks in the next breath why he can't relax. The answer is, of course, that with a state of mind as turbulent as the sea at Cape Hatteras, nobody can hope to feel calm. Fortunately, however, if we change the turbulent state of mind to one that is cozy and serene, relaxation comes of its own accord.

William James in his essay called "The Gospel of Relaxation" makes a plea for the unhurried and unharried way of life. Many of us, he says, go through our daily lives with our emotions in a constant state of excitation. We look and act like "bottled lightning." Our brows are furrowed, our nerves taut, our muscles tense, and our spirit fretful.

But what creates this constant state of overexcitement, or the "thunderous inner atmosphere," as James calls it? What keeps us from the blissful feeling of inner tranquility and repose which he advocates, from the blessed feeling that we can take things easy? Why can't we relax?

Below are five popular ways in which we keep ourselves from relaxing. How many of them do you use? Any of them, as it happens, even if you use it alone, can do the trick of banishing your calm spirit. Yet all five can be dispensed with and your calm spirit restored.

Bottled Lightning

1. Being an overdoer. All the world, we feel, loves the doer, the person who gets things done. A good part of our time is spent telling others how much we accomplished. Today we shopped for an evening gown, and for shoes and stockings as well. Yesterday we cleaned out four closets, or cooked a full-course dinner, or entertained 40 people at lunch. Or we put over a big deal. We admire activity in others, and we relish the feel of activity in ourselves. In fact, the sense of accomplishment is a creditable emotion which should fill us with

a great deal of pride and satisfaction.

But sometimes it doesn't fill us with satisfaction. It fills us with turmoil instead. For sometimes we get it into our heads that we should be able to shop and clean closets and cook a super dinner all in one feverish day. Or that we should be able to clean up all the work on our desk and put over the big deal all in one day. In other words, instead of doing our tasks in a leisurely easy way, with pleasure in doing them, we push ourselves from one task to another, as if we *have to do*, rather than *want to do*. We "drive" ourselves, to use the phrase of psychology. Then we become first-line candidates for the "bottled lightning" type of existence. And the result is that we feel rushed, that we worry whether we ever will finish all in good time.

"Who is your good reliable worker?" asks James. "Who is the one who really gets things done in the end? Is it the hectic hurried worker? It isn't. For the hectic worker burns his energies wastefully. He exhausts himself. He wrecks his own efficiency. It is your relaxed and easy worker . . . who is your efficient worker."

Superiority Unlimited

2. Being an outdoor. Many of us engage in a perpetual struggle to outdo others. It's as if life is a daily round of competition for us, or a prolonged contest, and we are the ever-present contestants. Possibly we're not aware of our persistent desire to outstrip others. Or we're only dimly aware of it. But what we do know quite vividly is the result — no rest for our weary minds and nerves. What are we trying to win in this contest? It may be many prizes. Perhaps we egg ourselves on with the general feeling that we ought to be better than those around us. Perhaps our ambition takes more specific form. We strive always to look better dressed than others, or to entertain better, or to have a nicer home, or to read more and better books, or to know more on all subjects than others.

This striving for superiority—as the psychologist calls it—is usually carried on quite subtly by our emotions. That's why it escapes us. We don't publish the fact that we're aiming to be better than our friends. We don't brag that we are better. Naturally, in fact we hide our competitiveness not only from others,

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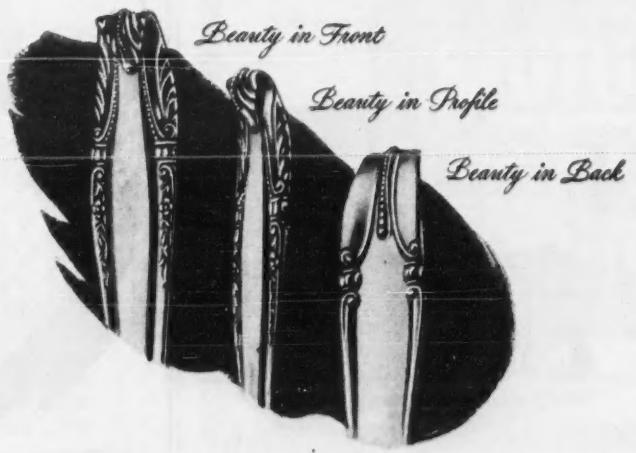


"HARVEST TIME", . . . BISQUE FIGURINE, FRENCH, CIRCA 1880

*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...has
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Harvest time means home-coming time to Canada . . . means family and friends gathering together at festive tables. All over the country, homemakers with gracious autumn entertaining in mind are making Wallace Sterling the most sought-after silver in Canada.

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Two convenient forms: Bon Ami Powder in the handy sifter-top can, and economical, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

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"hasn't
scratched yet!"



LOOK HOW
MY SINK
SHINES!

but even from ourselves. Yet every day and in every way we tense ourselves to keep on our superior level, to excel, to outdo others. And though our friends, and we ourselves, may be none the wiser, our nerves know the story of the constant strain to toe the mark, of our dogged pushing to perform well and brilliantly.

Any psychologist will tell you that the striving for superiority is one of the first causes of self-consciousness. (Since we feel always on trial we must watch ourselves.) It is the royal road to inner tension and anxiety. (The rivalry puts us on edge.) It leads directly to feelings of depression, of failure, of inferiority (when we feel we don't come out on top). The would-be outdoor runs a race that has no ending. He may feel that the reward lies just ahead, that when he feels superior, then he will relax. But that time never comes. For it is a psychological maxim that the superiority-seeker never finds satisfaction. He can never feel quite certain that he really is superior, or superior enough.

Perfectionist Types

3. *Trying to be a perfect doer.* "Nobody is perfect" is one of the commonest expressions of our everyday language. Yet, strangely enough, many of us do try for perfection. Of course we don't openly admit that we're arrogant enough to expect to be perfect humans. We simply carry around with us the conviction that we should never make a mistake. (What kind of a mistake? Any mistake.) And this one conviction, which seems innocent enough, has wooed countless people away from the sweet

ways of tranquility into deep discontent.

For example, Nancy L suffered frequent "sinking spells." The spells got so bad she consulted a psychiatrist. She described them to him as "feelings of real fright." What was Nancy afraid of? It took her some time to realize that *just making a mistake was enough to arouse fear in her*—the fear of not being perfect.

Maybe we don't get sinking spells. But maybe, much too often, we feel within us a thud of self-condemnation because we forgot to return somebody's phone call on the moment, or because Mrs. White may not think we were cordial enough, or Mrs. Gray may have disapproved of our remarks, or possibly we didn't give absolutely accurate directions to a stranger, or possibly the grocer didn't like us because we returned that jar of jam. Add up all the times we say to ourselves "I shouldn't have" or "Why didn't I," or "How could I have been so careless as to." If they're too many, we may find that our days are punctuated with pangs of self-disapproval, and with stabs of disquietude. For when our hearts are set on perfect-doing, every error becomes a threat to us, every suspected failing a thing to fear and fret over.

Procrastination

4. *Being a delay-artist.* The classic example of the delay-artist is the person who has to write a letter but instead of writing it and sending it on its way, thinks of it for days, each time telling himself he ought to write that letter, each time worrying about when he will write it, each time blaming himself for not having written it. This scheme of

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emotional contortion seems almost ridiculous. Yet how often we use it.

The reasoning of the delay-artist, whether conscious or unconscious, is that coming to any decision is unpleasant business. He'd rather push it away, put it off for as long as possible. It's as if taking a stand calls for more mental energy than he can spare up. Actually, however, he consumes far more mental energy than the person who writes the letter, then relaxes; decides on the job, then rests content. For the delay-artist just naturally lets himself in for worry. Decisions-to-be-made pile up on him like so many tortures to be faced. Tasks undone plague his conscience. It looks almost as if, with eyes wide open, he wilfully plots a most elaborate route away from relaxation.

Defeatist Complex

5. *Being a pessimist.* You may not look the picture of gloom. Yet you may be a practicing pessimist. The test is: Do you always expect the worst? Do you carry in your mind the notion that things cannot turn out well for you? All of us know people who do. There is the bright youngster, for example, who every time she takes an examination assures her friends that she did miserably. She feels that she did. Or the young man who after being interviewed for a job is sure he can't get it. Or the woman who having been invited for a day in the country on Sunday knows that it's going to rain on Sunday.

Mrs. Green, who looks like a cheerful enough soul, clutches to her mind the upsetting conviction that nothing can turn out well for her. She is sure that

Susie's measles are going to leave her with bad after-effects. She is also sure that Susie won't be accepted by the college of her choice. Though Mrs. Green doesn't wear the long face, there is a cloud of foreboding in her emotions. It never allows her to look forward to pleasant things to come. It never allows her to relax. For she always counts on defeat. She'll probably never get to taking the vacation she's planned . . . She'll never get the fur coat she wants.

Many of us have moments in which we doubt our future fate. But at least most of the time we give ourselves the benefit of the doubt. We may yet take that vacation . . . We expect we will get that fur coat. In other words, our outlook on life is usually optimistic. We usually feel that things will turn out right. And our minds and nerves are better for our optimism, while for Mrs. Green life is always an uphill climb. There is little time for her to feel serene or untroubled. For her mind is always dark with fears and forebodings.

We've heard it said that there is an art to relaxing. Yet how much more difficult is the art of not relaxing. What pains we go to to keep our minds always on tenterhooks. What sustained effort goes into trying to outdo others or to be hustlers-and-bustlers. What intricate effort goes into being perfectionists and pessimists and delay-artists. How easy is the art of relaxation by comparison. After all, there is no mysterious knack to settling back comfortably in an easy chair, or to enjoying seven or eight hours of untroubled sleep at night, or to enjoying the passing incidents of our daily life. *Given a free and untortured mind, any of us can learn in no time at all.*

+

What's ahead...



...for him

Every father dreams of giving his son the advantages he, himself, may have missed. High school, certainly . . . university, perhaps . . . and afterwards the sort of start that ensures his not having to take the first dead-end job that comes along. But these things take money — and how can you be sure it will be available when most needed?

There is a Mutual Life of Canada plan that enables you to safeguard your child's future now. Consult our local representative. Explain your circumstances and desires to him and let him tell you how this special Mutual plan will give him his right educational start and financially assist him in future years, as well.

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First For Fashion Headlines

Hats hug the head . . . and hair fits the hat. You'll find this a charming combination!



"White Cockatoo," a pretty name for this snow-white velour hat, side-swept into a winglike swirl, topped by simulated black and white aigrettes. By Florence Reichman.

HATS THIS fall and winter are wonderful. Sleek feathers. Taut veils. Colors fresh and mellow. For day, yours will be a small, well-mannered turban or cloche with little trimming . . . for evening, you'll wear a fussy shadow brim. Or perhaps you prefer one of the new side-tilted hats for day or evening . . . merely half a hat, but twice as smart to wear!

Color, fabric and trim now flatter skin and hair tones. Picture a hazy green velour with mustard-yellow and deep brown feather trim on coppery hair . . . black velvet with shiny black satin piping on a blonde . . . bright winter-blue felt with soaring feather atop blue-touched grey hair . . . or scarlet feather cap on a brunette head.

Better get your tresses trimmed, though. Two to six inches is the correct length. Hair styles are simple, yet ever so feminine. Flattery is worked through soft vertical waves, youthful lines, a clear neck. The short cut is definitely for you if you want to enhance the look of your locks, save your precious time.



Illustrated by John Livingstone

4 SIMPLE STEPS TO A LOVELIER COMPLEXION



Try this sensible, new beauty treatment

● Do you want a more alluring complexion—one that's lovelier to look at, smoother to touch? Then take a beauty hint from thousands of attractive Canadian women who have stopped fussing with elaborate treatments, countless jars and bottles. Turn to one simple skin cream—Noxzema. It's the beauty aid used by scores of actresses, models and professional women. This simple, sensible Noxzema beauty routine is easy to follow and it gets results—often surprisingly fast.

Developed by Skin Specialist—Noxzema's new 4-Step Treatment was developed by a skin specialist. Recently, scores of women took part in a test, under clinical supervision. Each of them had some little thing wrong with her skin. At the end of the first week, most of these women were thrilled at the way their skin improved. At the end of the test, *4 out of 5 women definitely showed softer, smoother, lovelier skin—in just two weeks' time! It can happen to you!*

NIGHT CREAM! "I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face every night," says glamorous Jan Barker. "And it's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends."

DRY SKIN! Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey has unusually dry skin. She says, "I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely. Now it's my regular all-purpose beauty cream."



BLEMISHES! "Insurance against unattractive blemishes and other annoying skin troubles," is what gorgeous Shirley O'Hara calls Noxzema. "I use it every morning before putting on make-up."



POWDER BASE! Vivacious Doris Kamp says, "Noxzema is my regular beauty and foundation cream. I use it every day. I've found it's wonderful for my skin—and helps keep my nose from being shiny."

New Beauty Treatment—Here are the 4 simple steps the women followed:

1. **Morning**—bathe face with warm water, cream-wash your face with Noxzema on a wet cloth.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. **Evening**—before retiring, repeat morning cream-wash cleansing.
4. Massage face lightly with Noxzema, pat on extra cream over any blemishes.

New "Flaking Action"—Follow this routine faithfully for only two weeks. See if you aren't delighted with results! After you use it a few days, note how the dry, dead cells flake off. Don't be alarmed! Don't think Noxzema is drying out your skin. Keep using it until all the dry, dead skin is gone—then see how your complexion glows with a new radiance... looks softer, smoother, lovelier. Why not start today? **Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.**

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He would quickly learn that a perfect oven is the secret of perfect roasting and baking!

He'd see for himself the advantages of McClary permanent insulation—completely enclosing the McClary Gas Range oven in layers of modern "Fiberglas". He'd discover the importance of the exact oven heat for best results—and the accuracy and convenience of McClary's new Oven Heat Control. He'd soon know why women enjoy using the McClary smokeless, odorless broiler with porcelain enameled grid—why they like the efficient, convenient cooking top—why they take so much pride in the gleaming, enduring beauty of the McClary stain-resisting enamel finish.

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Reader Takes Over



Short-changed Virgos

Dear Editor: Just had to say how much I enjoyed Eileen Morris' "Horoscope Huddle," in the August issue of Chatelaine. Lucky lady! She is at least fully entitled to challenge Virgo. Take my case, on the other hand — August 23. Astronomy's crystal gazers cannot agree whether to leave me in Leo's bag, or put me under the tender mercies of Virgo.

"She's all yours," sneers Leo.

"You can have her," retorts Virgo, and all the while I drift aimlessly about in Zodiac limbo, not even sure of the lucky day on which to wash my hair! —E. Renyi Oliver, B.C.



... never laughed over anything so much in all my life as I did over "Horoscope Huddle." For heaven's sake give us more of such fluff and perhaps I'll decide I want to stay around a while longer on the old terrestrial ball, because I'm having too much fun to leave it. Incidentally, I'm a short-changed Virgo too. Please let me reiterate my plea for more of that satirical humor—it's priceless. —M. M. St. Thomas, Ont.

Prices Right

Dear Editor: I cut your magazine to pieces after reading, to save the recipes and household hints. And what I like best about Chatelaine is that prices are right. You don't expect working girls to be buying \$50 dresses and \$25 hats. I hope you can keep that keen perspective... —Miss B. H. Toronto, Ont.

75% Rubbish

Dear Editor: Kindly cancel my subscription to Chatelaine. The four months credit can be donated to the cause of psychiatry. I'm disgusted, every issue *has* to have an article on sex. No wonder the world is in such a mess. Personally my opinion is that until people go back to God and His teachings they cannot have peace of mind, and I'm not a bigot, either.

Psychiatry is fine within bounds, but 75% of it is rubbish. Discipline of self is a thing of the past if one believes the teachings of psychiatrists.

Mrs. D. Hall

Vancouver, B.C.

Readers Differ

Dear Editor: I quite agree with Mrs. C. O. Mason's letter in a recent issue in which she says Chatelaine is an excellent magazine, but on one point I beg to disagree. She asks if you couldn't make it more English in character. In my view, Chatelaine is just what a Canadian magazine should be, i.e.—Canadian,

not English or American—but Canadian.

Canada is a grand country and in my opinion is doing the right thing in trying to build up its own standards in literature and art. I came here just a year ago, from "dear old Blighty," and already it runs a very close second to the land of my birth and upbringing in my affections. Incidentally I hope Mrs. Mason has found as much happiness in Canada in general and Vancouver in particular as I have...

Mrs. M. J. Lloyd

Vancouver, B.C.

... Chatelaine is best as a Canadian magazine and I hope it will not become "more English," as Mrs. Mason, B.C., wishes. Surely there are enough English magazines for war brides to write to, and earlier Chatelaines gave them generous space in the magazine. —Mrs. R. E. J. Montreal, Que.

Dr. Kinsey Merely Reports

Dear Editor: No congratulations to you for going to the expense of having someone meet the "great Dr. Kinsey." Could he not use his time and knowledge and

intelligence to more useful purposes? According to him a woman should thank God for having a male and be ready to share him with many females. What pride!

... Dr. Kinsey cannot change nature's course even under the protecting wing of modern science. If your magazine is supposed to be what it is, or is what it's supposed to be, please let us women stand up and defend our own homes, and not let sex come before judgment.

Mrs. D. B. Montreal, Que.

Outmoded Suggestions

Dear Editor: I was very disappointed when reading an otherwise well-written article on feeble-minded children in a recent Chatelaine to see advocated those two outmoded suggestions of sterilization and euthanasia—the latter sometimes called by that delightfully macabre title, "mercy killing." ... The author admits that healthy people of brilliant minds and good morals can bear an idiot, and that it is highly doubtful if feeble-mindedness is hereditary—indeed it's known that offspring of the mentally deficient are *not* always lacking in intelligence... What man is so godlike that he can state infallibly that that so-and-so is a lifelong moron or idiot. In New York last year tests on below-normal children of different medicines, particularly gland secretions and special diets, revealed an amazing upsurge in intelligence quotients, even bringing various morons to the "normal" level. Who can say what discoveries scientists will make next year, or the year after?...

—E. P. Regina, Sask.

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What's Coming from Hollywood

Continued from page 5

more and more big names are working out deals for one or two pictures a year at various studios. People like Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, John Wayne and Cooper don't want to be too tied down: they can make more money by the picture than on a straight salary, and they can pick their stories. All of this may be confusing to the moviegoer, who sees them appearing under three or four different banners in a single year, but it's a living!

Some stars, of course, are continuing to make their own films as well, and are doing all right. Humphrey Bogart is a perfect example of what these people are up to. "Bogey" has a one-picture-a-year deal with Warner's which runs for practically the rest of his life. Outside he has formed "Santana Productions" (named after his sailboat), with himself as president, Santana's first film was the successful "Knock on any Door," starring Bogey. Two more are now in the can: "Baby Makes Three," in which he does not appear, and "Tokyo Joe," in which he does.

And the independent producers are doing nicely, too. Samuel Goldwyn has finished "Rosanna McCoy," a story based on the Martin-Coy feud which is exceptional for its feminine star, 14-year-old Joan Evans. She is enchanting. And she and the lad who plays opposite her in "Rosanna," Farley Granger, form one of the most appealing teams seen for many a moon. Completely different from them is the team of Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature in "Samson and Delilah," a fiery epic in Technicolor made by C. B. deMille. In this film deMille returns to his old preoccupation with Biblical themes, and bathtubs more magnificent than ever.

There are careers which Hollywood itself is watching. Fred Astaire, who "retired" a few years ago, has never been in more demand. "The Barkleys of Broadway" was followed by "Let's Dance," in which Betty Hutton makes with her toes for the first time.

There are new faces to watch: Mel Ferrer, we repeat. Barbara Hale, who plays Al's wife in "Jolson Sings Again." Montgomery Clift in "The Heiress" with Olivia deHavilland. Wendell Corey in "Any Number Can Play," with Gable.

And, finally, let me tip you off to a few upcoming films to look out for: Jimmy Cagney is back as a tough guy in "White Heat." "Under Capricorn," made by Hitchcock in London, not only stars Bergman and Cotton but Michael Wilding, one of England's most popular players. Danny Kaye, following his enormous success in Great Britain, will be seen in "The Inspector General." Bogart will play a jet pilot in "Chain Lightning," the first film about this type of plane and the men who fly them, made with the co-operation of the U. S. Army. Crosby and Fitzgerald will meet again in "Top o' the Morning," a fantasy in which the Blarney Stone is stolen by some dastardly character. Kirk Douglas stars in "Young Man With a Horn," a piece of perfect casting in the film version of the book based on the life of trumpeter Bix Beiderbecke.

Yes, the doldrums are over. ♦



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IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—

SWEDISH TEA RING

New Time-Saving Recipe—Makes 2 Rings

Measure into large bowl . . . 2/3 cup lukewarm water,
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of . . . 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald . . . 2/3 cup milk.
Remove from heat and stir in . . . 1/2 cup granulated sugar,
1 1/4 teaspoon salt,
6 tablespoons shortening.

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture.

Stir in . . . 3 eggs, well beaten.

Stir in . . . 3 cups once-sifted bread flour and beat until smooth.

Work in an additional . . . 3 cups once-sifted bread flour. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into a 1/4-inch thick oblong. Cream until soft . . . 1/4 cup butter, and mix in . . .

1 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down),

2 teaspoons ground cinnamon.

Spread this mixture on oblongs of dough and sprinkle with . . . 1 cup raisins or currants.

Beginning at a long edge, roll each piece up like a jelly roll; place each roll on a greased large baking sheet and shape into a ring, sealing ends together. Grease tops. Cut 1-inch slices almost through to centre with scissors and turn each slice partly on its side. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Brush with 1 egg yolk beaten with 2 tablespoons milk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes.

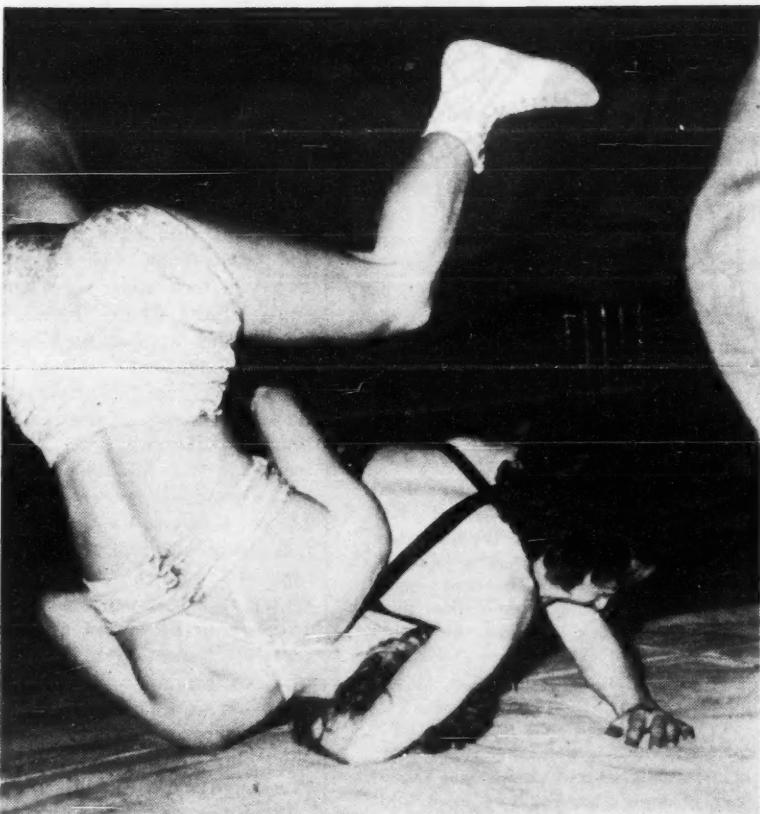
If desired, spread tops, while warm, with a plain icing. Serve hot, with butter.

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Babes in the Ring



Can a wrestling champ be a perfect lady? Yes—say these three Vancouver girls who've muscled in on one of the world's toughest sports, bringing a feminine touch to the grappling game.

by Herc Munro

WOULD you like a spare-time job, girls, that requires just a little training, but pays from \$1 to \$3 a minute and offers opportunity for travel and a yearly income of \$25,000?

You'd leap at it like a starving panther, you say, so long as it's honest? Well, all you have to do is learn to wrestle a member of your own fair sex in public. That's reasonably honest toil and not so difficult and horrifying as it sounds at first.

Three girls in Vancouver, B.C., have turned the trick—and if they can do it, any girl can because Bea Gillis, Linda Dale and Lillian O'Hara are the most unlikely-looking female wrestlers this side of the Iron Curtain.

Women wrestlers usually are pictured as muscle-bound Amazons with thick tough skins and mentalities to match. But Bea, Linda and Lillian are cute and entirely feminine. None of them

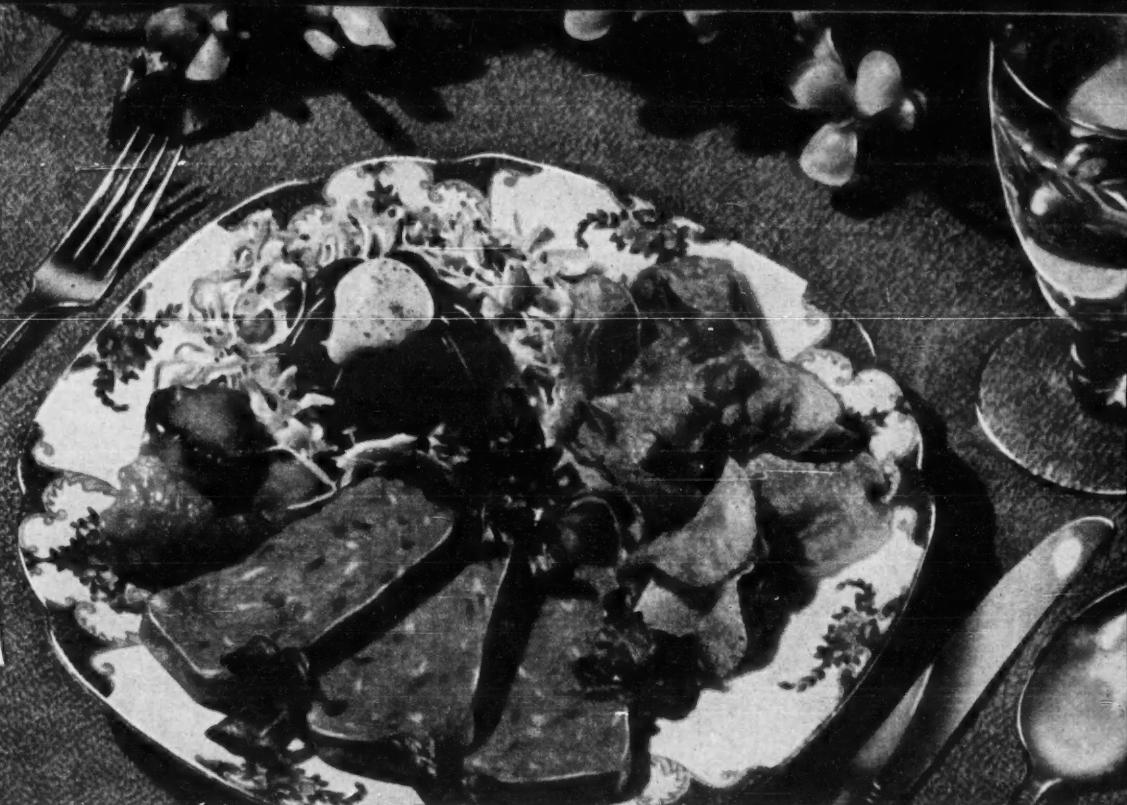
is more than five feet tall and all weigh less than 105 pounds. There isn't a hint of knotty muscles or cauliflower ears among them. Their curves are all in the right places and they are as fashion-conscious as any career girl.

Then how come they invaded a field that's occupied almost exclusively by human pachyderms? Well, the invasion was gradual and undertaken with more than a few misgivings. It started last September with Bea and Linda taking judo lessons at separate girls' classes in Vancouver. Judo is the old Japanese jujitsu with an Occidental accent and many of the holds and throws in it are similar to those used in wrestling.

The girls weren't aware of that last fall, though. They took judo lessons just for the fun and exercise and were so green about the grunt game they'd never even heard of Mildred Burke, the queen of the girl grapplers who makes upward of \$25,000 a year applying Boston crabs and cross-over toeholds. As a matter of fact, Bea, Linda and Lillian hadn't even heard of each other.

Burns Spork.

A tasty and nutritious salad, made in a jiffy! Tomato aspic, crisp cole slaw, potato chips and Burns super meat treat — Spork, in tender slices. Versatile Spork can be served innumerable ways — buy several tins today.



VARIETY IN EVERY MEAL — WITH BURNS MEAT PRODUCTS

Try
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other
Famous
Canned
Meats-
they're
delicious



Burns ^{CAMPFIRE} Sausage.

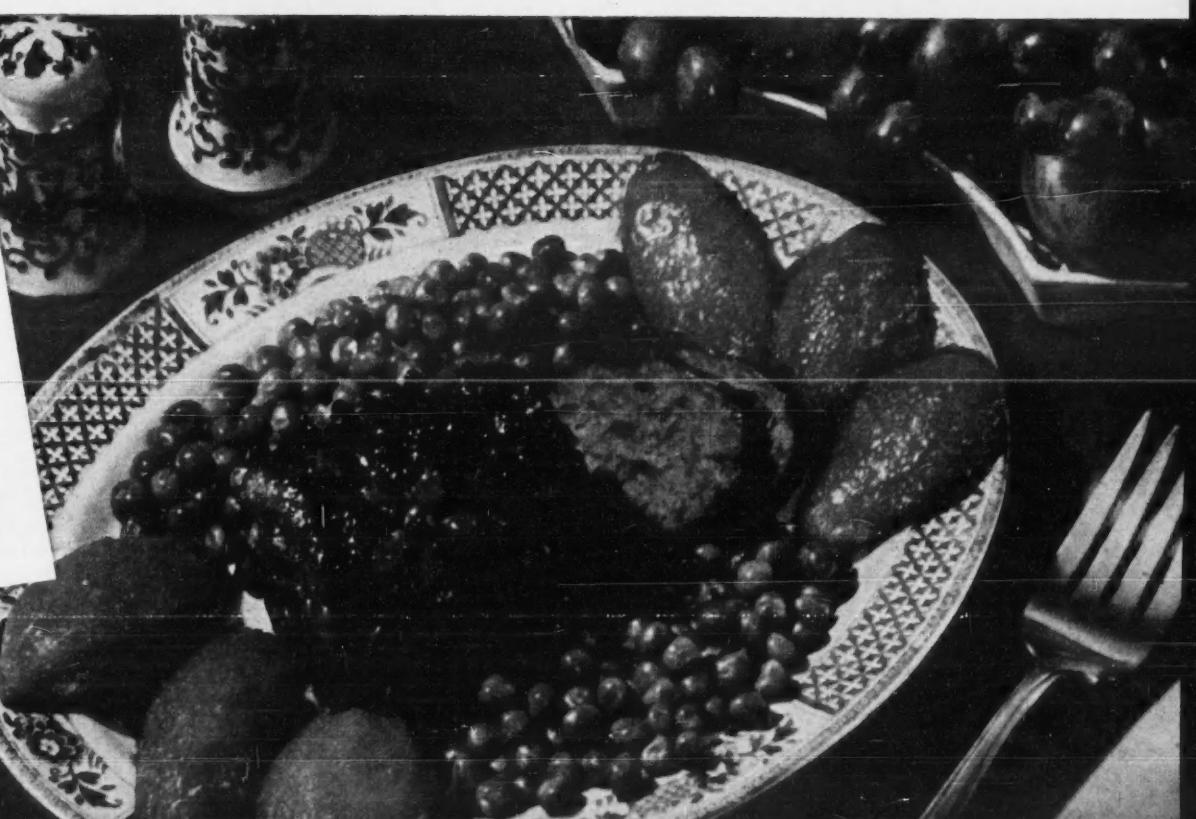
Savory Sausage, with the most tempting sausage flavor you ever tasted—lightly grilled and served with corn and mashed potato balls dipped in egg, rolled in corn flakes and fried in deep fat. A scrumptious meal!



Burns Speef.



Delightful Speef loaf, garnished with cloves and sweet glaze, and oven-brown. Serve with sweet potatoes and green peas—your family will want second helpings every time. And it's so good for them—full of vitamins and minerals.



BURNS & CO. LIMITED — PIONEER MEAT PACKERS OF CANADA



MRS. GEORGE HEES OF TORONTO plays a leading role in many Canadian social and civic activities.

Portrait by Robin Watt.

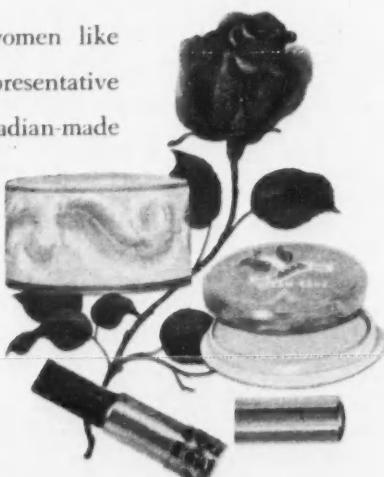
"We Canadian Women are Fortunate

... to have such fine cosmetics brought right to our homes by the Avon Representative."

"Choosing the right cosmetics requires careful selection," says charming Mrs. Hees. "That is why I favor Avon's method of selling cosmetics in the home. There, we women can choose in comfort the correctly-shaded Avon Cosmetics to match our complexions to perfection."

Throughout Canada lovely women like Mrs. Hees welcome the Avon Representative who brings these superb Canadian-made Avon Cosmetics right to the home.

So, welcome the Avon Representative when she calls at *your* home.



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They met because it was suggested to Bea that she turn her judo training into a cash asset—that is, become a professional wrestler, commonly known as grunters, groaners, grapplers and squirmers. That meant she had to have a girl partner, so Harry Miller, the portly and genial general factotum of the gym where Bea trained, introduced her to Linda.

Harry then introduced the girls to Tex Porter, Seattle, Wash., wrestling promoter, and Mr. Porter and Mr. Miller, by outlining the attractions listed in the first paragraph of this story, convinced Bea and Linda that pro wrestling is the ideal spare-time job for energetic girls. Lillian came into the picture about five months later when Mr. Porter decided he needed another girl to add greater variety to the bookings.

On the U. S. circuit, including Vancouver and Victoria, the girls are paid from \$70 up, depending on the size of the audience, for a match lasting about 30 minutes. On the B. C. circuit, which plays to smaller houses, they get from \$10 to \$20 for a show averaging 15 minutes. Pay for the luncheon and smoker engagements varies, but usually averages \$20. All told it adds up to quite a musical clashing of dollar bills in the girls' purses. And Promoter Porter says the girls could make up to \$500 a week if they wanted to work full time. The girls have drawn full houses every time they appeared—even in staid Victoria, Canada's little bit of Old England—and the welcome mat, he says, is out for them in every wrestling town in the Pacific Northwest.

As far as they know, Bea, Linda and Lillian are the only Canadian women in the grapple game, and Promoter Porter says their only feminine competition is a troupe of American girls, headed by Mildred Burke and booked by her husband. These girls travel all over North America and make potfus of money and there is no sound reason why Bea, Linda and Lillian can't do the same.

What Promoter Porter says sounds wonderful to the girls, of course, and so do the tales of travel in the U. S., England, Mexico and Australia they have heard from male groaners who work out of Vancouver.

But full-time grapple careers would have disadvantages. For Bea the traveling involved would take her away from her sons for long periods; Linda would have to give up her career as a dance instructress which she likes very much and Lillian, who is strictly the homey, quiet type, isn't sure she'd like living out of a suitcase.

As a part-time venture wrestling is fine. It gives Bea extra money to save for her sons' educations. It gives Linda a chance to buy the tuition and fashionable clothes to further her career. It gives Lillian a chance to help the folks at home and build up a nest egg for when the right man comes along. Besides, part-time wrestling can be treated as a sort of lark, but full-time would be serious business.

The way it is now, the girls can wrestle and still be ladylike. In fact, they have to be as ladylike as a wrestler can get because the fans in their territory demand girl grapplers that way. The usual wrestling Amazons, who think nothing of pulling hair out and knocking teeth in, have never found favor with these fans, and Bea, Linda

and Lillian are expected to get by with a minimum of the histrionics which have brought pro wrestling into disrepute. That's strange, too, because the male grapplers have to master a set of facial grimaces and emotional displays that would tax the talent of a Hollywood star.

Speed and Agility vs. Histrionics

To compensate for the lack of theatrics, the girls stage an especially lively show, counting on speed and agility to impress the fans. They twist and toss each other with almost foolhardy gusto and are often bruised and badly shaken at the end of a match. Chances of serious injury are negligible though, because the girls have been trained to fall correctly and also are not so foolish as to force a punishing hold until something snaps.

To experience what they feel during a match, get into your bathing suit and try 10 or 20 consecutive leaps from a coffee table to a three-point landing on your derriere and the soles of your shoes. Then make 20 or 30 dashes up and down a flight of basement stairs and before you catch your breath take a running jump and chin yourself half a dozen times on the nearest chandelier. While you're doing all this, have your husband or boy friend make like a hep ringside fan. He should utter piercing wolf calls and make comments like: Come on, honey, tear off that arm and toss it out here, I could use it . . . or . . . Hey, Baby, when you get through with her I'm gonna challenge you.

If you can take all that and manage a smile when it's over, you're in fair shape to emulate Bea, Linda and Lillian. But it's only fair to warn you about other occupational hazards. Sports writers, for example, are among the most tolerant of journalists. Most of them willingly condone and even support such chicaneries of the sporting world as 12-game playoff series, contemporary heavyweight boxing matches and the feudal rule of club owners over players. But they are determined, apparently, never to say a kind word about women wrestlers—though, heaven knows, they give the male groaners enough free advertising.

When Bea, Linda and Lillian joined the ranks of the pro grunters, the sports writers, conveniently forgetting that girls worked in mines, steel mills and lumber camps during the war, gnashed every key on their typewriters. The world of sport is for men, they thundered, and girls should stick to kitchens and knitting.

The casual ethics of gruntland advertising is something to be reckoned with too. The girls have more than once almost fainted dead away upon reading the program prior to a match in a strange town. Once Linda was billed as a former Polish wrestling champ, just recently arrived in the U. S., and Bea once was billed as a wartime judo instructress to Canadian commandos!

These literary subterfuges no doubt make good reading for the wrestling fans but the bald and unnecessary mistruths nonplus the girls more than a little, because the blurbs invariably turn out to be just so much more ammunition for the sportswriters.

Taking it all in all, though, the girls say gruntland is not too bad. The pay is good, the hours are short . . . and the exercise is good for the figure. *



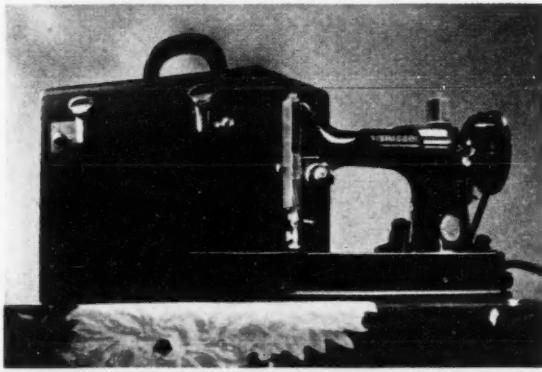
Modess ... because

They'll be the best dressed youngsters in school

AND YOU'LL SAVE A LOT WITH A **SINGER** SEWING MACHINE



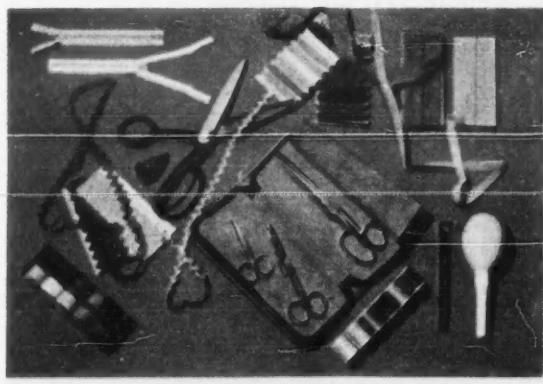
• There's a **SINGER** to fit every type of home. Modern styles, period styles, portables. Every one a smooth-stitching beauty. Above is a handsomely finished period console with folding leaf, matching stool.



• **SINGER*** Featherweight Portable is world's most popular model. Has luggage-type case. Does work of full-size machine. Sews forward and backward, goes over pins, has non-glare light, wide range of speeds.



• You get complete course in home dressmaking or decorating with new machine. 8 two-hour lessons at your **SINGER** SEWING CENTER. Basic set of attachments comes with machine.



• Want covered buttons, professional buttonholes? Your **SINGER** SEWING CENTER will make them for a few cents each. And they have the best notions in town: scissors, thread, zippers, binding. Come and see, soon!

IF YOU'VE BEEN SHOPPING lately, you know what big price tags little dresses have.

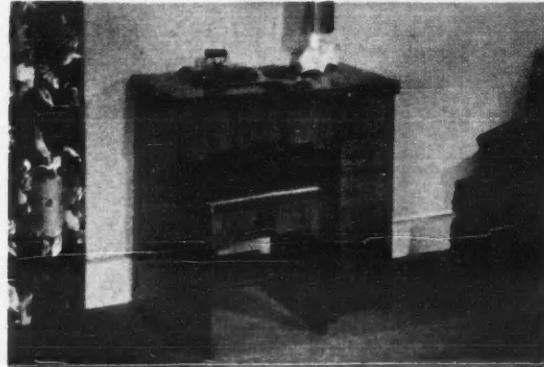
Now more than ever it's a saving to sew your children's clothes! And it's easier than ever with a brand-new **SINGER*** Sewing Machine.

Every **SINGER** in every price range, from \$89.50† up, is the finest in its class. Easy budget terms. Liberal trade-in allowance. See the new models now!

And whenever you want notions, lessons, sewing advice, just call on your **SINGER** SEWING CENTER.



Dress on right is McCall pattern \$72.46. Dress on the left is McCall pattern \$75.44.



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†Prices subject to change without notice.

First STAR

by **Rebecca Shallit**



Illustrated by **Casey Jones**

THE CAR turned down the hill and though it was not, really, a very steep hill Virgie could feel a swoop of unsettlement deep inside her. She could see the church coming into view and above the steeple in the blue-green twilit sky she could see the evening star. The car swerved and Bud's knee touched hers, by accident; she held herself in very tightly, not quite knowing what to do about this chance contact with a boy's knee.

After a moment she glanced at him. His eyes were remote on the road ahead. His hair, that had been slicked down and darkened by the water he must have put on it, was already beginning to ruffle into its usual cowlicks. He was wearing a dark blue suit and a tie that was, somehow, different from the casually knotted things he wore to school. His hands on the steering wheel were big and deft and very clean. It seemed to her that she had never seen a boy with such clean hands before. But then, she thought carefully, she had never before seen a boy all dressed up for a date.

"You ever been to a progressive dinner party?" Bud asked. His voice didn't sound the way it did in class. His voice was as polite and formal as his slicked hair and terribly clean hands and the subdued cautious pattern of his tie.

"No," Virgie said. Her voice was as careful and precise as his. "No, I don't believe I ever have."

"I could have gone last year," he explained, as though this was something he wanted to make very clear to her. She nodded. Every year the seniors gave a progressive dinner party for the sophomores and juniors who were on the staff of the high-school paper. "Only—well, I just happened not to be in the mood for it last year, or something," he said. "So this will be the first time for me too."

He looked at her, as though there were something he expected her to say to this. But she couldn't think of anything to say. She moistened

If three's a crowd, then four's a calamity

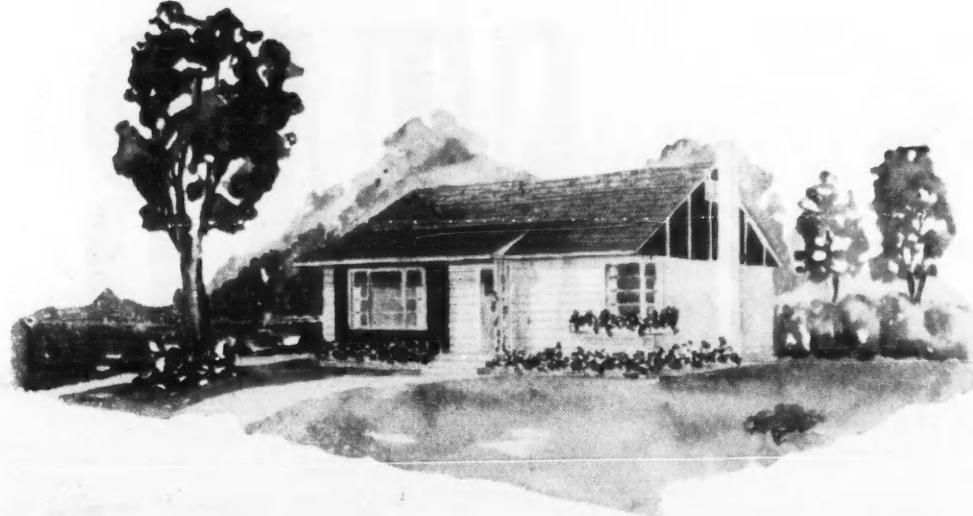
when the second couple of a double date is

making strange . . . definitely a gruesome twosome

her dry lips and glanced surreptitiously at her own image reflected in the car window. If you thought about it, this was the first time a boy had ever seen her all dressed up for a party.

She stared at the faint reflection of that girl in green taffeta with the medium brown hair and the medium brown eyes and the hands clenched tightly in her lap. (You may surprise yourself and turn into quite a femme fatale one of these days, her mother had said, lightly.) But it was hard to tell whether there was almost reluctant conviction behind her mother's teasing or whether it was a way her mother had sometimes of comforting them both with hopeful make-believe. Her father, of course, was no use whatsoever. Whenever she pirouetted for his inspection he always said, "Very nice. Very nice indeed." As though he were an impartial judge making an objective observation—and all the while looking at her with that fond doting look which he firmly believed was his private secret. Even Midge Anderson wasn't much help. Midge had said, with the candor of a best friend (which is not at all like the loving anxiety of parents): "You're not exactly pretty, Virgie. But you do have your moments. Sometimes you seem to get all lighted up inside. I can see where a boy might fall for you," Midge had said slowly and almost reluctantly, "If he saw you like that."

But weighed against that was the fact: the bitter, humiliating fact that no boy had ever tried to kiss her, no boy had + *Continued on page 78*

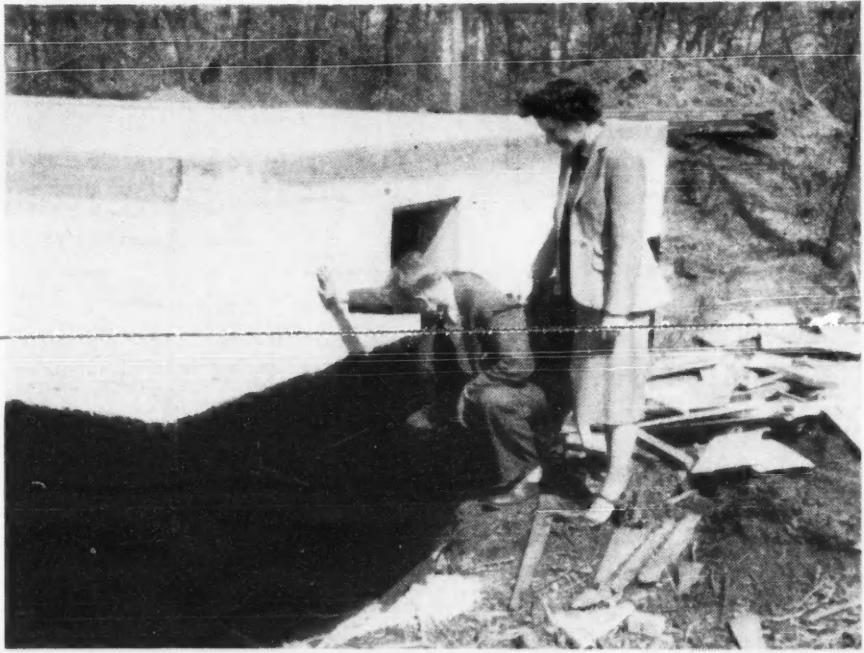


75,000 Dreams Come True

A young Winnipeg family move into their first home this month. Because it is the 75,000th house to be completed under the National Housing Act, Chatelaine presents its story — a symbol of Canadian achievement



Margaret pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming on the day they saw the workmen breaking ground for their new home. It has a full basement that may some day be finished off as a recreation room, but that will have to wait—for the present. Building started in early summer.



Paul believes in firm foundations, and Margaret believes in a firm hold on Paul . . . when he's leaning over that excavation around basement walls. It will be filled in up to the edge of the black waterproofing. Paul makes sure it has been properly applied so that basement will not be damp.

ON A SIDE STREET in a quiet section of Winnipeg, in the centre of Canada—is a little house.

"It's a pretty place," you might say, ". . . all green and white with a corner window and a gay flowerbox. But what's so important about it? Why is it so special?" It's special because it's the 75,000th home to be completed under our present National Housing Act and earlier legislation. It's important because it is the symbol of 74,999 other homes—the record of Canadian achievement. Pause for a moment to look at this little house and to meet its owners. They are a nice young couple . . . nothing special about them either except that they, also, are symbolic of the other families who have received loans under N.H.A. Their experience in many ways has been typical of the majority. So we say, "Meet Paul and Margaret Bergman of Winnipeg . . ."

Paul is 28 years old and a veteran of the RCAF—captain and pilot of a torpedo-bomber . . . tour of operations out of Bengazi . . .

instructor in Palestine to airmen from South Africa. Margaret is 25 and pretty. There is a baby daughter, Gail Denise.

They met in Winnipeg. They've been married a little over a year and it has been a battle ever since . . . not with each other but with the housing problem. It started even before they were married, when they couldn't set a date for their wedding because they didn't have a place to live. Then Paul's parents took them in and they began their married life in the room that had been Paul's. There were several moves to temporary places during the year but each time they were forced to move out again and come home to Father.

A home of their own—that was their dream and the solution to their problem. They talked it over with Paul's father, a builder. He suggested a loan under the National Housing Act as the best way to finance the house. Then began the endless sessions of "planning, scheming and arithmetic." They decided that \$10,000 was just about



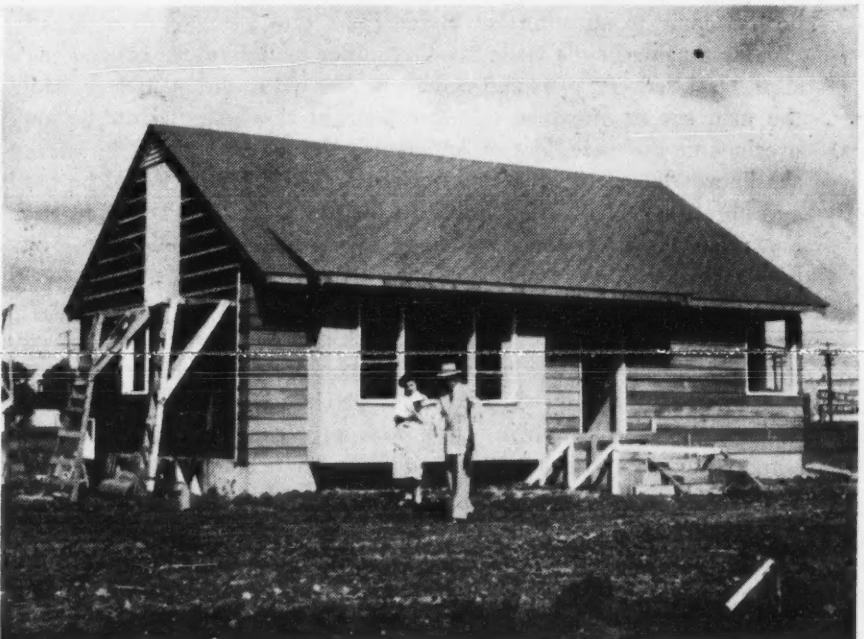
Baby Gail pays her first visit to her new home to see how it looks with the walls up. Before his N.H.A. loan was cleared, Paul had decided on the type of house he wanted, its location and the size of his investment. He chose his own lending institution.

what they could afford. A down payment of \$3,750 could be raised from government bonds that Paul had bought during his years in the air force. A carrying charge of \$39.45 a month could be managed out of income. They had 20 years to pay off the debt.

Application for a loan was made to an approved lending institution and approved by the local office of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp., administrator of the N.H.A. Paul's father drew a plan for them, incorporating Paul and Margaret's ideas of what their home should be. It is of sound construction with good insulation. Stucco and clapboard were used because they liked the appearance. In another locality it might have been brick, but Winnipeg has never favored brick and the Bergman home conforms to the local building practice. It has a square room 18 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft. 4 in., with an electric fireplace as the focal point, a dining alcove. There are clever built-in features, a full basement, an efficient heating plant—it all adds up to a neat little nest.



Standing in the skeleton of the dining alcove, Paul and Margaret plan the charming interior shown on page 92. Both want a home where Baby Gail can grow up in an established atmosphere and where guests are always welcome.



In a nationally recognized ceremony on September 30 the keys of this little home were turned over to its owners, the Bergmans of Winnipeg. It will be open for inspection by the public for two weeks, before the young couple and their baby move in.

Paul, Margaret and Gail will be moving into their home this October. On the 30th of September the Mayor of Winnipeg turned the key of the house over to them in a civic ceremony and for two weeks it will be open to the public. In this way Winnipeg also acknowledges the importance to Canada of all the little houses our government has helped to build. You see these gay little homes everywhere, with their red and blue and green roofs scattered like confetti across Canada. Most of them represent real personal sacrifice—each is a dream come true for someone.

* * *

Also in this issue: Home Planning editor Jack Smith tells how the N.H.A. works in his article "They Pay For It Like Rent." Beauty editor Eileen Morris describes how young mothers like Margaret retain their good looks. Dr. Robertson talks about the problem of RH babies like Gail to help other mothers. Full color interiors on page 85

Stranger in Town

by Frances Malm

ELLEN EVANS did not ask the man into her office right away. He had given his name as Barney Holden, and he had not said he was a policeman—but that meant nothing. Perhaps the ones who wore plain clothes kept their identity quiet so they would have a better chance of getting information from you. She was quite sure he had come to question her about Ted.

Her capable hands made needless order of the rubber-banded sales slips, black ledgers, pens and pencils on her old marred oak desk, while the man sat or stood outside her door in the long narrow balcony overlooking the main floor of Anderson's Dry Goods Store. She wished she knew what she had to be prepared for, whether he would be hard and blunt, asking his questions straight out, or subtle, trying to trick her. She wished she had had more experience with policemen. She had never talked to one in an official way in her life.

Barney Holden, for his part, sitting on a bench on the balcony, a lean weathered man of 38 in a plain dark suit and a well-worn felt hat, was fairly certain it was useless to have come here. After two years you could be mistaken about a face, particularly when you had never really had a good look at it. Dark eyes, an angular cheekline, a certain way of holding the head—these could be duplicated a thousand times over. And anyway he should have followed the man, rather than coming here to the girl for information. The trouble was that after seeing the fellow boarding the bus for the city it had taken a good share of the afternoon—and a considerable amount of subtle questioning around the village—to convince himself there was justification for acting more directly. And by then of course it had been too late.

He got to his feet, for the door had finally opened. A girl stood there, an immaculately neat girl of 30 or so with smooth fine skin and gentle eyes. What she was inside showed in the outward look of her—so telling a look to a shrewd-eyed man—and Barney acknowledged that she had at least the qualifications for the part he suspected her of playing. They were always like that, kind-hearted girls or women, unattached, unfulfilled, and lonely. Always girls who had love to give, a warm abundance of honest love, and nobody honest to give it to. That was how men like the one he remembered lived.

Barney followed her into the office and sat down across the desk from her. She faced him, her hands folded on her desk, her brown eyes filled with polite alert enquiry. Suddenly he moderated the unsmiling, self-contained look his face usually wore and let his tolerant humor show out from his eyes. For he saw that she was nervous or frightened for some reason, and he felt toward her at the moment the same paternal compassion that he felt for his two children when they drew back from a barking dog.

He said, "Have you ever met someone on the street who looked so much like someone you'd known that you weren't sure it wasn't the same person?"

She moved her hands down into her lap, out of sight. "Yes, I—suppose I have."

"Well, then you know my predicament. I came out from the city on business today, and as I was walking along the street I saw a young man get on the bus whom I could almost have sworn I've seen in the past . . ."

She glanced down at her hands, then raised her eyes again. He saw, not with any particular feeling of triumph, that her face had turned quite pale.

He went on, "I used to live in another part of the country—in a town, oh, somewhat larger than this. And for a while there was a young man named Jim Collins in the town, a nice-looking chap who seemed earnest about wanting to get ahead on his own merits. That is, I should add that he was *calling* himself Jim Collins. He is probably using quite a different name by now . . ."

Ellen nodded, her face pale and impersonal. She said nothing, only held herself quite still and waited. The small graceful electric clock spinning smoothly toward five on the big ancient safe was the only thing at all that made sound in the room.

"Well," Barney continued, and, not attempting the impossible feat of tactfulness, explained simply, "today I thought I saw Jim Collins. I don't say I'm sure, but the resemblance was striking enough to bother me, and I made a little effort to feel people out and try to learn a few things without being too obvious. He's a friend of yours, I find, named Ted Harrington. He arrived here, a stranger, a few days ago, has been staying at the local hotel, and checked out today without leaving a forwarding address. Is that true?"

"No, it's completely ridiculous!" she answered. Her indignation was violent. To Barney it seemed manufactured, but of course he couldn't be sure. She said, "I don't know who's been telling you those things. As it happens, Mr. Harrington isn't a stranger at all—at least not to me. I met him several years ago when I was attending business college in the city. He happened to be traveling through last week and stopped off for a few days for a visit. Surely there's nothing wrong in that."

"No, there isn't," Barney agreed mildly. "And you've known him then for several years?"

"Yes."

"And his name has always been Harrington?"

"Yes, always. I don't know who you mistook him for, but I can assure you that Mr. Harrington has the" + *Continued on page 62*

"I don't know what to say to you, Ellen," he told her almost inaudibly. "Don't say anything," she murmured, wanting terribly to ask him to repeat those words about its being the beginning of the story, not the end, for them.

Illustrated by Ed Vebell



VACATION

by Cecilia Bartholomew

ELEANOR heard Frank come up onto the cabin porch and knew he would be bringing the mail. She had overslept and she had meant to be up early. Her bed was on the east side of the cabin, and as she lay listening to Frank talking to Catherine in the kitchen, she hoped that he would come around to wake her. Last year when they were both 11 he would surely have done so, but now even as she thought it, her heart began to pound for fear he might, and she jumped out of bed with the bedclothes dragging around her and ran for the bedroom.

There was no sign of Ann, who was only eight and still leaped out of bed at the crack of dawn, afraid there would be no time to do all the things she planned to do. For Eleanor, mornings had already become a time to lie and dream lazily, half-formed, half-understood dreams laid between childhood and womanhood. The whole summer stretched ahead of her gloriously long and free, and simultaneously, a sense of passing time pressed her. Or was it just that she hoped Frank might still be there?

Fast as she dressed, he was gone when she came into the kitchen, breathless. Catherine smiled at her sympathetically, and Eleanor blushed, but she didn't mind really. Catherine understood.

Catherine was Eleanor's father's wife. Eleanor did not often think of her that way. It didn't seem right to Catherine, and it didn't seem right to Eleanor's mother, who had also been her father's wife. That had been a long while ago, and it had been explained to her that sometimes a husband and wife think they are going to be happy together, but they find they have made a mistake. Sometimes, it was explained to her, they find someone else.

When Eleanor was six and Ann was only two, their mother found someone else and went away with him. Eleanor could still remember the pain of that, her own pain, and her mother's pain. She had understood that it was something her mother couldn't help. And then, later, Catherine had come to be her father's wife.

No one had told Eleanor why she and Ann had been left with their father and had not gone with their mother. Lately she had figured it out for herself that perhaps it was because her father could better take care of them. Her mother wrote her occasional letters and in them she said she was working as a nurse. Edwin, she said (she assumed that Eleanor would know who Edwin was and Eleanor with a frightened leap of her heart did know), had been very ill and would never be strong again, but she liked working. She asked whether Eleanor and Ann ever played nurse.

The letters were occasional because there was little to be said in a letter, they were so far apart and knew so little about each other now. But Eleanor had always answered them promptly. At first because they had been big in her life. Now, because Catherine saw to it that she did. Ann was younger and didn't know how to write very well. Eleanor used to say, "Ann sends her love, too." Now Ann wrote, "Love from Ann." And sometimes they played nurse, though not so often now as before.

Twice their mother had come to visit in the city where they lived, and their father had sent them in a taxi to see her. The first time the sight of her had made Eleanor feel as if she would burst wide open, but of course Ann didn't even recognize her. Eleanor was embarrassed because Ann wouldn't go to her. "I'm your mother," she had said, and Eleanor had hurt and hurt and hurt.

The second time was two years later, and Eleanor was ashamed of herself, but the taxi had seemed as important as seeing her mother. Ann kept asking when the taxi would come to take them home. It was embarrassing, too, because neither she nor Ann could say anything without mentioning Catherine, and Eleanor had a feeling that that wasn't right.

"Do you like Catherine?" their mother had asked.

"She's nice," Eleanor had answered shyly.

Her mother had nodded and patted her hand, but there was a tight look in her face, and Eleanor had wished she might die. For she had a feeling that her mother was forgiving her.

ALL THESE feelings swept over her this morning with a freshness that she never seemed to lose, though her mother as a person was becoming more and more blurred. They shattered the smooth thin surface of her self-confidence like a handful of pebbles thrown into a mountain pool. She wondered why she should suddenly be thinking such things when it had been Frank she had hurried out to see. But she didn't really wonder, of course. It + *Continued on page 50*

Eleanor and Ann waited in the lawyer's office . . . while their mother went out one door so that their father might come in the other.

Illustrated by **JACK KEAY**







by Mary Augusta Rodgers

THE RESTAURANT was called The Patio and in the summer it was an expensive and very pleasant place. High brick walls hid the street and the neighboring shops, the air was damp and sweet and cool, flowers bloomed, bright and neat, beside the walls, and water splashed in a marble fountain, spraying the statue of a fleeing nymph. Flagstones covered the ground and, overhead, dark leaves and clusters of green grapes hung from the white lattice ceiling. The tables were set with candles and vases of rosebuds. There were a dead tree by the back wall, painted white, and cages of fierce, exotic-feathered birds. In the evenings the fountain shimmered with reflected light of silver and blue and green, a pianist played soft waltzes, and a fortuneteller walked between the tables, shaking a tambourine. Veiled in the long, slow twilights of summer, The Patio had the enchantment of illusion, the gay charm of complete artificiality. In the harsh hot afternoon light it looked tawdry and a little silly, like a stage jumbled with the props of half a dozen plays.

The Patio opened at five; at four-thirty the waiters were setting up the tables. The water had not been turned on in the fountain: a cat nudged around the statue of the fleeing nymph, and the birds squawked hoarsely from their cages. The pianist stood by the piano, yawning, and turning through a pile of sheet music. Seeing the fortuneteller come toward him, he bent down and played a snatch of music loudly—*Who knows what tomorrow brings?*

"Oh, shut up," the fortuneteller said. "That was funny the first hundred times."

She was a stout woman, middle-aged, and her face was the shape of a soup spoon. She was dressed for the evening's work; she wore a gaudy turban, gold loop earrings, many glass necklaces, a long shapeless red dress, and clanking bracelets on both wrists. "There must be easier ways to make a living," she said, fanning herself with one hand, and sighed.

"I think that sometimes myself," the pianist said. He began to play another song. "I'll bet I get a hundred requests a night for this thing," he said. "It reminds everybody of something."

He hummed with the melody. "I give the customers the past," he said, "and you give them the future."

"The future!" the fortuneteller snapped. "Listen, I was at the races all day and I—"

The telephone rang. At a sign from the headwaiter she answered. "The Patio," she said, professionally pleasant. "Yes . . . thank you." She hung up the phone and shouted across to the headwaiter: "Reservation for four. Eight o'clock. Sanderson."

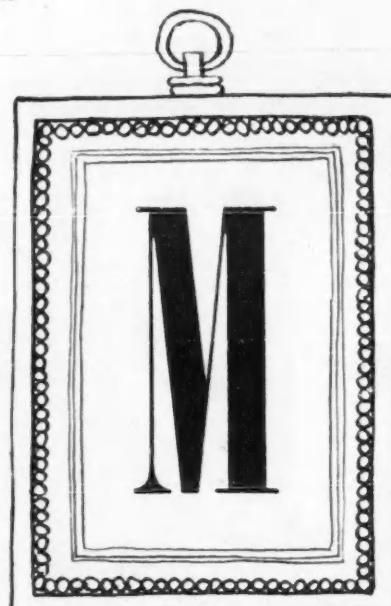
Abruptly the pianist stopped playing. He yawned again. "Give me a sample of your talent," he + *Continued on page 72*

Perhaps it was because Janie had never heard her say the word, but Flo seemed to pronounce it in a peculiar fashion. "Love," she asked, breathless, approaching it timidly. "Tell me, will I find love?"

the Lost



the



miniature

by Irene Wempe & Elizabeth Glancy

Conclusion

Part I: When Dr. Paul Hamilton returned to private practice after the war he took as his assistant Leslie Carr who had nursed in the same hospital with him overseas. Leslie is deeply in love with Paul but he has no love to give except to the memory of his dead wife . . . He keeps a miniature of her on his desk. When Leslie decides it would be better for her to find another position, he is shocked into the realization of how much sympathy and understanding she had brought to him. At the prospect of losing her he asks her to marry him. She realizes the kiss that seals their engagement is more tender than passionate. Soon after Paul receives a message from Alicia McLeod, cousin of his wife. They arrange a meeting at her home. Paul insists Leslie accompany him. She senses the terrific shock Paul feels when Alicia proves to be the living image of the miniature on his desk. Alicia tells of her tragic marriage to a man now in a mental hospital. She also explains that the doctors forbid her to visit her husband as her visits seem to throw him into greater gloom and despondency. Paul's heart is wrung by her story. Leslie, on the other hand, scents a feline hardness under Alicia's gracious manner. This is strengthened when Dex Kevin, a young lawyer, dashes unceremoniously into the room and views the lovely Alicia with cool insolent eyes.

Paul continues to fall under Alicia's spell. Leslie realizes she is losing him. She hurries to her apartment to make a final decision to break their engagement. A knock at the door late at night reveals Paul, nervous and distraught—who has come to announce that he and Leslie must be married at once.

HE SAT looking at her hands. He went on, "It may be months before I can get away for any length of time. There's no reason to wait, is there?"

He crossed the room to stand before her. "I even have the ring." He laughed uncertainly, and she looked up. He was taking a velvet box from his pocket. He snapped the lid to reveal a white diamond caught between satin lips. "I should have let you pick it out yourself—"

For one white hot moment Leslie knew she had never been so angry in her life. It poured over her in waves, but when she spoke her voice was surprisingly steady. "You want me as a sort of insurance against Alicia McLeod. That's it, isn't it?" She kept staring at the ring as if its glitter fascinated, hypnotized her.

Paul dropped back a step. "Now, just a minute, Leslie. Isn't that putting it a bit thick?" But as she looked directly at him, his eyes wavered from hers. He flushed and snapped the box shut.

"Has it been that obvious?" he asked humbly.

He sat down beside her and put his face in his hands. "I love you, Leslie. This other thing—Oh, I can't explain it! Better men than I have made fools of themselves. I don't know whether it's just an infatuation or because she's so like Margaret. She is, you know—it's almost uncanny. I do know it isn't right, that it isn't what I want. You're what I want, darling—what I need."

She let him draw her into his arms, and for a moment she rested her head against his shoulder, felt his hand stroke her hair. I wish I could hate him, she thought. I wish I could tell him I never wanted to see him again.

He kissed her. "You're a wonderful girl, Leslie." He shook his head deprecatingly. "I don't deserve you."

"She planned this, Paul," Leslie spoke slowly, thinking her way, "she wanted it to happen—"

"No." Paul's voice was gentle when she had expected anger. "It's something she can't control any more than I can. This thing between us—it's tearing her in two, Leslie. She's really very fine—very loyal."

Leslie got stiffly to her feet. "Can you get along without me in the office for a while?"

"Yes, I can get along, if I know you're coming back. You are, aren't you?"

"I don't know." She shook her head. "Can't you see what you're asking of me?" Her voice was a sudden wail. "Don't you realize this is something you've got to settle for yourself? It isn't fair—" She felt her face contort and she swung about, her back to him. "Please, go now—will you?"

She felt his hands grip her shoulders. She heard him cross the room, the door close. Later, when she went to the table to turn on a light, she saw the velvet box where he had left it.

She didn't go to the office the next morning. She called Mrs. Burke and arranged about a substitute nurse, and went to work throwing some clothes into a suitcase.

Propped up in bed with a cup of coffee, Emma eyed her sleepily. "Going home" to mama usually means just one thing," she said thoughtfully. "Have you and his Nibs reached some kind of climax?"

"Oh, no." Leslie kept her voice bright. "I have a vacation coming and I've been promising mother I'd go home for a visit."

"And, incidentally," Emma said dryly, "you're putting the grand passion in the deep freeze for the time being—is that it?"

"Yes, I guess that's about it." She snapped the lock on the suitcase. "I'm leaving the coupe for you. I won't need it. I'm taking the bus."

She was in her lemon-colored sport dress and about to call a taxi when the door buzzer sounded.

"Hold it!" Emma reached for her robe and scurried into the dressing room.

The buzzer sounded again and Leslie opened the door to find Dex Kevin leaning there.

"Hello," he said. "Glad I caught you. I called the office to see if you'd have lunch with me and they told me you were off home on a vacation."

"That's right."

He grinned. "I thought it would be a nice neighborly gesture to drive you to the station."

"Thank you, but I'm taking a cab."

Emma stage-whispered from the dressing room door. "Don't be a dope! It's two bucks to the bus station."

"Thank you," Dex Kevin told

Continued on page 38

She said through dry lips, "I don't know what it is you want of me." "Don't you?" His arm jerked tight as he flung her about, facing him. "Let me demonstrate—"

Was her love strong enough to save him . . . when the
ghost of his beautiful wife had a living counterpart . . .
the two merging as an evil threat?





First For D

by MILDRED SPICER,

EVEN BEFORE THE FIRST leaf begins to fall we bet you're ready to think about a winter long-range fashion plan. We're back from the Montreal and New York fashion houses, fingers itching to get the exciting news down on paper for you. Styles are thrilling because they're easier to wear, colors are flattering and fabrics are made to last. Everybody's talking about tweeds. They're new in finish, shades and textures, and they're as right dressed up for the city as they are in the country with square toe shoes. We nominate tweed as the fabric most likely to succeed fall-into-winter. Tissue tweeds for dresses, plush, miniature and jewel tones for suits such as the one shown on the left by Capri, New York. The coat is muted, flecked tweed, optionally belted by Pauline Trigere, New York. Start off this fall with a suit and a coat . . . add a softy of a sweater, a pale blouse and a wool dress and there's your capsule wardrobe for the year—and it's good to the last day of spring.

We saw lots of beads, braid, and make-believe jewels embroidering cuffs and collars. There's a trend toward the velvet touch in nearly every collection. We did a double-take on this one and made

Daytime Drama

R,
Fashion Editor



Photos courtesy New York Dress Institute.

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a mental note as last year's suit flashed through our mind. No trick to adding a velvet collar (black, brown, or navy) and maybe cuffs to match. Trend number two (and this one bears watching)—pick up your skirts and run for the nearest ruler and scissors . . . hemlines ARE going up! Some now are as short as 15 inches, but it's up to the individual to decide which is the right length for her. Average length for daytime clothes is 14 inches. Jackets have lost their peplums and those of us who can no longer afford to look cute can now look mighty smart. Coats have pockets aplenty, tiny finger-tip versions, oversize pouches or a pocket series which funnels from shoulder to waistline. Fullness grows out of godets, panels, pleats and built-out sides without losing the feeling of slimness.

There's a new slant to hats. They fit the head snugly, dip to one side, or climb high at the back. Mr. John's cloche becomes a helmet, reflecting the era of the '20's. The hat above is one of John Frederick's "Tall Story"—no cause for male complaint about these hats. In fact we think the man in your life is going to be mighty proud of the way you look from head to toe this fall.



I married An Ex-Convict

WHEN I was a high-schooler in a middle-sized Canadian town I used to joke or shiver with all the other kids about wearing stripes and a number, doing the lock step, ending up behind bars, and going to the Big House. I didn't dream, any more than any other Canadian teen-ager dreams, that one day I would grow up and fall in love with a man who had done time. Served a prison sentence for a crime against the people of this Dominion, and spent a number of months behind high grey walls and bars to pay for it.

But because I did—and because today my husband and I are respected citizens of one of the larger cities, with children at high school, I would like to tell you about it. Partly because of the many problems we had to face on our way up and out of my husband's past; and partly because so few people have any idea of the numbers of their fellow citizens in any larger community who have shared his experience. Some of them are happily settled as we are. Others are suffering broken lives, tragic separations and bitter degradation because they were not able to come back—or because society wouldn't let them. I have reason to know something about them, too.

You may know me . . . and a surprising number of others like me . . . as the nice Mrs. Jones down the street, but to me, you—the public—have two faces. What will happen to that mask of kindness, friendship, courtesy, if you find out I am the wife of a former jailbird? One day, any day, someone may tell you. Will you whisper behind us? Will you stop talking when Bill comes up to bowl in his league? Will your Mary blush and stammer when she explains why she can't come back after the football game for supper with young Bill?

These are the things that are always ahead of us—as some of them are already behind us. These were the possibilities we faced—and faced squarely—when we were married.

It's a Small World for Jailbirds

Should a man with a prison record tell the girl he wants to marry?

Yes! It is their only hope for any kind of happiness. When I met Bill he was already far from the city and the life which had caused his "trouble." But it's a small world if your fingerprints are in a police record anywhere. Not only for his own peace of mind, but because he had no right to ask me to share an unknown menace, he told me the whole story.

My husband forged cheques because he was the spoiled

weak child of well-to-do parents who gave him too much money and did not teach him the value of it. He became so accustomed to having everything he wanted without effort that when it was no longer available he thought he had to have it anyway—by any means. I think it is important to tell you this, not as any excuse for a boy whose natural weakness was aggravated when he fell in with bad company, but because so much juvenile delinquency, and worse, can be traced to the same source today. All around us we see the teen-agers now who were the children of the war era—the ones whose parents were too busy or too anxious to go to the bingo game or the beer parlor to be with their children and train them. There was that two dollars on the table with a note to get your supper and go to the show; the 50 cents to go to the corner and buy comics and ice cream. Today that money is no longer forthcoming. The children have become accustomed to it. We are training our boy and girl as they go that money honestly earned is a very precious thing, and every cent has a value in terms of human labor and struggle.

Besides, Bill was asking me not only to start married life with a shadow that might one day engulf us; he was also asking me to accept a man who had a weak strain in his character which might, under pressure, one day reappear. The associations he made in those early days, and in prison, couldn't be erased, however hard we might try to forget them. Was I strong enough to face, not only possible unfair public censure at some time—any time; but the cancerous fear that one day it might all happen again?

Of course, I didn't put it into those words then, even to myself. But unless a girl is strong enough to face all these possibilities before marriage and feels she can give extra encouragement and support to her man, she should never take it on.

I loved Bill very + Continued on page 54

Can a man with a prison record ever "come back" or must he and his wife be branded social outcasts? This might be the story of your neighbor . . . or the family across the street. One woman's true experiences . . . as told to Lotta Dempsey



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So you think, just because I live in the city, I can't bake.

Nobody Here But Us Cooks

by Mary Jukes

2,000 of them! With food facts and cooking deductions from Victoria to St. John's, from N. W. Territory to the U. S. border



Don't tell "him," but that pie filling came out of a package.

THE PRODUCTION of food is one of Canada's largest industries. Moreover, some of our best brains are devoting their skill to the creating of bigger and better cooking ranges, roomier freezing units, more streamlined kitchens. The horizon for the producer of foods in Canada seems to be limitless.

To bring about an exchange of ideas between the users of Canadian food products—Canadian housewives—and the men who produce them, Chatelaine sent a ballot of over 80 questions to its Consumer Council. This is the largest ballot we have ever done on any one product, and the facts and figures are already in the hands of food producers.

But by far the most important restatement of fact to emerge from this collection of cooking experiences is that the majority of Canadian women love to cook. Of all their household tasks this is the one they enjoy most.

And it smells so good, too

Canadian women not only like to cook but in the baking field a third of them are doing more than they did before the cost of living began to rise.

The most startling angle of the baking question is that women living in large cities are baking just as much and as often as rural women.

Two things, cost and quality, are refocusing women's attention not only on homemade cakes and pies, but on bread.

Nearly one out of every four women bakes her own bread, either often or occasionally. As a number of councilors testify, there is a definite feeling of accomplishment in being able to turn out a batch of homemade bread.

Although rural women do more baking of bread than women living in cities, the figure isn't much higher—29% compared with 21%.

Only 2% of Canadian housewives do no home baking. (This figure does not include unmarried or working women who undoubtedly buy the majority of their baked foods.)

Being fooled in a nice way

But in spite of their liking for baking, women are becoming more aware of the packaged prepared mix. It isn't just that a prepared mix



Sixty-nine out of every 100 of us get our ideas from magazines.

can be prepared in a jiffy. A good number of these packaged mixes are so delicious they fool even the most sceptical and it is reported that many of them are as good as anything mother used to make.

Anyway, whether their husbands and families suspect it or not, 75 out of every 100 women use some prepared mix, sometime or other. High on the list in popularity are pudding powders and mixes, pancake mixes and tea biscuit mixes.

She doesn't have to be born that way

There used to be an old superstition that only a few women were endowed with a light hand in pastry making. Time has proved that this gift can not only be taught but learned and pie eating now rates high in family preferences. Sixty-three out of every 100 Canadian families divide their preferences in desserts between pies and fresh fruits. Milk puddings are next on the list with baked and steamed puddings bringing up the rear.

Speaking of the teaching of the light hand in pastry making, where do women get most of their cooking tips, instructions and ideas? According to our Council, the majority, 69 out of every 100, get them from magazines; 29 out of every 100 from cookbooks and 15 out of every 100 from newspapers or off the box itself.

A dividend-paying investment

Going back to desserts and the high preference for fruit desserts, the majority of Canadian women, 79 out of every 100, do some home canning of fruit. Those who grow their own fruit and have access to orchards undoubtedly find it eases the strain on the budget, but just as a man likes the feeling of money in the bank, securities in a strongbox, so a woman loves to go to her fruit

Continued on page 71

Gift of Summer!

You enjoy the flavor of the world's finest tomatoes in "the soup most folks like best"! Serve it often!

It would do your heart good to see these Campbell tomatoes as they come in from the fields . . . glowing red beauties with the fragrance of summer on them . . . sun-ripened on the vine . . . picked at the very peak of luscious perfection!

These are the "cream of the crop" tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. They are made

into a smooth purée . . . blended with creamery butter . . . delicately seasoned . . . all to Campbell's own matchless recipe. No wonder this is Canada's favorite soup!

For an extra-nourishing cream of tomato, add milk instead of water. Children, especially, love it this way. Either way, it's delicious! Keep a good supply always on hand . . . and serve it often!

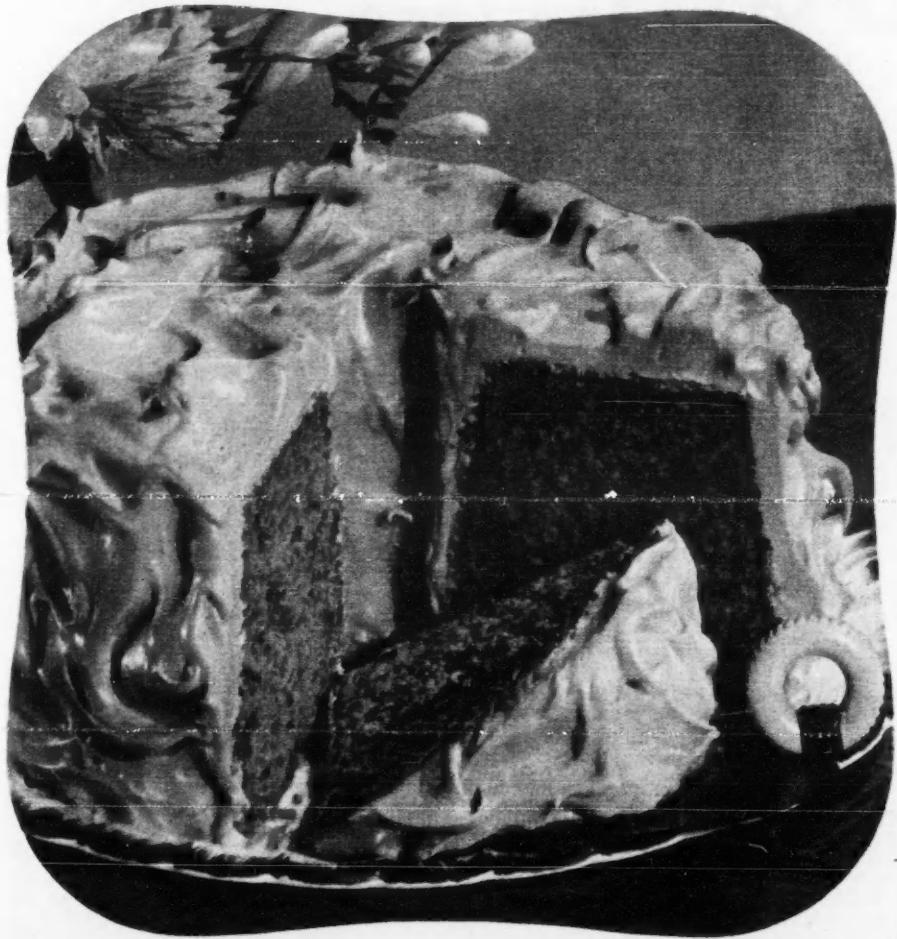
Campbell's **TOMATO SOUP**

IT'S TOMATO TIME at your grocer's
Time to stock up
on Campbell's Tomato Soup . . .
for weeks ahead!



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

To Make a Man Beam...



this mocha masterpiece by MAGIC!

What man could resist this exotic dream of a cake . . . coffee-flavored . . . speckled all through with shaved chocolate . . . spread over with billowy-deep coffee frosting! Delicate to the last wispy crumb — made light as chiffon with Magic!

Yes, for tender, moist, fine-textured cakes every time you can count on pure Magic Baking Powder. Safeguards your precious ingredients — yet Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking. No wonder 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives insist on Magic. Put Magic on your grocery list to-day.



MAGIC MOCHA CHIFFON CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups fine granulated sugar
1/2 cup salad oil
5 unbeaten egg yolks

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix these liquids a little with mixing spoon, then combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold

1/4 cup cold strong coffee
1 tsp. vanilla
3 ounces chilled semi-sweet chocolate, thinly shaved
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup egg whites

egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure). Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.

The Miniature

Continued from page 30

the unseen voice, and he reached for Leslie's suitcase.

In his convertible a few minutes later Leslie told him, "You're pretty high-handed, aren't you?"

"That's what they tell me." He swung the heavy car around and headed downtown.

Leslie leaned back against the maroon leather and watched the speedometer rise to 40. She felt scooped out, drained dry of emotion. "Any special reason for your wanting to take me to lunch today?"

"Naturally—" He leaned toward her, his eyes caressing her. "I was going to make love to you."

"Oh—" Leslie's voice was flat.

"Good lord!" he exploded. "I must be losing my touch. I've never been accused of boring a woman. I'd prefer to have my face slapped."

"I didn't mean to step on your sensitive ego." She was laughing. "And I'll slap your face if the occasion rises."

He chuckled. After a time he said, "Tell me, Leslie, are you running away or are you working on the theory that it's a wise general who knows when to retreat?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He gave a derisive snort. "Don't you? That's probably because you don't know Alicia as I do."

"I gathered you knew her rather well," Leslie said pointedly.

He didn't answer but when he spoke the sting of it was in his voice, "If you love him, why are you walking out now?"

Her hands closed on her purse. She looked out the window.

"I should have told you to go down Sixth Street," she said.

"You're not taking the bus. I'm driving you home."

She started to protest. But after all, what did it matter how she got there? She leaned back and tried to relax.

FOR THE next 50 miles their conversation only skirted the personal. She'd never been particularly articulate, and with Paul, words had always come hard. But it was easy to talk with Dex Kevin, easy to flirt with him, to be even a little insulting. It was because he didn't matter—and Paul mattered so much. She wondered fleetingly if Dex Kevin might be feeling something of the same thing. I'm his second choice too—

"And you met Hamilton during the war?" Dex asked. "Want to tell me about that?"

"No—" Her voice was thin, colorless.

They didn't speak for a moment or two, then he said, "It must be nice to have a woman love you like that." But behind the mocking challenge of his smile, she sensed something else, something lonely and resentful. It wasn't in the words, it wasn't in the cynical eyes, but it was there.

Then, "What kind of a woman is she, really?" Leslie asked. The question seemed to come of itself.

He thought about it for a moment, then spoke with measured deliberation, "If you mean Alicia McLeod—she's a scheming, selfish she-devil, but she can tie a man in knots and keep him talking to himself. Does that answer your question?"

"Are you speaking from experience or observation?"

"Both," Dex Kevin said tersely. "Is it the story of my life you want, or Alicia's?" But after a time he began to talk.

He had known Alicia off and on, he said, from the time they were children. Even when she was a little girl, a beautiful well-poised little girl, Alicia never had to raise her voice to get anything she wanted. If her father wouldn't give it to her, there was always some doting male relative. There was grim humor in Dex Kevin's voice now. "Uncle Ned financed her debut; and Cousin Horace paid for her wedding to Bob McLeod, one of the biggest shows ever witnessed. I was best man."

Bob and Alicia were his first clients when he opened his law office, and he took care of Bob's affairs while he was overseas. He hadn't been in uniform himself. He'd fooled the medics into thinking he had a bad heart, with a stiff dose of benzadrine. "All in the good old Kevin tradition."

Leslie cut in to say that he couldn't tell that benzadrine story to a nurse. What really was the matter with him?

"Rheumatic fever when I was a kid," he stated briefly.

RHEUMATIC fever—and his mother remarried and living in Europe. Quite suddenly, Leslie felt compassion for him. He would resent pity, or he would laugh at her. She supposed she was the first person ever to feel sorry for Dexter Kevin.

"Do you think she's honestly in love with Paul?" Leslie could have bitten off her tongue the moment the words were out, but Dex Kevin showed neither surprise nor curiosity.

"No," he said cryptically, "I don't think she's honestly in love with Paul."

"Then what does she want of him?" She had thrown caution to the winds. "Is it the money Paul's coming into? I had a feeling from the first that she was using her resemblance to Margaret." She swallowed hard. "But I can't believe she came here with a long-range plan—to get Paul." She glanced at Dex Kevin. There was a pinched look around his nostrils and his mouth was tight. "You think that, don't you?" she demanded. And she thought, He's jealous of Paul—he's eaten up with it.

"Well, you tell me why she was so anxious to have Bob transferred." His mouth was ugly now. "Bob's tried to kill himself several times. One of these days, he'll make it—and she'll be free."

They were passing through the town now. The main street was sun-drenched, but Leslie was shivering.

"Straight ahead?" Dex asked.

"Yes. Turn to the left on the first dirt road."

Once out of town, the car picked up speed.

"You seem to have it all figured out," Leslie told him. And then, out of her own hurt and fear, she flung at him, "It isn't that her plans were your plans too, and Paul upset your applecart?"

He looked at her, his eyes liquid fire, a muscle twitching in his jaw. For a moment she thought he might strike her. "Damn you," he said under his breath.

The car shot ahead. "I didn't start this conversation," he said darkly. "I didn't want to talk about it. You asked for it!"

"I know—I'm sorry." She had an



VERY SPECIAL!



FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS GIVING

NEW Aero-metric Parker "51"

To give this Christmas a NEW Aero-Metric "51" (illustrated) is to take pride in knowing you have chosen the pen no other in the world can honourably claim to equal . . . and then . . .

and then when, to this masterpiece pen, you add the NEW Parker pencil (illustrated) with its perfected continuous feed mechanism, needing only one filling for every 24 inches of usable lead . . . and then . . .

and then . . . when these two superlative writing instruments are enclosed in a luxury case of exciting distinction (illustrated) then you bestow a treasure of a gift that will be remembered over and over again through the years!



Soon you will be making out your Christmas list . . . and wondering . . . and wondering . . . what to give to whom. But you will find, this year, a *very special* help to your problem of holiday giving when you choose that *very special* gift—the NEW Aero-Metric "51".

WHY CAN it be so truthfully said the NEW Parker "51" is a *very special* Christmas gift?

IT IS because a NEW desire has come into the world. From within your own intimate circle of family and friends their longing reaches to the far-off places of the earth. It is the eagerness to possess the wondrous NEW writing instrument, created by the *Word's Pen Authority*.

SO BEAUTIFUL, this NEW "51"! And, with its 14 real improvements, so graciously efficient! What a pleasing personal companion it becomes for the man or woman lucky enough to own one . . . Yes, the NEW Parker "51" is, beyond any doubt, a Christmas gift of *very special* character!

EXTRAORDINARY IS the fact that people of *every age from 16 to 60* now are ardently wishing for a NEW "51"! Thus, with few exceptions, you can give this surpassing writing instrument to your entire list. Give with the assurance that your affectionate thought was chosen with wisdom.

MANY ARE the gifts costing far more than the NEW Parker "51". Yet for all their greater price they will not be so wanted—nor delight

so much—nor please so long a time! . . . This year give the *very special* Christmas gift—the NEW Parker Aero-Metric "51".

Gold Filled Cap, Pen \$17.50. Gold Filled Cap, Pencil \$9.00. Gold Filled Cap, Set \$26.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pen \$14.50. Lustraloy Cap, Pencil \$7.00. Lustraloy Cap, Set \$21.50.

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insane desire to laugh, but she knew, once started, it might end in hysteria. "It's that road ahead!"

The brakes squealed and he spun the wheel to the left, his elbow striking her. The car hit the rutted road too fast, rocked drunkenly out of control over the ditch and came to stop at a barb-wire fence.

Leslie had been thrown hard against him. She righted herself and pushed her hair out of her face.

"You're not hurt, are you?" he asked.

"No"—her voice was trembling—"but it's customary to slow down to 90 when making that turn. I hope mother wasn't watching from the veranda. That's our house with the purple vine—" She started to retrieve her purse from the floor.

"I'd pick it up for you," he said, "only I seem to have broken my arm."

"I IMAGINE you feel like The Man Who Came to Dinner." Leslie stood at the foot of the bed in her own room

where Dex Kevin, his arm in a sling, lay propped against several pillows. "And mother shouldn't have given you that strawberry shortcake. It's too rich. You're likely to lose it."

"Your mother's strawberry shortcake is worth any sacrifice," he said. "Besides, I like rich food."

She said impulsively, "Thanks for being so nice to mother."

"Why shouldn't I be nice to your mother?" he asked, bridling. "In case I didn't tell you, I like bread-and-butter

too." The color was back in his face now and it looked singularly dark and healthy against the whiteness of the pillow. "Don't you think it would be nice if you sat beside me, nurse, and held my hand?"

"I think you've passed the crisis, Mr. Kevin," Leslie said dryly, and she turned to the dresser where she began to straighten things that were already straight. It had been mother's idea to put him in her room. "I'll fix the couch for you, dear," mother had said. "Mr. Kevin is too long for it anyway."

Leslie knew he had missed nothing from her first dance program stuck in the corner of the mirror to the picture of her high-school graduating class in the ornate frame mother had selected for it. She felt annoyance that she knew to be unreasonable and hoped Dex Kevin hadn't noticed it.

"Since I'm going to sleep in your bed," he was saying now, "I think you might dispense with the formalities and just call me Dex."

She turned to meet the kindling in his eyes, felt her breath come shallow and uneven, color sting into her face. But her nurse's mind analyzed the reaction as a purely biological response. Almost any woman between 16 and 60 would react to a man as attractive and masculine as Dex Kevin.

"I imagine you'll be able to leave tomorrow," she said.

But Emily Carr, who had come into the room to remove the tray, looked at her daughter with mild reproach. She put her hand on Dex Kevin's forehead. "The doctor will be in to see you again before he leaves," she comforted. "He's having some coffee with Ed out in the kitchen." Her eyes returned to Leslie. "This boy ought to rest for a few days."

Leslie wanted to tell her that "this boy" could well afford an ambulance if necessary, and that he was only taking advantage of their hospitality to embarrass her.

Her mother fluffed a pillow and replaced it behind the patient's back. It was a motherly "tucking in" gesture, and Dex Kevin seemed to luxuriate in it.

When they were alone once more, Leslie looked at him levelly. "I'm perfectly serious about this. I'm sorry for what happened to your arm, but please—I came home to relax—"

"Go ahead and relax!" His eyes laughed at her. "You don't have to entertain me. I'm your mother's guest."

But Dr. Wellen took matters out of their hands. "You should have that arm X-rayed as soon as possible, and have a good bone man look at it. You've got a nasty fracture, young man."

Leslie would have to drive Dex Kevin back to the city next day. She couldn't very well refuse.

IT WAS around nine o'clock the next morning when she got Paul on the telephone. He was at the hospital and hurried, as usual, but he seemed stirred and genuinely pleased at hearing her voice. She told him what had happened.

"There shouldn't be any delay on his X-ray," his voice was businesslike. "Get him in here as soon as possible." Then, with a change of tone, "You're sure you weren't hurt, Leslie?"

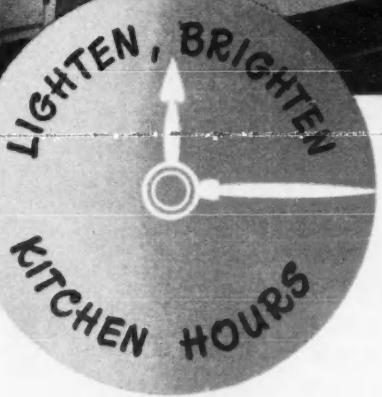
"No—I'm all right."

"How was it that Kevin—I mean, how did he happen to drive you home?"

"Just one of those things." She kept her voice level but her heart turned



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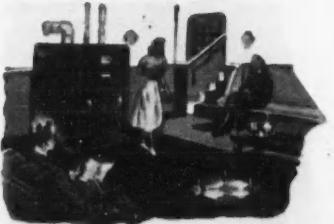
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completely over. Paul had sounded displeased, as if he hadn't liked the idea of Dex Kevin driving her anywhere.

During the drive back, Dex Kevin alternated between long silences and flippancy.

"I wish it had been the other one," he told her, looking down at the arm in the sling between them, "then I could have put this left one around you."

"What makes you think I'd want you to?"

He leaned toward her, favoring the broken arm. "I could make better love to you with one arm than any other man with two. What do you use to make your hair smell like that?"

"Soap," she told him succinctly.

"Marry me, Leslie!"

She was amused. "Why, Mr. Kevin, this is so sudden!"

He stubbed his cigarette into the ash tray. "Of course, I wouldn't measure up to Hamilton; I'm not the substantial type—but I promise you, it wouldn't be dull."

"I'll take it under advisement." She laughed at him, and cut out around a truck on a long grade. "Do you always propose to girls on the second or third meeting, or are you planning to show Alicia that two can play at her game?"

"It might interest you to know that was my first proposal."

"Of marriage, you mean. I'm flattered."

"You think I'm a cockeyed liar, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then marry me and make an honest man of me." She felt him looking at her. "I love you, Leslie."

"Oh, shut up and let me drive, will you?"

Leslie parked in front of the Clenden Building. She hesitated when Dex got out of the car. She wanted to see Paul, but alone.

"Come on," Dex told her emphatically and he held out his free hand, "I want you to superintend this business. They might put my arm back upside down and you're more or less responsible for this, you know."

Paul's manner was grave and professional. Over the X-ray machine, his eyes met Leslie's, questioning, and direct as a scalpel thrust; as if, she thought, he were measuring the quality of her patience—the depth of her love. And she turned away knowing he had found what he was looking for.

They were in Paul's private office and ready to leave when Dex, looking a little drawn, turned to Paul. "By the way, what are Bob McLeod's chances of snapping out of it, doctor?"

Paul looked at him for a moment. "I would suggest your taking that up with Dr. Lamson." His voice was without expression.

"Too bad about Bob," Dex slowed his voice. "Of course, he was always emotionally unstable. He had no business sense and his money got away from him. I suppose it was a lot of little things piling up—then the war, and bingo." He shook a cigarette out of the pack and put it to his mouth. Paul gave him a light.

Leslie's heart was beating hard and fast. Dex Kevin was leading up to something. It came a moment later.

"Alicia has expensive tastes"—he studied the lighted end of the cigarette—"and he couldn't refuse her anything."

Paul had turned to his desk where he

slicked the pages of his appointment book. His mouth was grim and Leslie knew he was coldly angry.

"I ran a fever over her myself during my first year at college," Dex mused, "but Alicia wasn't having any. You see, I'd about run through my share of the tainted Kevin dough." There was that characteristic twist to the corner of his mouth. "Maybe it's just as well—I might be in Bob's place now, eh?"

Paul's face was white and his hands were fists on the desk. "Outside of a barroom, Kevin," his voice was controlled, analytical, "I don't know when I've heard a more crude and clumsy attack on a woman's name. If you'll excuse me." He snapped the appointment book shut. "I have other patients waiting."

Dex tossed his cigarette into a tray and shrugged. "I'm sorry if I offended your sensibilities, doctor. It's just possible I'm suffering from a case of 'sour grapes' and envying you that money you're coming into. On the other hand," he shrugged again, "I could be warning you, couldn't I?"

"Get out," Paul told him quietly.

AS DEX turned to leave, Leslie looked at Paul, waiting for some sign from him, but his face was tight with suppressed rage and she felt he didn't even see her. Dex Kevin opened the door and turned to her. She hesitated, then crossed the room and led the way out of the office.

They didn't speak until they were in the car once more.

"The defense rests," Dex grinned at her.

"I suppose I should thank you." Leslie turned to give him a long searching look. "I'm taking it for granted that you were acting for Paul's good just now."

He snorted. "Oh, the hell with Paul!"

Whatever the reason, Leslie thought, Dex had saved her the necessity of the talk with Paul. He wouldn't have listened to me either, she decided hopelessly.

In the parking lot of his hotel Leslie turned to find Dex resting his head against the maroon leather, his eyes closed.

"Here we are," she told him. "Can you make it alone?"

"Certainly." But when he tried to manage his coat and briefcase, she relented.

Dex had a suite on the sixth floor. The living room was large and cool. Behind the drawn monk's cloth drapes was the afternoon sun and from the street below came the rumble of traffic. But he had no sooner closed the door behind them when she knew she had made a mistake. She was putting the briefcase on a table, when he came to her and turned her about, his arm encircling her waist.

She pressed her hands against his chest. "You were putting on an act down there in the car, weren't you?"

"All right—so I was putting on an act."

She looked at him and forced her voice to steadiness. "The thing you keep forgetting, Dex—I'm in love with Paul—"

"And I'm going to keep on forgetting it." His eyes were very dark.

She said through dry lips, "I don't know what it is you want of me."

"Don't you?" His arm jerked tight. "Let me demonstrate—"



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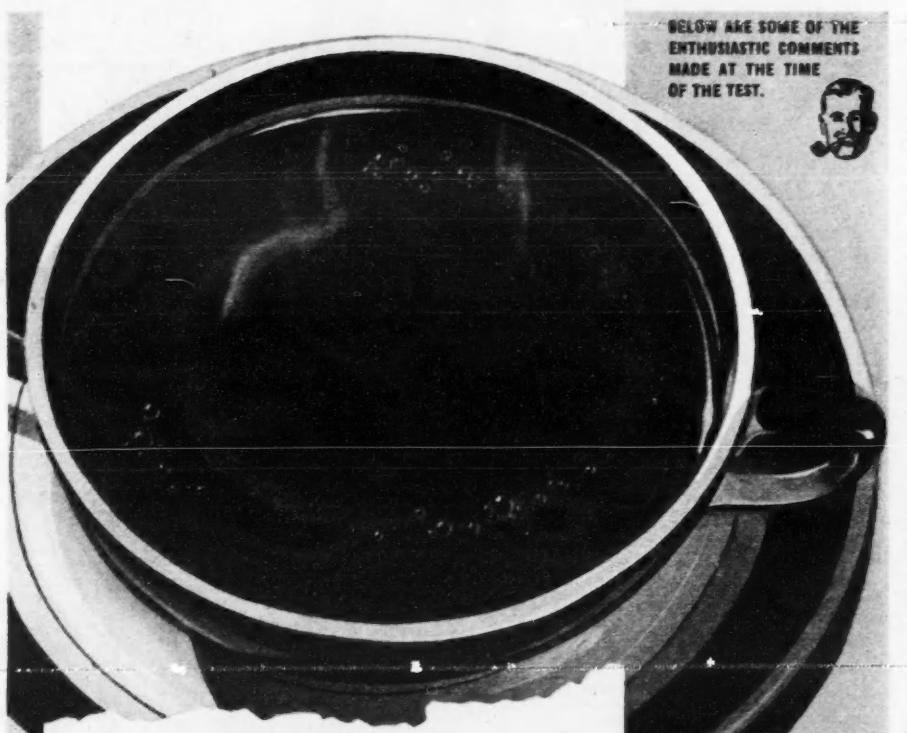
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She averted her face and his kiss twisted on her mouth. After a brief struggle she was passive in his grasp.

Afterward, she knew that from the moment his arm tightened about her, she had not honestly tried to escape him. But she knew too that the swift response, the moment of abandon had come out of her frustration and emotional hunger.

Only after he released her did anger come, and it was directed more at herself than at him. "I guess I asked for that too, didn't I?"

Dex spoke on a hard breath, "Well, did I make myself clear?"

"What do you want me to say? That you're very expert, that I enjoyed kissing you?" She was trembling, hotly defiant. "All right—I did, but it's still Paul! That's what I've been trying to make you understand. It always will be Paul—"

"Why don't you get smart?" he said roughly. "Couldn't you see back there that your doctor's a dead duck? He doesn't want to know the truth." He turned, opened the inlaid doors of a liquor cabinet. "From the moment Alicia got her sights on him and that million in trust—"

"You don't know Paul," Leslie broke in. "Even if he is infatuated with her, he won't let her divorce a sick husband to marry him. I think you're confusing Paul with Alicia—" she hesitated, "with yourself, perhaps—"

He turned slowly. "Go on," he said.

She reached back and felt her fingers bite into the table's edge. "The fact that you've taken advantage of Bob McLeod's being in an institution and while he was overseas, doesn't mean—Paul would."

Dex Kevin slammed down a crystal liquor bottle. Leslie had already started for the door but he caught her, his grip hurting on her arm. He flung her about, facing him.

"Now for the rebuttal!" He was smiling but his eyes were pin points of dancing fury. "You've been taking a hell of a lot for granted! Bob McLeod was my friend. He still is. I was through with Alicia and knew her for what she was before he married her. I could have had her while he was overseas—for a price, and not too damned high a price either! It wasn't because I was too noble," his mouth was contorted now, "and it wouldn't have mattered to Bob. He went over there, not caring if he ever came back. She put him where he is! But I've got a peculiar kind of pride."

"Let me go," Leslie said.

HE DROPPED her arm and stood looking at her, breathing hard. She saw the anger slowly leave his face.

"This seems to have been my day for pouring on my inimitable charm," he said. "I apologize." He gave her a brief off-centre smile. "Will you have dinner with me some evening, and let me show you I can behave myself?"

"I think it would be wise to let this die on the vine, Dex." But she was again aware of a sense of pity. She paused before opening the door. "I guess you have an apology coming too. I hadn't any right saying those things. I'm sorry."

She took a taxi to the apartment, excusing her extravagance because she was tired to the point of exhaustion.

She had no sooner opened the door, when the telephone rang.

"Leslie, is Emma there?" It was Paul, his voice clipped, tense.

Leslie looked blankly around the apartment. "No. She's at the hospital, isn't she? Paul, what's wrong?"

"Bob McLeod committed suicide about an hour ago."

"Oh, no!" She groped for a chair and sank into it, her fingers gripping the receiver.

"Emma was with him when it happened," Paul was saying. "She tried to stop him. She's on her way home and I thought you ought to know. Do what you can for her, will you?" His voice was tired now. "Emma takes her job seriously—"

She looked at the telephone for a long time after the connection was broken. She found herself remembering what Dex had said, "One of these days he'll make it—and she'll be free." But, I mustn't think of what this means in relation to Paul and myself. I won't let myself think about it!

"I don't understand it, Leslie," Emma lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling. "He'd been so much better the last few days."

Leslie wandered about the room, rearranging the magazines on the stand, turning on a light only to snap it off, straightening the shag rags with the toe of her shoe. "Try not to think about it," she said for the third time. "It wasn't your fault, Emma."

But Emma went on in a troubled monotone, "He was responding to treatment. I was so sure he would snap out of it in time. There was something so pathetic about him, Leslie! I don't understand it," she said again. "Nothing happened out of the way. I'd taken a little gift package up to him. I was at the door—and the next thing I knew, he was knocking me out of the way. It happened so fast. I tried to stop him—"

"Of course you did," Leslie came to sit on the side of the bed. "Don't blame yourself. Those things are bound to happen."

"I'm trying to think of anything I might have said or done that could have set him off. You never know just what will do it. Sometimes it's some little thing, the thing you least expect."

"He—hadn't seen her, had he?" Leslie asked slowly. "Alicia—I mean."

"No." Emma shook her head in impatient denial. "I've told you how co-operative she's been, Leslie."

"Could it have been anything in the package?" Leslie hazarded. "What was in it?"

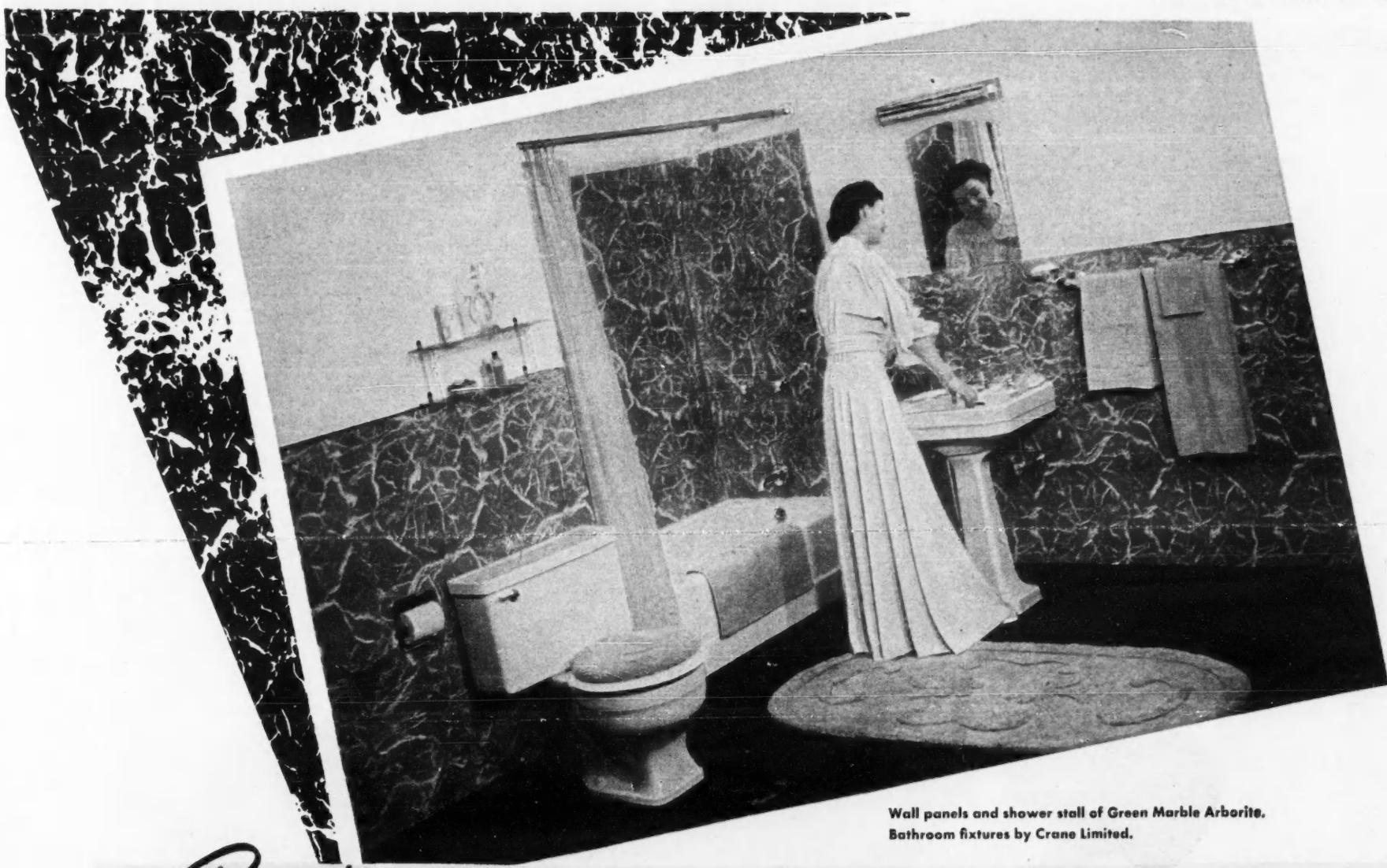
"Oh, the usual stuff"— Emma reached for a cigarette on the night stand—"socks, shaving cream, cookies. Everything is checked down at the desk before the patient gets it. He'd had packages exactly like it before."

"Who sent it to him?"

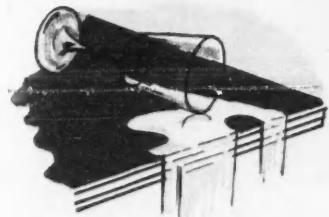
"I don't know, probably Mrs. Mitchell. Eventually every patient gets one of her packages. She knits the socks herself and makes the cookies." The cigarette trembled at Emma's mouth; she jerked it away and went on,

half-laughing, half-crying, "Usually the socks don't fit the one they're aimed at, and those cookies of hers have probably put more patients in restraints than anything else . . . Of course, they'll investigate every angle. There's to be an enquiry at the hospital tomorrow afternoon. We'll know more about it then—"

They were ready for bed, when
Continued on page 46



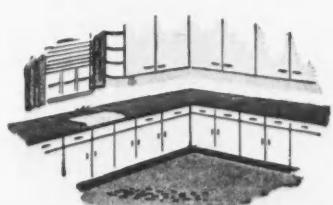
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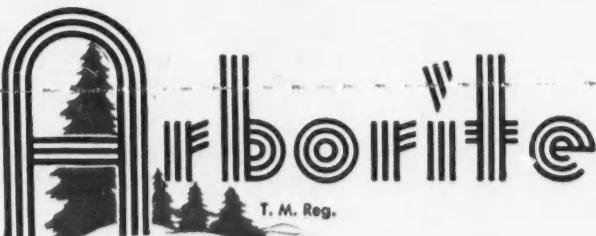


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Helen Campbell's Page

Comes in October. Winds are higher and mercury lower now. But noons in Indian Summer are warm and still, days burn with color and the air is heady with autumn's essence. You sense the rush of wings beating south, feel the satisfaction that comes from another harvest safely stored, see the slow rains wash the late fall apples and water the fields where the crops were lately standing. In the early mornings the grass is aglitter with hoarfrost and at night you watch the dancing radiance in the northern sky up where the Great Dipper hangs bright and low. When I count my blessings which I do from time to time, I put October at the head of the list.

Corn cargo for green pepper boats. Mix a can of whole kernels with half as much dry bread crumbs, milk to moisten, a judicious amount of butter, a little chopped parsley, maybe a bit of minced onion. Fill parboiled drained shells; finish off in the oven.

Picture-pretty centerpiece of a friend's Thanksgiving table was composed of purple eggplant, scarlet peppers, blue grapes, green leaves.

Southern accent. Give fricassee chicken a border of sweet potato biscuits—and see how you like that. To make, mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup mashed sweet with $\frac{3}{8}$ cup milk and 4 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Add sifted mixture of $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, a tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt. Mix, roll, cut and cook same like regular biscuits.

Best way to cook game is to follow the hunter's instructions (if you want peace in the house). Who knows as much about a mallard as the man who brought it down—or that's what he thinks. From a dozen huntin', shootin' fellows I've heard a dozen one right ways to deal with the quarry and I'm not going to get into any argument. My specialty's pork chops.

Wrap an omelet around some hot, not-too-juicy cranberry sauce. Spoon a bit over.

October idea for a teen-age party. Serve hot spiced sweet cider from a pumpkin bowl. To make, cut a large slice from the top, or if it's a longish shape, lay it on its side and cut a large square opening. Scoop out seeds and fibres and give the outside a good rubdown to polish. Place on a tray and ring around with leaves. Pour cider at the last minute and ladle into mugs. (Mother can use the pumpkin for pies later; they'll have extra oomph.)

Let the prodigal son have his fatted calf. Make mine turkey unfrocked, plumped with stuffing and oven-tanned to a luscious brown. A-setting on its platter with all the traditional Thanksgiving trappings. If you're not *that* glad to see me, I'll settle for chicken, similarly served forth.

Something old: Apple butter made with tangy apples, sweet cider, sugar and spices tied in a bag. Brown as October ale and fragrant as the last rose of summer.

Something new: Cook 6 pears, washed, halved and cored, in a sugar-water syrup ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup each). Remove fruit. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced oranges to the syrup; cook until thickish. Pour over pears; chill well. Daub with whipped cream, scatter with coconut and shaved blanched almonds.

Something borrowed: From Italy we borrowed this idea (and I hope we never give it back). Drain a bottle of ripe olives, cover with olive or salad oil, add a cut clove of garlic and let set a few hours before lifting out to your relish tray.

Something blue: Perfect bunces of blue-black grapes washed, dried, dipped in egg white, beaten, just enough to blend, with a tablespoon of water. Then crusted all over with red and white striped candy crushed to powder. Or use pulverized sugar. Lay out on a cake rack to dry. Pretty and nice to eat.

One loud bang—and another fine buck bites the dust. So maybe you'd better brush up on how to cook venison.

All I'm going to tell you is that preliminary marinating for a few hours in a little red wine is a slick trick.

For that wild duck dinner whip a handful of minced chives into the pot of mashed potatoes. For lamb, chopped mint leaves.

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour
And back of the flour, the mill
And back of the mill is the wheat
and the shower
And the sun and the Father's Will."

Cheese pumpkins: Work grated soft yellow cheese until nice and smooth. Shape into tiny balls; flatten slightly. With the handle of a silver knife make lengthwise shallow ridges—like a pumpkin, you know. Snip of green pepper for the stem. Set six in a circle on an apple pie—one for each wedge. Feel like fussing a bit for Thanksgiving or Halloween? You might, if you've a mind, sculpture hard sauce pumpkins too (color yellow, make ahead, chill). Serve on gingerbread squares or wedges.

Life will be sweeter with a few jars of apple jelly put by. Mincemeat and orange marmalade help too.

Frenchified way of serving green peas is to heat them with fine-chopped onion and a few lettuce leaves. Remove lettuce. Season. Pile in baked acorn squash halves and add a nice dab of butter.

Through my neighbor's window I see a lovely bean pot filled with late chrysanthemums and frost-touched leaves. Charming. But, I wonder, doesn't she have any beans.

Hallowe'en gobblin'; sausage rolls or meat turnovers; mustard, carrot curls, ripe olives; date and nut bread sandwiches—cheese fillings; orange ice in chocolate cupcakes. Or pork and beans; Boston brown bread or corn gems; celery, gherkins; pumpkin tartlets with molasses meringue and chopped ginger topping. Nuts to crack, raisins to nibble, russet apples to munch, black grapes and coffee to wet your whistle.

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Continued from page 42
Emma turned to look at Leslie. "It just occurred to me that this makes Alicia McLeod a widow."

Leslie reached over to snap off the bed lamp. "Yes, I know," she said.

THEY WERE at breakfast the next morning when Paul telephoned to inform Emma that the enquiry was to be held at the Terrace Arms. Mrs. McLeod was prostrate from shock and unable to travel to and from the hospital. He would pick Emma up on his way to Beverly.

Emma was still in the dressing room when Paul arrived. Leslie let him in.

They stood regarding each other, and Paul said, "I'm a little early, I guess."

"She's almost ready." Leslie looked at him, and quite suddenly she crossed the room to the table, opened the drawer where she had put the velvet box. She returned with it and pressed it into his hand.

"This thing that's happened, Paul," she told him numbly, "changes everything for you. This is good-by, and I think we both know it."

He looked down at the ring box and his fingers closed over it until the cords bulged in his hand. "I've been unhappy about it too, Leslie—desperately unhappy."

"You mustn't be—any more."

The telephone rang and she went to answer it, grateful for the interruption.

It was Mrs. Burke calling from the office. Was the doctor still there? He was to get in touch with Dr. Lamson at once. It was very important.

But at the telephone Paul spoke briefly and his voice told Leslie nothing. Emma came out of the dressing room as he hung up the receiver. "I have to go out to Westview," he said. "Dr. Lamson wants to see me before the enquiry." He looked at Emma. "Can you get out to Beverly by yourself?"

"I'll drive you out," Leslie told her.

Before the Terrace Arms, Emma said, "This is an open enquiry, just like an inquest. I could use your moral support—but I suppose you'd rather skip it."

"I was in at the start of this," Leslie said without bitterness, feeling again the strange sense of inevitability. "I might as well see the last act."

Dex Kevin opened the door for them. He flushed when he saw Leslie. "I didn't expect to see you," he said. In the dark business suit, his arm in a black sling, he looked subdued, like a bad boy, Leslie thought, who has been washed and chastened.

There was no sign of Alicia.

In the living room, waiting for the others to arrive, Leslie sat with Emma on the red satin divan. Dex Kevin stood at the window looking out into the sunlit formal gardens, his free hand thrust into his pocket.

Leslie looked about at the polished perfection and felt the personality of the room like a tangible thing. It too seemed to wait, in cool fragrant silence—

Paul, and Dr. Lamson accompanied by his secretary and a stout voluble woman in a shabby mink coat, arrived together. Dr. Lamson presented the woman hurriedly as Mrs. Mitchell and waved her to a seat by the window. Paul looked troubled and vaguely belligerent.

As if she had been waiting for her cue, Alicia made her entrance.

She paused in the archway, tragically

lovely in the folds of a black velvet hostess gown. As all eyes turned to her, Leslie found herself half expecting a burst of applause.

Alicia's eyes were shadowed and she held a wisp of white lace against her cheek as if prepared for more tears. Her smile was sad. It welcomed and thanked each one in the room.

Paul went forward and led her to a deep-cushioned chair, then took his place, standing slightly behind her. His eyes avoided Leslie's.

Dr. Lamson stood in the centre of the room before the coffee table, his hands planted palms-down on his back. He was a small man and the aggressive stance seemed to add to his stature. He wasted no time in preliminaries. He explained, simplifying technical terms, Bob McLeod's peculiar form of psychosis.

"We know he suffered a regressive reaction to his wife." He turned to give Alicia abstract attention. "She—or some specific thing about her—caused an association in his sick mind." The doctor began walking back and forth on the pale blue carpet. "The patient's history tells us the story up to a point—a child who adored his mother, the sharing of whose love he found unbearable—the shock and despair at her death . . . Now," he straightened, "perhaps he remembered a gown his mother wore, its color or texture branded into his subconscious. We can assume the ambivalence was carried over into his marital relationship." He turned once more to look at Alicia. "The adored wife became the adored mother; her reproach, the mother's reproach.

"I have said a gown—it could have been one of many things. In some cases it's an old melody, the sound of a bell, the rush of a train, or some specific appeal to the senses. Result?" He snapped his fingers, "Violent reaction, and in Robert McLeod's case—suicide."

Alicia sat very still, but her hands worked at the lace handkerchief, smoothing it only to crush it again. Over her head Leslie looked at Paul. His face showed strain and he moved his shoulders restlessly.

"Dr. Lamson," Alicia spoke slowly, "are you sure Bob's mental breakdown was not a result of his war experiences?"

"The war only hastened a condition established many years before, Mrs. McLeod."

"Assuming you are right"—Alicia let her hands drop into the velvet folds of her lap—"and that I was the sole disturbing influence because of this—this complex out of his childhood, how is it that he—" she hesitated, then went on with difficulty, "I wasn't near him at the time. I haven't been near him—" She turned to Paul, "May I have a glass of water, please, Paul?"

He left the room and Alicia gave her attention back to Dr. Lamson. "It's just that I feel none of this will bring Bob back." Her eyes appealed to him. "And we'll probably never know exactly why he did it."

"On the contrary, Mrs. McLeod," Dr. Lamson told her politely, "I already know why."

LESLIE WAS aware of Emma stiffening beside her, of Dex pausing with a cigarette halfway to his mouth; even Dr. Lamson's secretary, a thin unobtrusive young man, stopped taking notes and looked up. Alicia regarded the



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doctor without change of expression. Paul returned to put the glass of water in her hand. She took it without looking at him and placed it on the table beside her.

"You all know, I think, that the patient received a package," Dr. Lamson paused and lifted his shoulders eloquently. "A package," he repeated slowly, "shaving cream, cookies—and a pair of socks. Since he'd received similar articles before, it did not at first occur to us to look for the answer there . . . I am intrigued by the fact that a certain mystery surrounds this particular package. There are only two persons who ever mailed gifts to the patient." He bowed first to Alicia and then to Mrs. Mitchell. "Both ladies have denied sending this one."

"You told me those were raisin cookies, Dr. Lamson," Mrs. Mitchell said firmly. "Well, I make all the cookies I send to the hospital and I haven't a recipe for raisin cookies. You say there was shaving cream in the package. I never put in toilet articles because I know the patients aren't allowed to shave themselves." She stirred indignantly. "It just wasn't one of my packages, that's all!"

"I'm sorry I can't be of more help," Alicia said in a low voice. "But I never knitted a pair of socks in my life, Dr. Lamson, and I'm afraid I couldn't make good cookies of any kind." She frowned. "Isn't it possible that some outsider could have sent the package?"

"Possible, yes, but unusual in a private institution," Dr. Lamson told her.

Emma said suddenly, "Dr. Lamson, do you mean it was something in the package?" He kept holding it—just looking at it for such a long time. Then, he—" She broke off, glanced apologetically at Alicia, and was silent.

"Yes, it was something in the package," Dr. Lamson said. "It was perfume, a perfume that must have been associated with his sense of failure, guilt and frustration. It was the compulsive force—"

Emma said quickly, "Yes, I remember! It did smell of perfume. I thought the shaving cream—"

"I'm very tired, Dr. Lamson," Alicia interrupted. "And, if you'll forgive my saying so, this entire discussion seems to be verging on the ridiculous." She started to rise, but Dr. Lamson crossed the room to stand before her.

"One moment, Mrs. McLeod, if you please." He reached out to take the handkerchief from her fingers. He waved it briefly under his nose and handed it back to her, bowing his thanks.

"Exciting," he said, and the single word hung there in the silence.

His eyes moved to Paul's face. "This is the same scent, doctor."

Alicia came slowly to her feet. "I'm afraid I don't know what you are talking about, Dr. Lamson. Do you mean because the scent of the shaving cream reminded Bob of one of my perfumes?"

"Not the shaving cream," he told her evenly, and from his side pocket, he took a small paper-wrapped object. He discarded the paper to reveal a pair of men's socks. "This is what destroyed your husband, Mrs. McLeod. A pair of handmade socks, highly scented with a rare perfume." He looked directly at her. "How long have you known your

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perfume was the answer? And how many scented packages did you torment him with before you achieved your purpose?"

"You must be utterly mad!" Pale and shocked, Alicia turned to Paul. "Paul, is he intimating that I *purposely* tried to excite Bob—to kill himself? Why, any thousand women might use this same perfume."

"It is a rather preposterous accusation, doctor." Paul glanced at the faces about the room as if for confirmation. "It's inconclusive—circumstantial—"

Leslie heard herself say out of a throat dry from her hard breathing, "You told me your perfume was your own particular scent, Mrs. McLeod, that your husband had it blended for you a long time ago, in France, and that you'd never used any other."

Alicia turned to stare in Leslie's direction. "What are you trying to prove?" Her voice despised them all. "I told you; I know nothing of this."

"One thing more, Mrs. McLeod," Dr. Lamson said. "You told us you had never knitted a pair of socks in your life. How did you know these were handmade? Isn't it that you tried to make the package resemble one of Mrs. Mitchell's? That was clever"—the doctor's smile was thin—"but it seems Mrs. Mitchell doesn't make raisin cookies."

"Dexter!" Alicia's eyes flashed the length of the room, "you're my lawyer." Her voice rose hysterically. "Get these people out of here!"

Dex straightened at his place by the window. "You don't need a lawyer, darling," he drawled. "None of this would stand up in court. As Dr. Hamilton said, it's inconclusive and circumstantial. You've murdered your husband and nobody can do a thing about it." He crossed the room to the archway. He turned and looked at her. "I was Bob's lawyer—not yours. I knew you were up to something. That's why I followed you. I wish to heaven I'd figured it out!" He moistened his lips. "I've got to get out of here—I need some fresh air."

"Paul"—Alicia spoke without looking at him, her hands opening and closing on the back of her chair—"surely you don't believe this?"

Paul did not answer her; he did not look at her. His fine eyes were blank and his face wore the expression of a man shocked out of a heavy sleep. He reached for his hat on the table beside him and nodded briefly at Dr. Lamson. "I'll be in my office if you wish to see me, doctor." He walked out of the room.

Alicia stood for a moment, her face an unreadable mask. "If you are quite finished, will you all leave now?"

LESLIE AND Emma walked out to the car in silence. Dex Kevin was waiting for them.

"Is she going to get away with this?" Emma demanded.

"Legally, yes," Dex said. "Even if they could prove she sent Bob the package, a jury would never agree on her motive. And can't you just picture Alicia with an all-man jury?" His laugh was harsh. "But she'll be punished, don't make any mistake about that. She was shooting at a million bucks and she missed her target. She's broke, and she's been exposed; that's punishment for Alicia."

After he had opened the door of the car for Emma, Dex turned to Leslie. "I saw your doctor when he came out." He concentrated on the small gold chain at her throat. "He apologized like a gentleman for yesterday. I told him I was lucky he didn't throw me out of his office on my head. He's all mixed up, Leslie; what I mean is, don't hold anything against him. That's a man's advice, and pretty damn noble coming from me."

"Thank you, Dex," she said warmly, "thank you for everything."

He scowled, then the scowl gave place to a smile. "He's a right guy, Leslie—I might have known you couldn't go far wrong."

"You're a right guy yourself, Dex." Impulsively she put her hand on the arm with the sling. "What are your plans? I mean—will you be staying on here?"

"No," he said with finality, "not now. If I can get a plane reservation, I'm heading east tonight." He moved back slightly so that her hand dropped from his arm.

She looked at him uncertainly. "Why didn't you tell me that you were following her around just to—watch her?"

"I might have, but you seemed to have formed your own conclusions."

"I—I haven't been very nice, have I? I wish we could have been friends."

He shook his head. "I know my limitations. I would never stay on my side of the chalk line." He grinned at her. "I told you I had a rich appetite, didn't I?" His eyes grew serious. "Be happy, darling."

He left her abruptly and Leslie

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watched him go, feeling as if she'd seen a door open only to slam shut on something strange and fine.

At the apartment she let Emma out of the car. When she made no move to follow, Emma turned back and stood looking at her. Leslie didn't wait for her to speak, "I know what you're thinking," she said calmly. "You think I ought to let Paul come to me. Perhaps I haven't the right kind of pride, but I feel he needs me now more than he's ever needed me before."

It was after five when Leslie got to the Clenden Building. She let herself into the waiting room with her own key. The door to the private office was open and she went slowly toward it, afraid now that Paul might resent her coming.

He was sitting at his desk, the reflection from his reading lamp etching his face in abrupt light and shadow. He was studying something in his hands. It was the miniature.

Leslie made no sound but, as if sensing her presence, he looked up. "Hello," he said, and there was humility and a kind of hard dry humor in his voice. "How did you know how much I wanted to see you?"

He got to his feet and Leslie crossed the room. They stood with the desk between them.

"Paul, we don't have to talk about it," she said. And then, with a rush, "I didn't come here to say, 'I told you so.'"

"You needn't explain yourself to me, Leslie." The familiar gentleness, the kindness. "Tell me, do I seem as big a fool as I feel?" He glanced at the

miniature where it lay on the desk. "How could I have thought she was like Margaret? Except for the physical resemblance, no two women could be more unlike." He paused, and again Leslie felt his eyes were measuring the quality of her patience—the depth of her love. He breathed deeply. "Do you think you can ever forgive me, darling?"

"There's no question of forgiveness," Leslie told him.

He came around the desk, half lifted his arms and let them fall. He was pale with emotion. His eyes pleaded with her.

"I don't deserve you." There was just a shadow of the old smile. "But on the other hand, what would I do without you?"

Leslie walked blindly into his arms.

HE KISSED HER, gently at first, then his mouth was hard and wanting. Here, at last, was the urgency that matched her own. She gave herself up to the moment. This was what she had waited for—waited from the day when she'd stood, starched and scared in her nurse's uniform before the tall distinguished new doctor at the base hospital—Major Hamilton.

She had loved him then and gone on loving him, always afraid, never quite believing this moment would come—until her love had become an obsession, a kind of sickness.

"I love you, Leslie," Paul told her now. "Oh, my darling, I love you so very much."

But suddenly she was aware of a peculiar detachment, of giving herself but knowing it was a conscious giving. It was as if she were both actor and a part of the audience.

Paul held her away from him. "What is it, Leslie?"

"I don't know," she half whispered, "I don't know, Paul."

The dark color came into his face again. "You can't forgive me, that's it. Oh, I don't blame you. But this other thing, it was only an infatuation, Leslie. I would have got over it anyway. You believe that, don't you?" He reached for her, but she sidestepped, eluding him. "I've bungled it," he muttered. "It's too soon." And then eagerly, "I'll give you time, darling, all the time you want."

She felt the old pull on her tenderness, but it wasn't strong enough. She regarded him steadily. "I think perhaps I've waited too long, Paul."

The disbelief in his face had given way to a kind of resentment. "I don't believe that, Leslie. I can't."

"I know." She could hardly believe it herself. "Perhaps it's because I've been around so long that you've come to take me for granted." She stood for a moment, then went to the desk and picked up the miniature. "Alicia told me I'd need a lot of courage to try to replace Margaret. I know now I never could, Paul." She pushed aside the clock and put the miniature in its old place. "It wasn't Alicia who came between us," she told him thoughtfully. "With you it's always been Margaret—and I think it always will be."

Suddenly she was seeing him with eyes unclouded by awe or love—seeing him clearly, a brilliant man, a gentleman but emotionally immature. He had let a rich aunt plan his life; he had made an idol of his wife and clung to the dream after he'd lost her, clung to the

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dream with one hand, Leslie thought, while the other was holding on to me. And now that I've pulled away he's angry and resentful. If I married him he'd be faithful to me because he always keeps his word. But every time he saw a lovely blond woman who reminded him of Margaret, I'd lose him a little.

"I'm sorry, Paul." She came around the desk, her voice gentle. "But I've just realized we're not the same kind of people. It just wouldn't work out for us—"

Paul didn't look at her as she crossed the room. She closed the door behind her. There was sadness in her, but it was the wistful sadness of one who lays down an accustomed burden. There was emptiness but an emptiness waiting to be filled . . .

She walked toward the elevator with a quick light step. She pressed the "down" button. And all at once, she was wondering just how difficult it might be for a man to get a last-minute plane reservation to the east. +

Vacation

Continued from page 26

was her father's face, dark and scowling, that had brought back the memories.

"It's darned inconvenient," he said.

"She couldn't know we would be away," Catherine soothed him.

"She could have guessed. It's summertime. People go away in the summertime. She could have given us more notice."

"There is probably a good reason why she didn't give us more notice. Besides the letter had to be readressed, and mail is so slow up here."

Eleanor shivered and went to stand in the sunlight that streaked the kitchen. Sunlight seemed thinner up here in the mountains.

"Hungry, dear?" Catherine asked. "Where's Ann? Sit down and eat a good breakfast. You're going into town with your father."

Eleanor sat down and obediently began to eat. Something kept her from asking any questions.

"It'll take my whole day getting them into town," her father grumbled. "And another day to go and pick them up."

"That's not very much," Catherine said gently.

Eleanor's father looked up as if he were going to be very angry, then he looked away without saying anything.

They could hear Ann banging up to the porch, her footsteps interrupted by thuds.

"I wonder what she's got now?" Catherine asked with amused despair.

"She's not going to like this," Eleanor's father said with satisfaction, and Eleanor knew then that he had expected her to make a fuss.

Catherine called out the door, "Leave your things outside, Ann, and hurry to the table."

"I've got a lot of fine rocks for my fireplace," Ann said, and what else she said was lost in the sound of tumbling rocks.

"What fireplace?" Eleanor asked her as she came in, glad of a chance to change the subject.

Ann's face had the absorbed look of a creator. "My fireplace. I'm going to start building it right after breakfast."

"Not today," her father said dryly.



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"You're going in to town right after breakfast."

"I don't want to go," Ann said matter-of-factly, and began to spoon her cereal with the same concentration she had bestowed upon the rocks.

"You have to go. Your mother wants to see you."

Ann turned a puzzled look on Catherine, and then as she understood, her face reddened. "Does Eleanor have to go too?"

Her father nodded.

"How do you know?" Ann demanded.

He tapped the letter on the table. "Your mother's lawyer writes that I must have you in town today." There was a thin edge to his voice.

"Well," said Ann, adjusting quickly, "let's go right away and get back as soon as we can. Maybe I can start my fireplace this afternoon."

"We couldn't get back by afternoon," Eleanor corrected her.

"Besides," said their father, "you're to stay with your mother for four days."

"Four days?" Ann's voice was despairing.

Four days, thought Eleanor. In four days Frank could forget her. There were an awful lot of girls at the lake this summer.

"You'll have fun," Catherine said brightly. "You probably will go to the movies, and shopping, or maybe the zoo."

"I don't want to do those things," Ann shouted. "I can do those things all winter. I can only be up here in the mountains in the summer."

"Four days is only a small part of the summer," Catherine said gently. "There'll be lots of summer left when you get back."

"How much?"

"Weeks and weeks."

Ann looked at Eleanor and then at her father, and back to Catherine, who nodded at her. "Well, all right then," she said.

ELEANOR SPENT most of the long drive into town worrying about how it would be to see her mother again. Her father was still angry about having to make the trip and drove silently except when he got tied up in traffic, or some other motorist displeased him by his driving. Then Eleanor knew he was blaming all that on her mother, too. Ann had retired into a world of her own and soon was murmuring in a happy buzz, asking herself questions, answering herself, being very interested and absorbed.

Eleanor wished passionately that she was eight years old again when you were not bothered by what was right or what was wrong, or what people were feeling, when life was divided simply into what you wanted and what you didn't want. Would she recognize her mother? What would her mother expect of her? Should she run to her mother? Would she be glad to see her, or would she have to pretend? What would they talk about for four days?

As they drove into town her father explained that he would take them to the lawyer's office, that their mother would be there to meet them, and that he would come back to get them in four days. He looked at them as if there were something else he wanted to say. Then he kissed them and told them to be good girls.

He went out one door and the lawyer



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got up and opened another door and their mother came into the room. Eleanor saw that she was worried, too. Eleanor ran to her and her mother opened her arms for her, and Eleanor burst into tears. She didn't know why she cried, and she was a little ashamed afterward. She wondered if her mother might take it to mean that she loved her more than she really did. For that moment she had recognized her as someone from whom she had sprung, instinctively. Afterward she was just someone familiar but unfamiliar who she knew was her mother.

Her mother looked at the lawyer and laughed a tender little laugh. When Eleanor fumbled for her handkerchief, her mother left her and hugged Ann. There were no memories to awake in Ann, and she was uncomfortable in the close embrace. After standing it for a minute politely, she wriggled to be free.

"Ann won't let anybody hold her," Eleanor said, and then she blushed furiously.

"Well, young ladies," the lawyer said genially, "have a good time, and don't eat too many sundaes. And I'll see you again in four days." It seemed to Eleanor that he said the last with peculiar emphasis, as if he were telling them not to forget to come back in four days. How could they forget?

They walked down the street to the hotel where they were going to stay, Eleanor next to her mother, Ann next to Eleanor, holding her hand tightly.

"You're almost as tall as I am," her mother said to Eleanor. Then she leaned over Eleanor and said to Ann, "You're a big girl, too."

"I'm only eight," Ann said.
"That's pretty big."
"It's little," Ann said.

"Sometimes Ann likes to be big," Eleanor said quickly, "and sometimes she likes to be little."

"Well," their mother said, "I like having one big girl and one little girl."

Ann was better when they got to the hotel. She walked through the lobby importantly and pretended she was getting her key when her mother got her key.

"I'm going to stay here four days," she told the elevator operator, and he pretended to be impressed, all the time winking at Eleanor over Ann's head.

They had two rooms with a connecting bath, one room for their mother, one room with twin beds for them. Eleanor was relieved when she saw that. She had worried about how they would sleep.

Ann opened all the dresser drawers and got a collection of match packets and soap and stationery. She investigated the bathroom and reported that there were four bath towels, and six face towels, and no washcloths.

"We only need three bath towels," she said.

"The maid must have made a mistake. She must have thought we were four," their mother said.

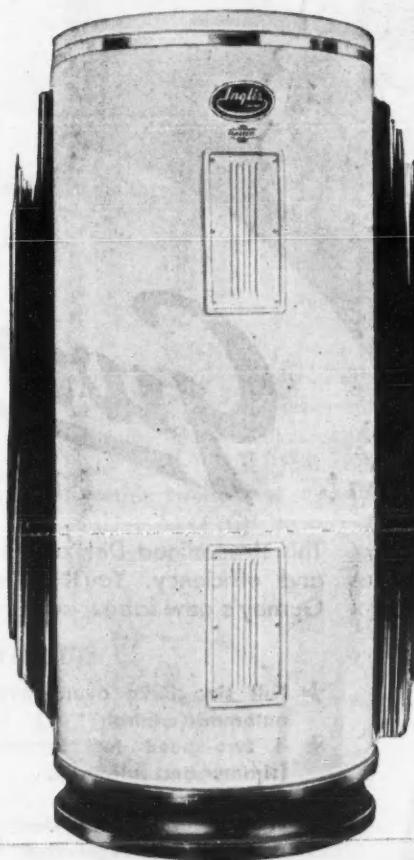
"Shall we give one back?"
"We could, but we don't need to."
"I think we'd better," Ann said.

THEY HAD dinner in the hotel and went to bed early, and Eleanor thought with surprise that one day was already gone. Only three more, she thought sleepily. That wasn't long. And then it seemed very long, and she wondered how she could live through the time. And then she heard Ann crying.

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It's "packaged-in-glass" hot water—and it means cleaner, purer, automatic hot water for your home, absolutely free of tank rust or corrosion stain!



Would you and your family enjoy it? Then let the Inglis Glasteel Water Heater give you this great convenience and health protection.

Tank rust that ruins clean laundry . . . corrosion dirt that soils your bath—banish them both with the modern water heater that gives you "packaged-in-glass" hot water.

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The Inglis Glasteel Water Heater tank is glass-fused-to-steel, sanitary as a clean drinking glass. No matter what kind of water you have, the tank CANNOT rust or corrode. See this modern water heater today. At better appliance dealers everywhere.

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CANADA

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This streamlined Deluxe model is the last word in beauty and efficiency. You'll have more leisure too, thanks to Gurney's new labour-saving features.

GURNEY FEATURES

- ★ Full size bake oven, with automatic control.
- ★ 4 two-speed top burners (simmer and full flame).
- ★ Roomy warming oven.
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- ★ Utility compartment for extra pots and pans.
- ★ Lamp, minute-minder and condiment jars for added convenience.
- ★ Gleaming white porcelain enamel finish.

For over one hundred years Canadian housewives have voted Gurney Ranges their first choice. Make a Gurney Deluxe Gas Range first choice for your kitchen today!

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Gurney

COAL AND WOOD RANGES

Modern streamlined design gives the Gurney Coal and Wood Range outstanding beauty and distinction that complements any kitchen... and there are features that make cooking more easy and pleasant.

G-9-18

"What's the matter, Ann?" she whispered, leaning over to Ann's bed.

Their mother had heard, too, and came to them. "She's strange," she said. "Do you want to come in bed with me, baby?"

Ann wouldn't answer, and she would not stop crying. Eleanor thought she would die, because it was their mother that Ann was strangest with.

"Ann always comes to me when she doesn't feel good," she said, "even at home." She opened the bedclothes and Ann crawled in.

"That's right," their mother said. "That's how it should be. You all right now, Ann?"

Ann nodded vigorously but wouldn't raise her head. Eleanor looked anxiously at her mother, and presently her mother smiled.

"Good night, Eleanor," she said and went into her own room.

Ann went to sleep right away, but Eleanor was no longer sleepy, and she knew her mother was still awake. She didn't make any noise, but Eleanor could feel her awake. Eleanor thought they might have all three cuddled in the big bed together. Once or twice she opened her mouth to call to her mother, but she couldn't do it, she just couldn't do it.

The best times of the four days were when they went to the movies. The time went faster, and they didn't have to make conversation. When they came

out, they had lots to talk about, too. Of course they had to pick cowboy pictures or musicals for Ann, who didn't like any other kind.

"She cries," Eleanor explained. "It makes her feel sad if anybody quarrels or gets hurt. She can't seem to remember that it isn't real."

"I have trouble remembering, too," their mother said.

Next best after the movies was eating in the restaurants. The first day at lunch Ann said, "I had a chocolate sundae for dessert last night, and I'd like one today. Is that too many?"

"Ann means what the lawyer said about not having too many sundaes," Eleanor explained.

Their mother laughed, but then her face got very strange. "You can have all the sundaes you want when you're with me. That's one thing I can give you."

"How did he know I liked chocolate sundaes?" Ann asked.

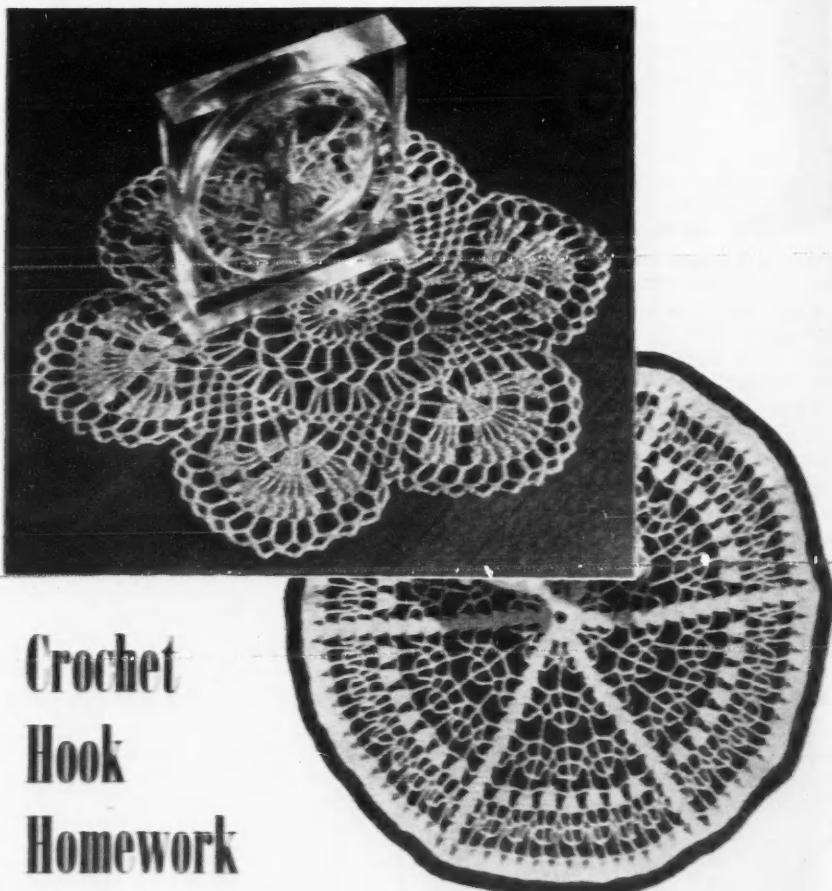
"Catherine" says Ann is like a dog with a bone when she gets an idea," Eleanor said.

"Catherine," their mother said. "You don't call her mother, do you?"

"No," said Eleanor.

"She told us not to," Ann said matter-of-factly.

THE MORNING of the fourth day Eleanor awakened early to find Ann standing by her bed. She didn't know if



Crochet Hook Homework

With autumn evenings blowing up cold, and Christmas just around the corner, it's time to do homework with your crochet hook. A dainty lace doily is always acceptable as an extra gift... A set of three is even better. Round doilies lend real luxury to the dinner table when combined with circular dinner mats. Make two doilies for each mat, slip-stitch together with mat sandwiched between.

Instructions for working may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. S-199, top; S-219, lower. Price 5c. each.

Never neglect a tiny blister



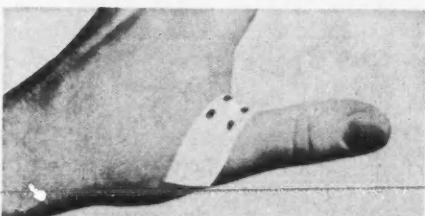
Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the blister properly. Then put on BAND-AID*, the adhesive bandage that stays put, even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Caution: Remember, not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.



The quick easy way to bandage a thumb blister



Ann had spoken to her and wakened her, or whether her just standing there had wakened her.

"Is it today?" Ann asked in a whisper when she saw Eleanor was awake. "Do we go home today?"

At first Eleanor thought it couldn't be. She was mad at Ann for waking her just to ask her that. Then she came fully awake with a start. It was the day! Even before she answered, Ann was beginning to pack her suitcase.

"Well, of course, we won't go until this afternoon," Eleanor said. "There's plenty of time to pack." But after a minute or two of watching Ann pack, she jumped out of bed too, and opened her suitcase.

Neither of them heard their mother until she said from the doorway, "You're packing already."

Eleanor flushed. She wanted to explain that it was fun to pack, that it wasn't because they were in a hurry to leave, that they might as well be ready. But she didn't know what was true.

"We're going home today," Ann said. Their mother came and sat on the bed. "Tell me," she said, "what are you going to do when you get home?"

Eleanor thought of Frank. She hadn't really missed him, but now that she was going back, she thought of him again.

"I'm going to build a fireplace," Ann said. "I've got some perfectly beautiful rocks." Ann liked to use big words. "Maybe you can come up sometime and see my fireplace."

Their mother's face began to work as if she might cry, but she didn't. "Thank you, Ann," she said, "that's very nice of you." Then she got off the bed and started to help Ann fold her clothes. Eleanor was afraid Ann might object. Ann liked to do things for herself, but she didn't object now.

"Maybe we can see you when we come back to town at the end of the summer," Eleanor said.

"Oh, I won't be here then," her mother said. "I'm just on my vacation, you see."

"Do you only have four days vacation?" Ann asked. "We have all summer."

"I have two weeks. But it takes me five days here and five days back." She didn't say it to complain, or even to impress them. Just matter-of-factly.

Five days to come and five days to go, Eleanor thought, to be with them for four days, and they hadn't known whether they wanted to come or not. She bent over her suitcase and her throat was tight and aching. She felt she couldn't stand the hurt, and yet it really seemed to have more to do with her own self than with her mother. It was as if she were sorrowing, not so much for her mother, but for herself who was suddenly taking on the knowledge of tragedies about which she could do nothing. I won't have anything to do with Frank, she thought incoherently. I won't even see him.

They walked over to the lawyer's office in the afternoon, and their mother kissed them and said good-by. She looked at them as if there were something else she wanted to say. Then she told them to be good girls.

"Thank you for a very nice time," Ann said politely.

Then their mother went out one door and the lawyer opened another door, and their father came in. *

LITTLE LULU

by Marge



For pampering tender skins, no other tissue is "just like" Kleenex*. Gentle, absorbent Kleenex tissues soothe raw noses during colds... thanks to that gentle process that keeps Kleenex heavenly soft.



Want an extra soft tissue that can take plenty of punishment? Then insist on Kleenex. Perfectly balanced, Kleenex gives the just-right softness and strength you need.



It's Tissues a-poppin — when they're Kleenex tissues! Only with Kleenex can you pull just one double tissue (not a handful) — have the next pop ready to use.



You can see and feel the quality in smooth, snow-white Kleenex. Compare — and discover how many ways this special tissue serves and saves. You'll find it pays to remember... not just "tissues" but Kleenex Tissues.



COSTS LESS!
CHUBBY or HANKY SIZE
2 for 35¢
MAN'S SIZE (200 tissues)
29¢

BEFORE LOVE BECOMES MERELY... A MEMORY



**Don't let this one
intimate neglect bar
you away from
your husband!**

The true, tender love of marriage can endure and survive a lot. But not the one intimate neglect of which too many wives are guilty.

This unfortunate neglect can in time actually cause married love to cool and die.

Don't risk this neglect! Do use effective, feminine hygiene . . . such as regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol". With this wonderful hygienic protection, you can be *confident* of your appealing feminine daintiness.

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the *source* of objectionable odours is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. It's clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"!

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession . . . and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH2, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

NAME

STREET

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**For Feminine
Hygiene use**

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
Every time



Continued from page 34
much. And oddly enough, once having decided, we both felt a bond, however sad a one, that set us a little apart from other people right from the beginning. We shared something that has made it necessary for us, in all these years, to overlook a good many smaller things that might have caused trouble. We had too much to lose—too many strikes against us—to let less important things break up a sound marriage.

We did not feel that it was necessary to tell my parents. And if, in all these years, they have heard any rumors, they have been wise enough to let us stand on our own record of good living. We did make one very important decision. Whatever happened and however bitterly we might quarrel about anything, I would never throw up to Bill this phase of his life. It was a wise one. Having opened the subject then, we agreed that so far as possible, we would wipe that period of Bill's life out of our future.

We also agreed early that while Bill was willing to help any fellow-ex-criminals who might track him down from his days before or in the penitentiary, we would not bring them to our home. This is an important point, because the big thing is to establish a pattern of family living as free from the remembrance of those days as possible. We believe every person who has had his experience should follow it.

But apparently it wasn't as simple as that. Bill had a job with good prospects, if small pay, when we married. He is clever . . . as many boys who go wrong are . . . and the settled quiet life we began to lead soon showed in his work. A day came when he was to be given a more responsible position with the firm—and it was necessary for him to be bonded.

There is nothing about a man's past a bonding company does not dig up. Instead of the happy celebration we had planned over the raise and promotion, Bill came home out of a job. In spite of his good record with the firm, he was told that "We do not employ jail birds here."

So there it was. The frightening thing we had both secretly feared and dreaded every day had happened. Bill went grimly out to look for another job, and as the days went by, bitterness and hopelessness were added to his discouragement. During the depression a man tramping the streets for work day after day had a hard enough time keep-

ing up his self-respect, without trying to explain why he had no recommendations or references. It wasn't long before I could see Bill beginning to reason that if he couldn't get honest work he would have to do something—no matter what—so that we could eat. If being in jail once blacked him out from decent living, why not take the chance on going back? What did he have to lose?

My greatest fear, apart from watching our small savings melt away, was that Bill would drift back to his old associates. I knew that occasionally one of them had looked him up.

At nights we would go for long walks and I would try to reason with Bill that something was bound to turn up. Surely a man and his wife couldn't be discarded entirely and refused a chance, when he had shown his willingness to pay for his early mistakes.

Neither of us will ever forget those days, although we have never mentioned them since the children were born, even to each other. And Bill's feeling that he had unjustly subjected me to this made him seem harder and bitterer than ever.

I went out to look

for work, and came home one night to report that I had got a part-time job in an east-end restaurant. It was that night I heard Bill on the phone to a man he had promised me never to see again. And I heard him say, grimly, "Okay, Joe. You certainly knew what you were talking about, and I was the dope, thinking those rehabilitation people were right when they said we'd get another chance outside."

When he finished I asked, "Bill, What rehabilitation people?" He mentioned the man who

had talked to him before he left the penitentiary, and after a night which I can never describe, Bill promised to take our last bit of money and travel back to see him the next day.

That man was one of the then small organization which has today become the nation-wide John Howard Prisoners' Rehabilitation Society, with offices in every key city of Canada, and voluntary committees and agencies in many other districts and areas.

He put us in touch with workers in our own city, and through their help found an employer who was willing to give Bill a chance in his organization. Today—in another branch of that same firm, but in a city far away from it—Bill is closer to partnership than staff with that same man.



Blondes!

Add a GOLDEN GLEAM...
Be a DATE-DREAM!

Telephone calls, dates, romance! Of course she's popular, the girl with the glamorous golden hair!

You can lighten your hair—give it golden highlights, too, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Even if your hair is faded or streaked, the improved Marchand's can make it beautifully blonde again.

Whether you are blonde, brunette or redhead, Golden Hair Wash will lighten your hair. It gives you the degree of lightness you want.

Not a dye, not an expensive "treatment," Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is perfected by hair care experts. And it's so easy to use at home! Try it, too, for lightening unsightly arm and leg hair.

3 1/4 oz. SIZE 65c



Why suffer from

CORNS



Get quick corn relief with Blue-Jay. Soft, Dura-felt pad stops shoe pressure pain. Pain-relieving Nupercaine* eases surface pain. Gentle medication loosens the hard core—in a few days you lift it out. Get corn relief now with Blue-Jay Corn Plasters.



*Reg. in Canada Ciba's brand of Dibucaine

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of the Kendall Company (Canada) Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Since that time we have been able to help a little in a lot of other deserving cases of ex-convicts and their families, through the John Howard Society. Bill is one of a growing number of Canadians whose names are on their lists of files—most of them citizens, of course, who have never had criminal records, and know nothing about Bill's. Men who realize that a reclaimable ex-convict who is not fitted into life on the "outside" after his term is a constant menace to society as well as himself, and has every chance of landing back in the penitentiary again. Nine out of 10 of these employees justify the faith of the men who hire them. For there are three types of criminals in Canada, as Prison Reform Authorities will tell you. Thirty-three per cent of those who go to penitentiary are "accidental" criminals. Force of circumstance, bad company, unusual temptation, or even unintentional involvement cause their downfall. Another 33% are "occasional" types. Those who are weak or have some criminal tendencies, but under proper direction and guidance can have them curbed; the remainder are habitual or professional criminals. These men rarely come to the John Howard Society, or ask for a chance to earn an honest living.

The Society, named for the first great British Prison Reformer, is listed in each city's telephone directory. From the bigger centres it is possible to get names of committee members and sympathetic volunteers and workers in every part of the country who are willing to help and council ex-prisoners.

Today, every convict has an offer of an interview with one of the Society's workers six weeks before he comes out, in every penitentiary in Canada. About 70% of convicts take advantage of that offer, a worker in the Society tells me, and about the same number follow up that interview by getting in touch with the Society when they are trying to become re-established.

Not only is the man assisted by help in contacting possible employers, but an official will undertake the delicate and important task of telling an employer, at the best possible moment, about the man's record; and frequently vouch, in deserving cases, for his future behavior.

Another important task the Society undertakes, when the convict wishes it, is to visit his wife and family before he comes home. In most reclaimable cases the first few weeks at home will decide whether or not the family pattern is to be re-established, and what his future is going to be as a citizen. Often both the husband and wife have changed while he was away; she has a deep sense of resentment and injustice over her undeserved share in the disgrace and tragedy. Yet if she plans to remain with her husband and help him try again, it is essential that she be understanding and co-operative, or he will probably crack up, and be on his way down again.

The Society also forwards loans and advances essential sums to the man until he is settled, when it is considered advisable; to supplement his parting handout from the Government of from \$10 to \$50 or \$60 (depending on the length of his prison term) and his one outfit of clothes.

They will also help to rearrange his transportation if advisable. (He receives a one-way ticket to the point at

Continued on page 104



**GUARANTEED
5-WAYS, 5-YEARS**
All Pure Lamb's
Wool
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MOTHPROOF
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Won't shrink
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Fast to Washing
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'MODERNA,' England's Best in Blankets, have been enthusiastically received in the finest homes of Canada.

Women love the delicate Pastel Shades — 10 to choose from (and White) to match any bedroom scheme — and the generous **EXTRA LENGTH AND WIDTH**. Soft, fleecy, warm and light, and **MOTHPROOF**.

Bound with corded ribbon. "Cellophane" wrapped, dust-free and untouched.

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"What can Palmer training give me? I asked myself six months ago. Now I know the answer: already my articles have been published in *Reader's Digest*, *Coronet*, *Farm Journal*, and others. Your instructors give invaluable help."—Mrs. Katharine Benion, Milton, Pa.



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"Since working with Palmer, I've been able to sell to *The Post*, *Life*, *American*, *Coronet*, *Esquire*, and other top-pay magazines. I received more than \$500 in royalties for radio broadcasts based on one article. It's the finest course anywhere."—Keith Monroe, Santa Monica, Calif.

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with Penaten

....penetrates deeper
into pore openings

cleanses skin cleaner



Newly, truly a miracle! A wonder cream that cleanses your skin cleaner, brighter, clearer...than ever before! For PENATEN in Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream has a special magic...first of its kind. *It penetrates...cleanses deeper into pore openings.* Frees hard to remove make-up and clinging soil. Smooths more effectively...for PENATEN carries Woodbury's rich softeners deeper. Never, ever, till Woodbury put PENATEN in this fabulous De Luxe Cold Cream, has your skin looked so luminous. So alive. So luscious-soft.

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A must if you're "over-thirty"...if Nature's own skin oils re-decreasin'. Supplement these vital softening oils with lanolin's rich benefits...plus four special skin softeners...in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream. PENATEN speeds this rich lubrication deeper into pore openings. Instant softening! Visible smoothing! Apply nightly...to smooth tiny dry lines that lead to wrinkles. See your skin so soft, so fresh...YOU look younger!



Jars dressed in pink-and-gold. Four sizes—from trial jars 19¢ to largest luxury jars 95¢. Made in Canada.

First For Evening Elegance



You want to look your prettiest for your man? You can! But before you shop for that "special" dress, ask yourself . . . What's new in style and material? The straighter line is new in crepe and dressy wools, with fullness to one side (instead of last year's "tail" of "Back Fullness") caught with a bow or floating sash. The waistline remains in its normal position, but occasionally a long-waisted look is inspired by a sculptured line from shoulder to hip. The extreme fullness of last year becomes modified width now. Hips are rounded, but not padded. Necklines are scooped out without plunging to daring depths (they worried us too!). The best fashion features of the 20's have been revived (the best, we say, forgetting the flapper era) and with this revival comes the short evening dress. Its length is anywhere from 10 to 12 inches from the floor . . . sometimes even from front to back.

In starchy-stiff red lace it has a bathing suit top, molded and anchored by tiny rolled straps, a billowing shorter skirt; in heavy grey satin it has a longer overskirt of corded silk. Fabrics combine, and make a pretty team, like velvet for the blouse and metallic brocade for the skirt. (Be your own dressmaker and create a skirt of bronze brocade to wear with a brown velvet or creamy satin blouse-top.) Can I wear the new colors? Yes, there's bound to be a very special one for you. Navy this winter instead of black. Red, bright and wonderful, and

WARNER'S * *Le Gant* * STA-UP-TOP*
the girdle with the patented band that
won't roll over.
GIRDLE—#Y758... A'LURE* BRA—#1103
Both available in ebony black, crystal
white, ice blue
and nude.

PARISIAN
CORSET MFG. CO. LTD
QUEBEC, MONTREAL, TORONTO

there's a version of it
you can wear. Luscious brown lace, pretty under your fur coat
... perfect with your gold jewelry. Green, as ever,
is a fall and winter favorite. With fur touches so important
this season we have a mental picture of
a pine green velvet dress, worn with
a small piece of soft brown fur around the neck. (Take the
fur off a bygone coat or treat
yourself to a narrow strip of mink... your
furrier can spare it at a small price.)

The new clothes are not hard to wear. This year's
dress with its stiff overskirt is good for
tall figures. The paneled look is right for the woman five
foot five and under. Choose darker laces and velvets if you overtip
the scales. Stiff, vivid brocades and taffeta are yours if you're
a long-stemmed willowy type. With a revealing neckline wear
a shower of pearls or colored beads
at your throat—longer gloves. And, over your arm, for a
completely individual and elegant

appearance, a large fur



BLACK TAFFETA WORN
WITH A BARREL MUFF
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SHORT EVENING DRESS BY HERBERT SONDEHEIM, NEW YORK. PHOTOS COURTESY NEW YORK DRESS INSTITUTE.

muff. They're back again in fox, kid, ocelot and Persian lamb . . . very chic with everything, suits and coats included. On your feet, shell-cut satin slippers, dyed to match your dress, and worn for more and more occasions this year. Looks to us like Fashion has an enchanted evening up its sleeve!



MODEL 281



You'll be happier with the new Hoover FLOOR POLISHER ATTACHMENT because it quickly adds new lustre to hardwood, tile, or linoleum and banishes toil-some hand labor. Easily fitted to Models 281 or 271.



You'll be happier with the set of above-the-floor CLEANING TOOLS that come with every Hoover Cleaner because they help you dust more efficiently and with greater ease.

You'll be happier with a HOOVER

Whichever type you prefer

There is nothing like a Hoover Cleaner. It is first choice for thoroughness of cleaning, gentleness of cleaning and ease of use. More than eight million Hoovers made and sold prove it. And now Hoover offers you two basic types, five great models, one to suit every need. So why look anywhere else?

Get happier today

Make it a Hoover and make it soon! Model 281 (featured above) is the famous Hoover triple action cleaner—it beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans. Gets deep-down dirt. Complete set of cleaning tools provides instant and easy conversion for above-the-floor cleaning. Call your Hoover Dealer today for a home showing.

MODEL 501



If you prefer a cylinder-type cleaner, you can still make it a Hoover! Model 501 (right) is the easiest-to-use cleaner of its type. Cleans by powerful suction. Features the exclusive new Dirt Ejector. Sold complete with cleaning tools in handy kit, mothimiz-er and sprayer.

THE HOOVER COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Look for the Magic Inset

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

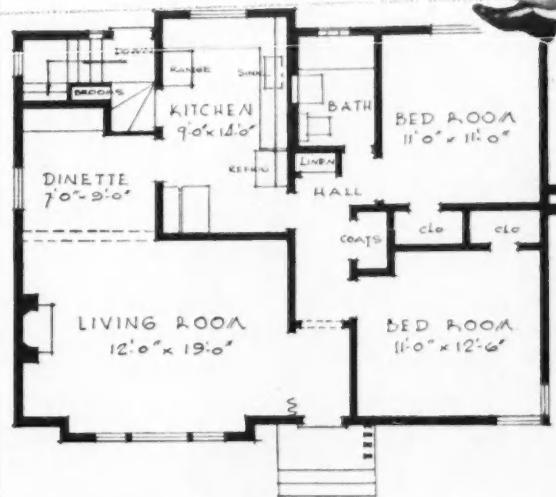
Let a "Perma-lift" Girdle keep you in line with today's fashions. The famous "Perma-lift" Magic Inset craftily flattens your tummy, nips in your waist, smooths your hip line with No Bones About It. Gone is the discomfort of sticking stays and binding bulges. Here is healthful, boneless, non-roll, wrinkle-free figure control. And best of all, your "Perma-lift" Girdle is featherweight, retains its gentle firm support through countless washings and wearings.

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They Pay for It Like Rent

by John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor



This is the floor plan selected by the young Bergmans for their home—the 75,000th to be completed under the N.H.A. Any plans and specifications may be used—provided they meet the minimum building standards established by the Corporation. The financial assistance is available to all—not just veterans.

Paul and Margaret Bergman's house cost \$10,000. They made a down payment of \$3,740 and borrowed the remaining \$6,260 in the form of a National Housing Act Mortgage. Their monthly payment, covering interest and principal, amounts to \$39.44 plus 1/12 the annual property taxes. At the end of 20 years they'll own their house outright.

Let's look behind these figures. Why, in the first place, did Paul and Margaret need a mortgage? Like most other young couples their supply of ready cash was limited. They recognized that to get a house of their own they'd have to pay for it on the installment plan—so much down and so much a month. Obviously, a mortgage was the answer. And since an N.H.A. mortgage offered advantages such as a relatively low down payment, interest rate of only 4 1/2%, and insistence on minimum standards of construction, that was the type they picked.

Arranging an N.H.A. Loan

The majority of N.H.A. mortgage loans are financed on a joint participation basis by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation (the Dominion Government's housing agency) and approved lending institutions. Under the act these institutions (life insurance,

trust and loan companies) are authorized to furnish 75% of the amount of the loan while the remaining 25% is provided by the Government. Under certain circumstances, the Corporation is authorized to make loans directly to would-be home owners.

The repayment period for N.H.A. mortgages ranges from 10 to 25 years. In a fully planned community it may be as long as 30 years. The size of mortgage loan which may be made is based on a percentage of the lending value of the proposed house and lot. It amounts to 95% of the first \$2,000, 85% of the second \$2,000 and 70% of anything over the first \$4,000. The maximum loan available is \$8,500.

A word to explain "lending value." This may be either the appraised value or the estimated cost of the completed property, whichever is the smaller. With present construction costs the appraised value is almost always less so it usually is taken as the lending value. This means that, in addition to the difference between the mortgage loan and the lending value, a person building under the National Housing Act must provide the difference between the lending value and the actual cost. This total difference between the loan and cost is the down payment. It can take the form of cash,

Continued on page 69



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Marcy
TRU-POISE



Todd
TRU-POISE

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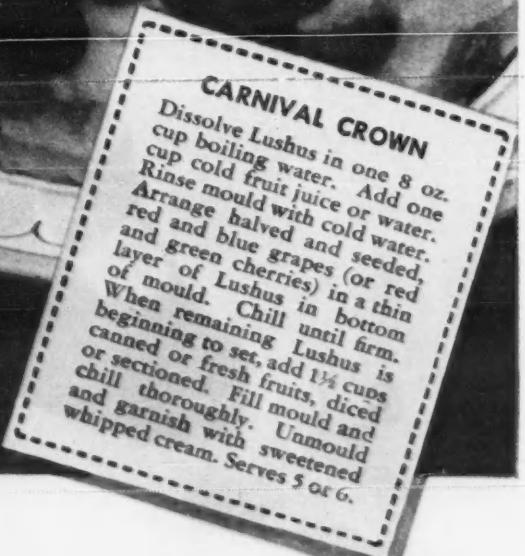
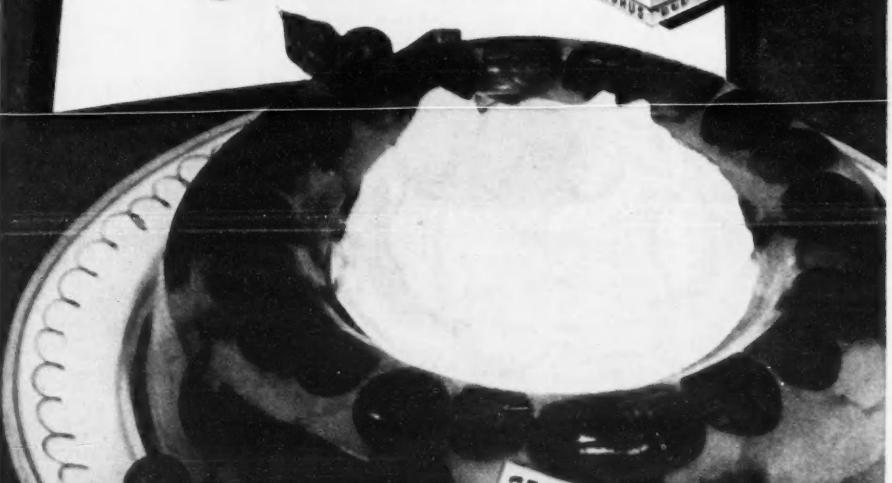


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They make wonderful desserts, pies, tarts and fillings—and so easy. Extra creamy rich flavour is sealed fresh in the flavour "Bud". In Chocolate, Butterscotch, Caramel, Vanilla.



Stranger In Town

Continued from page 24

finest kind of reputation. I've known him a long time. I can vouch for him."

"Then," said Barney, "I'm on the wrong track. I had a hunch it was a pretty long chance."

She nodded. She was sitting there quietly again, her hands back in her lap, her body tense and trying to hide its tenseness, her nerves in that strangely precarious balance. He knew that she was expecting him to go now. He knew, moreover, that he ought to go now. He had asked his questions and got his answers—the only answers he was likely to get.

And still he hesitated. He could be wrong, and perhaps he was wrong. A face glimpsed momentarily on a street corner—what did that amount to after all? And yet there was so much unexplained, unaccounted for. And always, most inexplicable of all, that tension of hers, that fear . . .

"It's no use to tell you how much I'd give," he said at last, "to find the man I'm looking for."

She kept her eyes attentively fixed on his face, her lips politely tipped up at the corners, her hands close together in her lap. "Did he do something—bad?"

"Yes, he did," he said, and watched her unobtrusively. "There was a woman in the town who had lost her husband in the war. She was a nice person, gentle, kindly. And lonely. That was the trouble, of course. That's what always makes the trouble. She was lonely . . ."

He thought he saw a change in the girl as he spoke, a relaxing of her shoulders, an easing of her body. After a moment she put her hand up and smoothed back her hair, and reached out and brushed at a blue petal that had fallen from the bowl of flowers on her desk. Guarded as her expression still was, carefully as she still indicated polite attentiveness, he couldn't help sensing the change.

He went on, "Naturally it was an ideal setup for a fellow like Jim Collins. He turned up from somewhere, got acquainted with her, and fell in love with her—or rather, let her think he had fallen in love with her. The outcome being that he somehow persuaded her to entrust her savings to him—and promptly skipped out of town."

She shook her head and murmured something sympathetic.

But a change had taken place inside her. The tension, for some reason, had lessened. He was almost sure of it.

He sat there a minute in silence, on the unhopeful chance that she would speak.

But she said nothing.

At last he uncrossed his legs and prepared to get up. She looked at him

then, seemed hesitant, but finally said, "Tell me, are you a policeman?"

He gave her a swift uncommunicative glance. Could he possibly have overestimated her fear? Had she been only superficially nervous in the belief she was talking to a policeman? Was that the answer to everything?

"No, nothing like that," he said, standing up. "I work for the Journal-Tribune. Circulation." A smile came briefly into his eyes. "No gun, no badge. Just an ordinary unarmed citizen."

She got up too. There she stood in her dark blue linen dress with the immaculately clean white collar. The seams of the nylons that covered her long slim legs would be perfectly straight, and every stitch of her clothes, one knew, would be just as dainty as the visible dress and stockings and shoes.

There were traces of returning ease and self-possession in her look as she faced him, and when he was picking up his hat she said unexpectedly, almost lightly, "You're an awfully grim person . . ."

His face had set into severe lines without his being aware of it. But he smiled slowly now. "Well, don't you get grim," he warned.

She lifted her chin in a firm and confident way that stayed in his memory after he had left her and that touched him oddly.

"Don't worry," she said. "I won't."

ELLEN LIVED with her invalid father, who for almost 40 years had been the doctor of the town. Evenings she would come home to the large white frame house in its spacious little park of trees, and, now in the summertime, she would find him sitting in his wheelchair on the veranda and would sit down on the steps to chat till their housekeeper summoned them in to dinner.

The times when she sat thus on the steps after a day of good work lacked nothing that she was conscious of. Her father, sturdy of mind and cheerful, even though physically crippled by a stroke, spoke the same language as she. Their two days—his made up of the radio, the newspaper, the passing-by of neighbors, hers made up of store happenings—were perhaps equally uneventful; yet each yielded a rich harvest for conversation, and people walking by would frequently see the happy spectacle of a girl with hands clasped around her knees smiling and an elderly feeble man in a wheelchair chuckling amusedly while he talked.

Ellen, in fact, was never actively unhappy. She had many friends in the town, belonged to circles and clubs, went to the city periodically on shopping excursions, worked in her flower garden. In the back of her mind—or rather, on the shadowy, rainbow-tinted outskirts of her mind where hopes rather than logic make their home—there lived always, of course, the knowledge that some

day she would meet someone and be married. At 16 she had seen him as a wonderful creature. At 25 he had still been more wonderful than real. When she reached 30, he had settled down to being almost human, with faults and male crudenesses, but with gentleness and intelligence and understanding. Some day she would meet him—how, where, she didn't know, but someday and somewhere and somehow.

When, the previous week, eating lunch in the snack shop next to the store, she had first met Ted Harrington, she had not instantly lost her head like a foolish spinster exposed to the first man who took an interest in her. As she sat calmly eating her lettuce-and-tomato sandwich and talking to him and thinking that he seemed a very nice person, she had also been thinking that a person's real niceness could hardly be determined in one casual meeting and that since he was a stranger she would probably never see him again.

That evening, coming out of the store, she had run into him on the street corner. He had said, "Hello!" in a surprised pleased way, but his tentatively friendly smile had told her that he did not intend to force her acquaintance if she preferred otherwise. When she paused and asked him if he had got more familiar with the town since lunchtime, he said, "Yes. As a matter of fact, I took your advice and spent the whole afternoon walking around, and I'll have to admit I like it. The trees. I've never seen such fine big trees. They give you a feeling of permanence and security. Even," he added with good-natured irony, "if you've never known such a thing before in your life. It makes you want to settle down and take root yourself."

"Yes, it does," she agreed. "I took root long ago and have never been able to pull myself up since!"

"You shouldn't even try. I think you must be very happy here."

"Why, I am," she said. "I am."

He had walked home with her that night. It had been entirely casual, almost as casual as if he had been Bill Morton from the garage or Mr. Zehring, the bank manager. Excepting that it made her feel, inwardly, somewhat different. She had liked walking along the quiet shadowed street with him, this tall slender man in the well-fitting grey suit and snap-brim hat. And there had been something in his dark eyes and angular face, a sort of irony and self-dissatisfaction and unhappiness coming and going fitfully, that had caught at her interest and sympathy.

When they reached her house, she had invited him up to the porch to meet her father. She had liked the way he treated her father, the easy way they talked together. There wasn't anything about him, it seemed, that she could find not to like.

After he had gone, her father said, "That's a mighty agreeable young man. Who is he?"

Ellen laughed and spread out her hands. "Dad, I don't know! I picked him up! He's probably a crook who's casing the town for someone likely to rob, and I'm just playing beautifully into his hands."

"That's a sort of imaginative conclusion, isn't it? I wouldn't malign the young fellow like that."

"Ah . . . Then you probably ap-

prove of my going to a movie with him tonight."

Her father chuckled. "As if you're asking my approval. He isn't a married man, is he?"

"Certainly not," said Ellen. "I'm not that incautious. It came out when I was first talking to him—I forgot just how. He's calling for me at seven." She started into the house, then returned, her smooth cheeks flushed with lively color, her brown eyes smiling. She said, "Dad, I don't believe one word he says about being an accountant and looking around for a nice town to settle down in."

"You don't? I don't know as that's such a hard thing to believe. Young men since the war seem to know what they want and to set about getting it more positively than they used to. However, you should know if he's an accountant."

"Oh, he's an accountant all right. You couldn't fool me on that. But I don't believe the other part of it—not one bit of it."

But she did.

AFTER THE MOVIE that night, when they were walking slowly home through branch-shrouded streets, he told her, "I know this is going to sound exaggerated to you, but I can't remember ever having had such a pleasant evening as this. I've batted all around the country, and you'd think I would have struck some pretty good things, but—"

He stopped her suddenly under a corner street lamp. "Look," he said, pointing up. "Moths flying around the light. Isn't that the poetry of summer (if you don't mind my making a darn fool sentimental out of myself)? And listen to that sound. Frogs in somebody's garden. I remember when I was a kid on my grandfather's farm and . . ."

They walked on, and talked on. When they got to her house, she had an impulse to invite him in for cocoa and sandwiches, but feminine caution warned her that it was best to end the evening too soon and avoid any suspicion that she was throwing herself at him. Up in her room a few minutes later she looked at the brown-eyed softly rounded girl in the mirror and read herself a stern lesson. "See here. Very possibly he's simply amusing himself the best way he can during some dull days in town. Don't act like the typical small-town girl who's swept overboard by the city slicker. In fact, you may not even see him tomorrow. He'll probably already have left town."

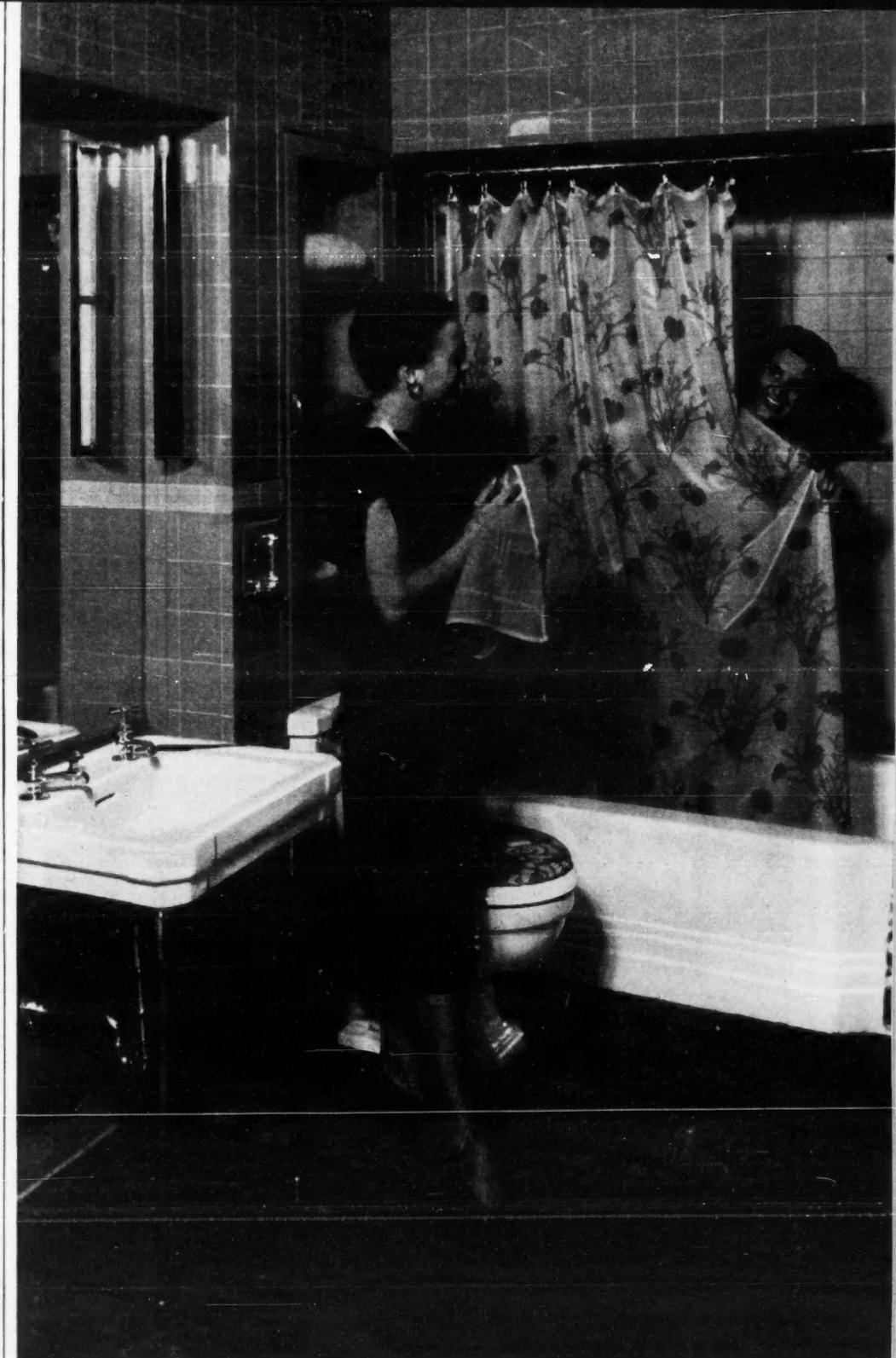
But he hadn't left town the next day. When she came into the snack shop at noon, he was sitting in the same booth again.

He stood up quickly, his dark eyes smiling that tentative smile. "Are you angry? Am I being too forward?"

"Yes. Much too forward," she grinned, and wanted to answer instead, "No . . . no," and let the tears show in her eyes, the warm grateful tears she had because he was still there, because he hadn't gone, because there was at least one more noon and one more evening, at least one more day.

That was the day she suggested that if he really was interested in seeing a little of the countryside she would be glad to drive him around after work.

She called for him in the big nine-year-old family car that evening, and they set off from the town, heading into



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Warm and cheery in colour . . . warm underfoot, too . . . and so convenient. Marboleum in the bathroom answers many problems. It is resilient, as cork is one of its chief ingredients. It's tough — almost everlasting — and so easy to keep clean. A little waxing and polishing now and then . . . that's all Marboleum asks to smile and smile again for years. So, if you're planning to build a new house, or to remodel an old one, make the bathroom floor "welcome-saying" with Marboleum.

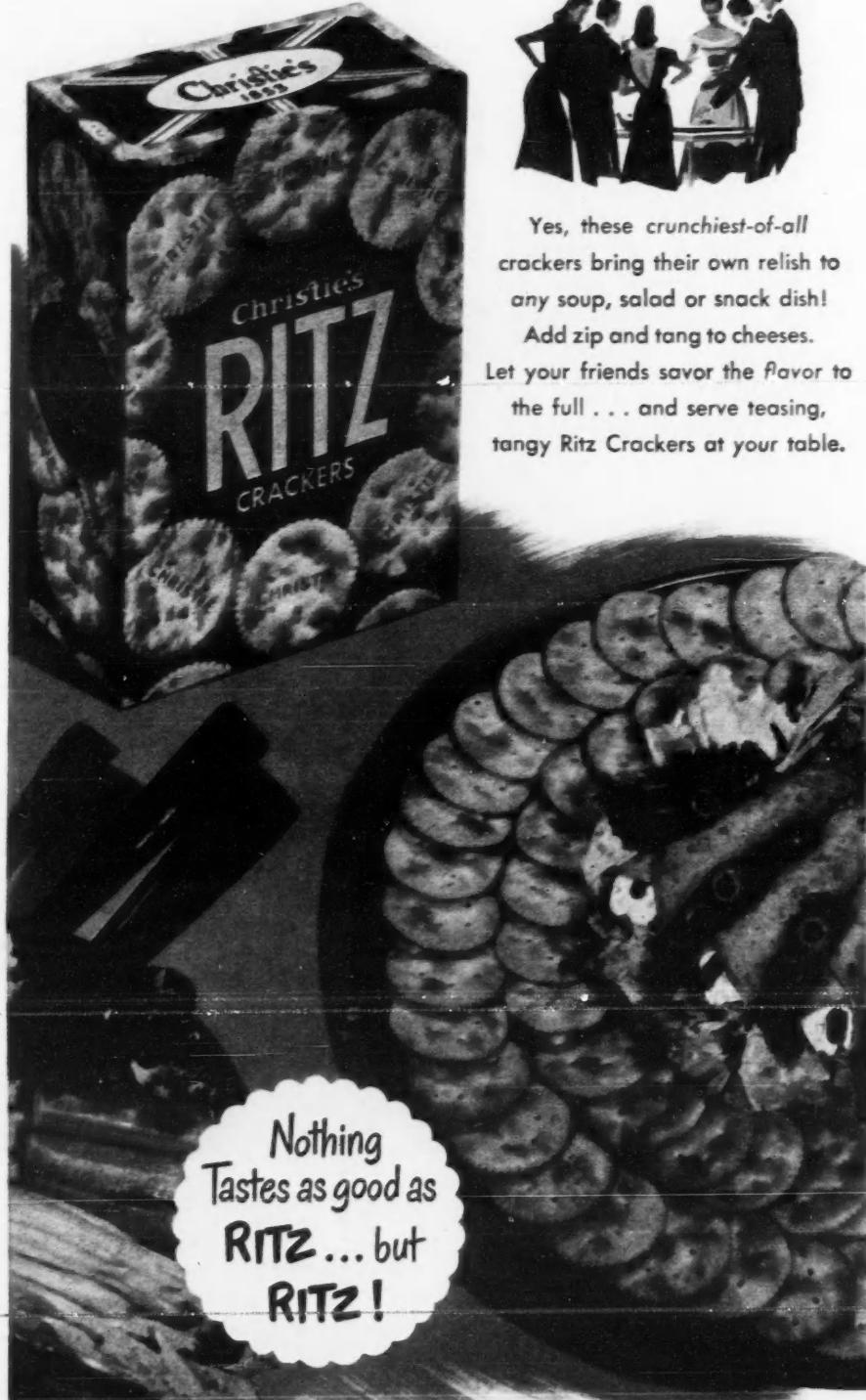
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a pink-and-gold sunset that seemed a special and extraordinarliy kindly dispensation of nature on this strangely exciting evening. Two hours later, when the stars were beginning to come out, they returned, having circled halfway around over country roads. She drove up Main Street with its timid small-town sprays and fountains of colored lights and was going to drop him at the hotel, but he forestalled her.

"Don't be ridiculous, Ellen," he said. "Do you think I'm going to have you driving home alone? I'll walk back from your house."

"That seems needless," said Ellen sensibly—adding with impulsive candor, "But I like your suggesting it."

"Well then, drive on," he said firmly.

Up to the minute when she parked the car under the portico at the side of the house, she hadn't intended inviting him in on this evening either. But it was still only nine-thirty, and during the long drive they had made such rapid strides toward easy friendliness, and she did want so much not to say good night to him so soon.

The hall light was on, and a table lamp in the living room was burning, but her father, as she had expected, had already gone to his room. She took Ted back to the kitchen, gave him an apron and all the makings of sandwiches she could find in the refrigerator, and set about herself to prepare the cocoa. The two hours they had been together lengthened into four, into five, while they sat around the kitchen table eating and talking. It was as if they had known each other two months, not just two days. She tried to make herself feel the shortness of their friendship, their status as virtual strangers, but she couldn't.

He was leaving, and she was walking up the dim hall with him to the door when he stopped her suddenly, wordlessly, and, putting his hands on her arms, bent and kissed her. Then he straightened up, and she saw doubt and wry apology in his eyes.

"Don't," she whispered.

"It's too late, Ellen."

"No, I mean, don't apologize; don't be sorry. I'm not sorry."

"Aren't you, dearest?"

"No. No."

This time he put his arms around her and held her close to him while he kissed her. She could feel his heartbeat. She could feel his hands strong and pressing against her back. A man had never before kissed her with passion like this, and she had never before been as one with a man in passion, taking from him, giving to him, sharing. When he had gone, she stood there feeling torn out of herself. She wanted to run after him and tell him things that the wisdom in her warned she would never have let pass her lips by daylight. After a moment she went into the living room, turned off the lamp, and then stood for a long time at the window looking out into the street where he had gone.

SHE DID not see him the next day. He was not in the snack shop at lunchtime. He did not call her in the afternoon, though he knew well how to reach her.

When she got home that evening there were no messages waiting for her. She felt numb, bewildered, then as the evening wore on, frantic. She went up to her bedroom and sat in the darkness but when her father had gone to bed

she returned downstairs and telephoned the hotel, knowing though she did not know they were likely to guess who she was, that the whole town in these two days had taken interested note of her friendship.

"Has Mr. Harrington checked out?"

"No, ma'am. Do you want me to ring him?"

"No. I—I guess not. No."

She didn't see him during the following day. There was a meeting of her bridge club that evening, but the inner strength that would have made her defy headaches and the ordinary heartaches of the day was not sufficient for this, and she didn't go. She went for a long solitary walk instead, up and down dark streets, stopping to pet dogs she knew, giving them friendly greetings, hoping always of course that through one of those coincidences which never happen when you want them to she would meet him somewhere along these streets she traveled.

When she got home it was almost 10, and the house had only its customary night lights on. She climbed the steps to the porch, and it was only when her hand was on the knob of the front door that a movement and the sound of her name from the darkness of the porch made her turn her head and see him there.

He had been sitting on the wicker settee, but he was standing now.

"Hello, Ellen," he said quietly. And when she found no immediate words, no carefully right tone at once, he went on, "I thought I'd better come and say good-by."

Good-by . . . But she must not protest, not cry out.

"You—you don't like the town after all, then?"

She thought she heard his laugh, brief and bitter. "Like it? Oh yes, I like it."

"Because I know you could get a good job here. There are two openings I know of just offhand, and—"

But she stopped. He had sat down on the settee again with a muttered protest. His hunched shoulders, his dispirited silence, made her cross the porch quickly toward him. She stood in probing anxiety, then sat down beside him.

"It's no use, Ellen," he said. "I've been fooling myself. I can't stay in this town. I can't stay in any town. They'd soon track me down. I'm only a few jumps ahead of them wherever I go. It wouldn't take them two weeks to find me."

Strange, she thought. Strange. She had joked about it to her father. Joked about it. "The police, you mean."

He lifted his head. "You guessed too?"

"No, no. I didn't guess. Tell me about it, Ted."

"I stole \$5,000 last Christmastime. Well, not stole. Not right away. I borrowed it from the company I was working for. I had bills and debts. A brother of mine had had a long illness. Then something happened to me, I don't know what. I ran out; I skipped town. What is it makes a person do an ugly thing like that? Weakness—moral weakness, I suppose. I kidded my conscience with the thought that it was a prosperous little company, that they were making lots of money—"

"You mean you—embezzled funds."

"Yes. Nice, isn't it?"

"And your employer has preferred

charges against you?"

"Yes. Oh sure. It's in the hands of the police. I'm one of those 'wanted' people now. Wanted for embezzling. Age, 33. Height—"

"I suppose Ted Harrington isn't even your real name."

He glanced at her in the darkness, then looked away in bitter humility.

"And yet it was a good name," she said wonderingly. "It seemed so like you."

"Yes, didn't it? Such an honest name," he said with contempt.

Suddenly he made a move to get up. "Well, that's it, Ellen. I wasn't going to tell you, but then I decided I had to. I couldn't have you thinking that the other night—in the hall in there . . . that . . . It wasn't play for me, Ellen. It was the beginning, not the end of the story. You see, I thought that night—I had the foolish belief that night—that maybe after all I could work things out in this town."

"But why not?" she said, bending toward him. "Ted, it's the only money you've taken, isn't it? There's been no other time."

"No—no! Of course not."

"And you wouldn't ever think of doing it again."

"Go through this hell of conscience and fear again? Oh, if I could have known six months ago—if I could have guessed—"

"But then, why not?" she said, and caught his hand without knowing that she did so. "Why not, Ted? Haven't you thought that you might pay it back to your employer little by little, week by week?"

He shook his head. "It wouldn't work, Ellen. If I started sending him the little I could afford, he'd have me traced and the police after me so fast—"

"But if you went to him, Ted. If you brought him, say, half of what you owe and told him, promised him, that the rest would come, month by month . . ."

"Half of what I owe? Twenty-five hundred dollars? I haven't even a tenth of that in the world."

"But it would work. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes," he said unwillingly, "it would work of course. But I tell you, Ellen, I haven't got it."

Her hands were tight around his hand now, and she was trembling. She said in a low voice, "But I have, Ted."

He pulled his hand away from her. And she was glad for the angry pride in his face, even though she meant to do her best to overcome it.

"Take money from a woman to pay a debt?"

"No. From a friend, Ted. What does it matter, man or woman?" She smiled, trying to show him how unimportant a thing it really was. "Anyway, I'm rich. I have all of \$4,000 in the bank. Let's not be silly."

"No—I couldn't."

"Yes, you can. Look at it this way, Ted—as if it's a sort of investment on my part. Which it is. And why shouldn't I make the kind of investments I want with my money?"

He started to speak, then was silent, looking at her. Finally he looked away. "An investment," he said in a low voice. "Like—like 15 shares of something—something sound. So I seem—sound to you like that, Ellen?"

"Sounder," she retorted firmly, and saw that she was winning, saw that

whether or not there was more argument she would manage at last to persuade him. And all the exhausting spirit-shock of these past two days was forgotten now, and it seemed to her that she was somehow happier, brought to a higher pitch of living and fulfillment, than in any of those happy moments before.

In midmorning on the following day she went across the street to the bank and drew out the money. She walked the three blocks from the bank to the hotel quickly, not minding the sunshine that was going to turn the day definitely hot by afternoon. Ted was in the lobby, sitting in one of the leather chairs that faced the big plate-glass window. He got up when he caught sight of her, meeting her just inside the door, and with a quick encouraging smile at him she slipped the envelope into his hand.

"Good luck," she murmured softly. "When do you go?"

"The noon bus to the city. Then the quickest connections I can make from there."

She nodded. "Well then, good luck, Ted. Good luck again. And come back soon. There are jobs and jobs waiting for you."

He took her hand and held it as he looked down at her. It was one of the moments she would think back on. She knew that Mr. Barlow behind the desk was watching them, and that Mr. Barlow liked nothing better than to gossip, but she didn't care.

She said, "There's 500 extra in there. Use it for your traveling expenses or anything else. After all, 2,500, 3,000, what does it matter? I said I was rich."

He seemed unable to say anything. He still held the envelope rather awkwardly in one hand, her hand in his other. She knew he would not willingly have her see him put that envelope in his pocket and that for his sake she ought to go.

"I don't know what to say to you, Ellen," he told her almost inaudibly as she hesitated.

"Why say anything?" she murmured cheerfully. She wanted terribly to do something sentimental, to ask him to repeat those words about its being the beginning of the story for him, not the end of the story. But she would do with the memory of them for now.

"Good-by, Ted," she said abruptly. "Come back quickly."

Then, not pausing this time, she freed her hand and left him.

Outside the door she didn't look back to wave or smile one last time. She returned to the store and to her office and worked hard through the rest of the morning, not stopping to go to the window and peer down when the big brown noon bus whispered by.

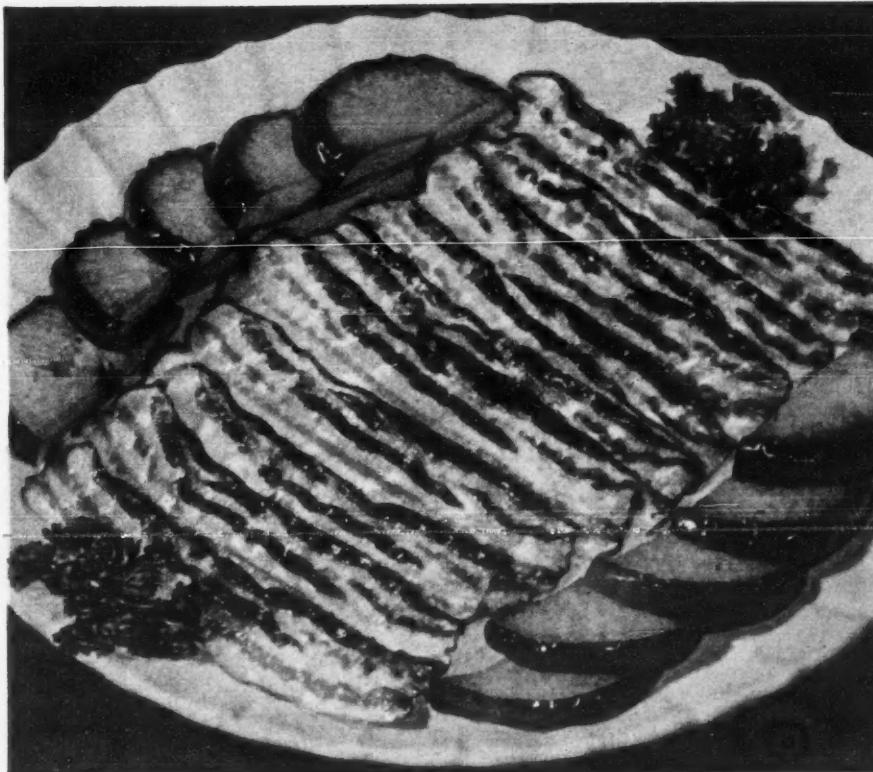
TONIGHT, WORKING in one of her flowerbeds at the side of the house, she thought about the man who had come to see her this afternoon and how relieved she had felt when she knew it wasn't Ted he was looking for. Easy for a person to make a mistake like that, just catching a quick glimpse of someone on the street—but how awful if he had called in the police instead of coming to her, how awful if he had caused Ted to be stopped before he could get safely away. The facts of the embezzlement might have been uncovered so simply.

But Ted was safe now. He was far enough along on his journey not to be found easily. And when he got back



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Look at that roomy True-Temp Oven—ready for the family roasts, the Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey—big enough for eight 16-ounce loaves of bread at a time!

Look at that cooking capacity—room for four 10-inch skillets when needed—four new COROX surface heating units (two super-speed; two regular size), all with the latest 5-Heat "Telon" Switches.

Then look at all these extra conveniences—handsome new surface light; big warming compartment; two handy storage drawers; easy-to-clean inside and out; automatic heat control; Minute Minder; full Fibreglas insulation, and entire range one-piece construction, porcelain enamelled finish. \$299.00. Automatic electric timer at slight extra cost.

Prices subject to change

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New Westinghouse COROX Heating Unit

Faster—more efficient. Indestructible. Inconel sheathing lifts up and rust-proof monel drip pan lifts out for easy cleaning. All "COROX" units operate on five different heats.



CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

it would be too late to accuse him of wrongdoing, because by then his record would be cleared.

The sun was setting beyond the trees. She sat back on her heels, absently crumbling a clod of dirt, wondering where Ted was, whether he sat at this moment by a train window with the sunset shining into his face, thinking of the last few days as she was. She wished they had talked more of how he planned to travel, how long it would take him, whether he would drop her a line on the way, but she had not wanted to ask him questions that might seem insistent or anxious. A neighbor boy went by on his bicycle, giving her a breezy jingle as he passed. She lifted her arm and waved without turning around. Down the street a car backed out from a garage, some family going for an evening drive. Sounds were separate and distinct in the evening stillness.

Suddenly cigarette smoke drifted in upon her reverie. She turned around and saw a man standing there on the public walk, lean and undistinguished in his dark suit, his hat riding back above his noncommittal eyes. It was the man, Barney Holden.

"Not so warm now," he said, and put his cigarette to his lips, staring off absent-mindedly at the muddying pink of the sunset above the trees.

Uneasiness crept over her again, in spite of all her previous feeling of confidence. Then he hadn't yet gone back to town. Why hadn't he yet gone back to town?

She changed her position slightly, so that, sitting on the grass rather than kneeling, she faced more toward him. "It's getting so dry," she murmured, beginning again to loosen dirt about the irises with her trowel. "So dry."

"I suppose," he said. And she knew that he hadn't really heard her.

He continued to stand there. He seemed to be thinking of other things not related to her or to his having stopped here. It was much as if he had paused absent-mindedly on any street corner.

"That's an old one, that rock there," he remarked presently, indicating a boulder deeply anchored in the front lawn.

"Yes, it's been here always. That is, since I can remember."

His interest focused, but only in a casual way. "Have you lived here long?"

"Yes, all my life."

"Never been away?"

"Well, not for more than short periods. Vacations. And then one winter I went away to business college."

"Oh yes," he nodded. The interest was static, almost not interest. "That was where you first met the young man."

She was tense. There was no reason for it. He couldn't possibly know about Ted's past, and he had proved to himself that the man he was looking for had no connection with Ted. But why hadn't he gone back to the city? Why had he stayed?

"Yes," she said. She went on, not too quickly, "You're out here sort of late, aren't you?"

He dropped the stub of his cigarette to the sidewalk and put his foot over it, stepping just hard enough, briefly, effectively. "Mm. It would have been hot as the devil in town. I stopped

downstairs in your store and bought my two youngsters a present."

"Oh, that's fine."

"A scarf for the girl. A belt buckle for the boy. I know when I'm in trouble with them . . . Is he coming back?"

She looked around and up. She felt herself the butt of some subtle play. Alarm made her heart thud, slow, behind itself, laboring to catch up.

"I mean the young man. Harrington."

She debated between anger, annoyance, pointedly cool reticence.

Finally she laughed a little. "You don't still think he's that Collins person, do you?"

"No," he said, and made the word good with a slow and measured shake of his head, looking at her with that look that was hard and stern when he forgot to make it otherwise. Abruptly he said, "See here, forget that side of it. I'm out for a walk around the block before I go back to town. You wouldn't begrudge me that. You say he is coming back?"

"Well—yes. Perhaps."

"Good. Soon?"

"Why?" She stopped. Her face flushed in helpless protest.

He was watching her. Her expression now brought him to an awareness of his own lack of expression. He looked, he realized, too much the disinterested spectator, not more than clinically curious. He was at least a little more than that—not unsympathetic to her, warmly, humanly curious.

"Well, never mind," he said. "But do something. Send me a wedding announcement, will you?"

She said with a chill in her voice, "Why should you want one?"

"I would really like one. Will you?"

She couldn't think how to answer. She answered nothing.

"I really want it," he said in a gentle tone that bewildered her and frightened her even more.

He glanced off toward the fading sunset again. His hat rode high up on his lined forehead where he had pushed it in the warmth of the early evening. He pulled it down into place now, bringing it straight and level above his straight austere eyebrows. Under the shadow of the brim, his face became at once a stranger's face to Ellen. Thoughts, moods, motives—even the most tenuous clues to them—were blotted out.

But he would go now. He was feeling in his pockets for cigarettes, looking off up the street, his interest after all so lightly held that the voices of two children playing jacks on a porch step could distract him.

"You're upset. Why?"

She stopped her work and turned with ready-made amazement and irritation in her face. He was looking at her again. "Upset!" she said, her voice as sharp as a slap, and fear like a sickness inside her. "Why should I be upset?"

"Perhaps you aren't then," he said in a factual, unargumentative voice. He nodded up the street. "Those kids are having fun . . . What is this, Holton Street I'm on, or Elliot?"

The street on which she had lived all her life was for a moment without name to her.

Mercifully he seemed not to notice her muteness. Swinging around in an absent way, he read the name whitely stenciled on the opposite curb. After a

few further remarks, irrelevant, without trickery or the fearful quality of meaning things that they didn't say, he set off down the street again, away from her, blessedly away from her.

TWO DAYS later, on Saturday, she came down through the store after work and saw him standing at one of the glass counters dealing with a clerk. He caught sight of her as she approached along the aisle, and there was no passing him as if he were a stranger.

"I had to come back and change the scarf," he told her with not more smiling a face than usual but with a pleasant look in his eyes. "My daughter didn't like brown."

"I don't blame her at all!" said Ellen, and after glancing about practically among the scarves on the counter, said to the clerk, "Mamie, where is that silk one you put away for me—the blue one with the umbrella design? I'm sure she'd like that one. And I can just as well wait for another."

She felt unconstrained and without fear today. She knew that by now Ted had had a chance to get to his destination and that there was no longer any harm that could be dealt him from this quarter. She was capable of such normal behavior as observing this person as a human being today, of realizing that, though a grim and uncommunicative-appearing man, he probably sat around comfortably with the paper at night, joked with his children, mowed the lawn, reached things down from high shelves for his wife. In short, he was not really formidable. She felt equal and self-possessed.

A summer shower fell briefly but furiously outdoors. It was necessary to stand waiting with him in the vestibule for a few minutes while rain slanted down in sheets, gushed in the gutters, turned lines of parked cars darkly new.

He watched the storm idly, only a corner of the scarf's wrapper showing out of his pocket where he had negligently put it. He had accepted Ellen's choice without deliberation and with a momentary look of being pleased that she had taken the trouble, but she was quite sure that exchanging the scarf had been only an excuse to come out here again, though why else he should want to come she was puzzled to know.

"Well, how is your world these days?" he asked presently, turning and giving her a speculative look.

She gave his look back, with defiance—but with a spirited wholesome defiance this time. "Just fine. And yours?"

"The same. This rain should make your flowers grow. You said they needed water."

"Yes—if it doesn't beat them back down into the earth whence they sprang," she murmured wryly.

She marveled that he seemed to remember every little thing she said, that his conversation always had the effect of reflecting past statements unerringly recorded. Still, he didn't today make reference to Ted nor to her behavior of that other night.

A few minutes later the rain came to a gentle dripping halt, the sun broke out. They emerged into the washed air, and he asked her, "You're going home now?"

"Yes, home it is."

"Want me to drop you off?"

"Why, thanks, but it's such a short way, and I love walking after a rain."

He nodded agreeably. In another minute they were going their separate ways.

On her half-day off from the store on the following Wednesday, Ellen made a trip into the city. She had not heard from Ted, but in thinking about it she had decided it would be his way not to write, not to give her any clue till suddenly he was back in town himself, surprising her one day by being in the snack shop when she came for lunch or by sitting in the dark of the porch one evening when she returned from an outing. It could happen almost any day now. And she wanted to be ready.

She went from store to store, trying on dresses, examining workmanship, appraising quality. There was no time on this day for a leisurely lunch or a movie; nor did she miss them. It was fun just to be looking and buying and planning, to be deciding that tomorrow she would wear this beige linen dress, that the first evening he asked her to go out she would wear this swirling-skirted dark blue spun silk. Never had she felt so living and gifted by life. Her brown eyes smiled unknowingly on strangers, her unrouged smooth cheeks glowed softly from the knowledge, now seven days old, of being loved and wanted.

Just before catching the homeward bus toward evening, she stopped in at one of the big markets and gathered together an armload of the kind of delicacies that weren't available in a small town—smoked cheese, ginger marmalade, maple butter, all sorts of little cans or jars that would go up on the shelf or into the refrigerator till once again he came in after a movie to have something to eat with her in the kitchen.

The hot crowded city streets slipped past her bus window. When the open country came, bringing the sun shining into her eyes, the warm field-scented air flowing into her face, she leaned her head back and considered the exciting possibility that he might be waiting at the bus stop when she got home. It would be so like him to be waiting there, acting as if he had never been away at all.

But when she found that he wasn't at the bus stop, she was really rather glad. It would be so much better if she had a chance to get ready first. Tomorrow he would come, and that would be perfect. Or Friday. Or Saturday, when the week was at an end and the whole free Sunday was ahead of her. As a matter of fact, Saturday was the day she was almost certain of. Somehow she had a feeling he would come back on that day.

ONE SWELTERING July evening over a month later, when it was punishment to be either indoors or outdoors in the close-walled spaces of the city, Barney Holden locked the doors of his house and went driving with his two children in the country. He had not planned to go to the little town where Ellen Evans lived. But desultory impulses and the layout of roadways brought him so close tonight that it would have taken deliberate effort to avoid the town.

Main Street had all its signs lit and was doing its evening business as they drove in. Barney's 11-year-old son, Charles, who had been leaning out of the window to look things over, suddenly pulled himself in.

You get more in the NEW
Westinghouse

THAN EVER

All 5 ZONES OF COLD AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED

Because all perishable foods fall into five different groups requiring different degrees of temperature or humidity . . . your new Westinghouse Refrigerator provides FIVE ZONES of COLD . . . all automatically and accurately maintained by the exclusive Westinghouse TRUE-TEMP Cold Control:

- 1 Colder Cold for frozen foods, ice-cubes and frozen desserts. (Compare Westinghouse Super Freezer temperature with any other.)
- 2 Meat-keeping Cold for fresh poultry, meats and fish. Keeps up to 15 pounds fresh and juicy for a week.
- 3 Dairy Cold for milk, cream and beverages. Maintains correct dairy temperature. Ample space for the tallest bottles.
- 4 Constant Cold for general shelf storage keeps foods at steady, safe temperature.
- 5 Moist Cold for fresh fruits and vegetables, in the "ring" free glass-topped Humidrawer. Holds a quarter bushel.

See your Westinghouse Dealer now about delivery . . . as demand still exceeds supply.

934M705

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO. LIMITED - HAMILTON, CANADA

They Pay For It Like Rent

Continued from page 60

land or labor. One province offers financial assistance to help bridge the gap. It's the Government of Ontario, which offers second mortgages on very easy terms. Where labor is contributed, its value is estimated by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

Veterans, it should be noted, may use a portion of their re-establishment credit as down payment on a house.

To obtain an N.H.A. loan the prospective home owner deals wholly with the lending institution of his choice. When he has decided on the type of house he wants to build, has chosen a location and ascertained the size of his investment he obtains three copies of the preliminary questionnaire form from the lending institution. This form is designed to give the company a general picture of the proposed project and to ensure that the borrower will be building within his financial capacity. The forms are returned to the lending institution when they are completed.

If his proposal is sound, the borrower will be sent the formal application form which is also returned to the lending company. To complete this, he requires full details of the lot, plans and specifications of the house and an estimated construction cost from the contractor.

Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation advises prospective borrowers not to purchase a lot outright but to take an option on it and have it approved by the lending institution before the purchase is made.

Contrary to popular belief, building under N.H.A. does not mean that it is necessary to build from plans prepared by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. Any plans and specifications are acceptable provided they adhere to the minimum building standards established by the Corporation. The Corporation's plans are being used extensively, however, because they are for houses that offer maximum comfort and convenience at moderate cost.

Responsibility for Supervision

During construction of the house, lending company inspectors make periodic inspections to determine the amount of work required to complete the dwelling. This gives a basis for making progress advances to the owner to enable him to pay the builder. The lending company makes a small charge for this service, which also covers the cost of appraising the property.

It must be emphasized, however, that while these inspections give the owner some assurance his house is being properly constructed, they are only made to see that Central Mortgage and Housing standards are being observed and to determine when progress advances may be made on the mortgage. They do not assure a full architectural or engineering inspection to see that plans and specifications are being followed. If he wants complete supervision, the owner must make his own arrangements for it.

Next Issue

Chatelaine says:

Let's Entertain at Home

Little Bermuda gave me a big surprise



Bermuda's clear water...a red surfboard...and me drifting and dreaming of romance. Imagine! a real, live man suddenly popping up to kiss my hand! He thought he knew me.



I read the label on my Jergens Lotion bottle...but there's no mention of it working under water, too! Could be, men anywhere notice how soft Jergens Lotion keeps your hands! I dashed down to Hamilton for another bottle.



I'm sure those rustling leaves still gossip about that night in the garden at the Princess. He kissed my hand again...held me close...then kissed me. (Do you know of an apartment for us?)



Jergens Lotion

for soft, smooth, romantic hands

The skin on your hands needs protection a liquid can give. Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion furnishes the softening moisture thirsty, chapped skin needs. Still 10¢, 28¢, 53¢, 98¢.

Used by More Women than any other Hand Care in the World.

Companions for Fall



Simplicity
BLOUSE 2977
SKIRT 2987

No. 2977 and 2987 is the kind of combination you love for crisp, cool days come fall. The blouse has a unique little collar softly folded and the sleeves fasten just below the elbows with buttons. The skirt has an interesting peggtop effect with deep pockets to plunge your hands into.

Simplicity
2987

No. 2987 is the same skirt with its sweater-type jacket. You've heard a lot about the popularity of the cardigan jacket? Well, here's yours to be made in tweed or velveteen. Ribbon trim is used on the front here, but you might prefer the same material as your skirt. Fun to try!



Simplicity JACKET 2733 BLOUSE 2682
SKIRT & VEST 2757

No. 2733 is one of those jaunty little toppers you've had your eye on for so long. Why not make it yourself? Has a convertible collar (wear it up or down). Use top stitching for a casual-mannered effect. The blouse, No. 2682, is worn under the weskit, and skirt, No. 2757. Skirt has slight back fullness and the weskit flatters the blouse, with its shaped neckline. Here's a wardrobe complete in itself.

Waistline fashions for young-timers, featuring newest lines and combinations in skirts, blouses and jackets.



Simplicity
BLOUSE 2978
SKIRT 2988

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see opposite page.

No. 2988 is a wrap-around skirt complete with button and pocket trim. It's just what fashion orders this fall, for tweed or fine wools. The waistline rises at the front, a flattering line for longer-waisted gals. Blouse, 2978, has not one, not two, but three rounded collars and long full sleeves.

Are you in the know?



3 guesses what girls forget most!

- Blot their lipstick
- Dress for cooler weather
- Buy a new sanitary belt

No sultry, siren stuff for you! You know your pucker-paint technique. Dress warmly? Oh, you're *very* practical! Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt... keep putting it off until "next time". But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable... all-elastic... non-binding.

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name



At "that" time, how can you be sure of personal daintiness?

- By bathing regularly
- By trusting to luck
- By using Quest powder

On certain days, above all, you can't leave daintiness to chance! Bathing's important, but it's not enough. And authorities say no napkin alone can give complete deodorant protection for all women. Only with a deodorant sprinkled on the *surface* of your napkin—can you be *sure* of personal daintiness! Choose Quest Powder! Because instantly, on contact, safe unscented Quest Powder *positively destroys* odours—doesn't just mask them. And being a powder, Quest has no moisture-resistant base that tends to slow up absorption.

Get Quest today. (Ask for it by name!) For use on sanitary napkins you can't buy a better deodorant!

Quest Deodorant Powder



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
If defective or
not as advertised
return for refund of money

Nobody Here But Us Cooks

Continued from page 36

cupboard at the beginning of a winter and recount her jars of canned fruits, jams and jellies. But in spite of this pride in accomplishment, 29 out of every 100 women use commercially canned fruits or both. Only 1% use neither.

Many Influences

What influence has government grading on the Canadian housekeepers' buying habits? A certain amount, although the majority of women consider the brand name either first or along with the government grading. Nevertheless, 27 out of every 100 women are keenly influenced by those words Fancy, Choice and Standard and only 3% buy blind—not caring a hoot about either brand names or government grading.

Of those who are concerned with government grading the majority are satisfied with the method used, although a small number find the words Fancy and Choice confusing. They would prefer to see the cans marked in some other way, say 1, 2 and 3, or a, b, and c. A small number feel the contents of the cans aren't always up to expectations. They would like to see more information on what one is to expect from Fancy, from Choice and from Standard.

But on the whole it would seem that the Government's job of educating women to the meaning of these three words has been a success and as the canning industry expands in Canada, canners will have bigger crops to choose from and a greater opportunity to satisfy women that the fancy bean or pea is in the Fancy can, the choice bean or pea is in the Choice can, and so on.

A little over 20 years ago, commercially made salad dressings were almost unknown. But today nearly half the women use these prepared dressings, either wholly or along with a homemade dressing.

With Canada's garden markets in

Pattern Descriptions

Simplicity 2964—Junior Misses' and Misses' One-Piece Evening Dress and Stole in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15. Dress: 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35"; 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 41". Overskirt and Stole: 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35" lace; 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 72" net. Ribbon Sash: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 8". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2895—Junior Misses' and Misses' One-Piece Evening Dress and Jacket in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15. Dress: 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35"; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 41"; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 44". Jacket: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35" material with nap; 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35"; 2 of 39" or 41". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2741—Misses' Evening Dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35"; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 41"; 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 50". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2977—Misses' "Simple to Make" Blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39" or 41"; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 50". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2987—Junior Misses' and Misses' Skirt and Jacket in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15. Jacket: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35"; 2 of 39"; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54". Grosgrain Ribbon: $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " width. Skirt: 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 35"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2978—Misses' Blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 35"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2988—Misses' Wrap-Around Skirt in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30. Size 26: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35"; 2 of 39", 41 or 54"; Price 25c.

Simplicity 2733—Misses' Topper in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35" material with or without nap; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54" material with nap; 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2682—Misses' Blouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 35"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39" or 41"; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity 2757—Misses' Skirt and Weskit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 14. Skirt: 3 of 35"; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 39"; 2 of 54". Weskit: 1 of 35" or 39"; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ of 54". Price 25c.

Simplicity patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Are you in the know?



After a late date, should a damsel—

- Invite him into the house
- Say goodnight at the door
- Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And pul-lease — no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do.

You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose *Kotex*. Because those special, *flat pressed ends* don't cause revealing outlines.



To judge what you should weigh—

- Compare your pal's poundage
- See an "average weight" chart
- Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5' 4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ " you're small boned. More than 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "—large boned. Consider your *frame* when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average". Find just the right *Kotex* absorbency for you by trying *all 3*... Regular, Junior, Super!

In dining cars, what's a good plan?

- Freeze strangers
- Make new friends
- Bring a book

Travelling alone? Train etiquette doesn't say nay to exchanging polite, impersonal small talk. Don't think you must clam up... or form a lifelong friendship. Use good judgment. If in doubt, *read* while waiting for your meal. Helps ward off unwelcome chatter! On certain days, good judgment tells you to keep on the cautious side with *Kotex*. For *Kotex* gives you *extra* protection... has an exclusive safety centre that guards you, at home and "abroad"!



More women choose
KOTEX * than all other
sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Send your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 0808, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



Simplicity 2964

No. 2964. A misses' and junior misses' evening gown with yards of misty net or lace has its own stole to match. The bodice rises like a flower from the flowing skirt and is darted both in front and back for a smooth fit under the bertha-like fold around the shoulders. A ribbon sash at the waist ties in a bow at the back.

For pattern description and details for ordering see page 71

Two in one. A strapless gown with a little cover-up jacket. The dress is princess line and has a tiny scalloped border at the upper edge. Narrow strips of feather boning give the bodice support. The brief flared jacket has three-quarter-length sleeves so that you can show off your prettiest gloves . . . perhaps to match your dress. **No. 2895.**



Designed for jacquard satins (the satin woven with tiny flowers or delicate designs). Or if you prefer, make it in velvet, it's a top-news fabric this year. The soft blouse of this dress buttons to the waist and the low oval neckline plunges to show off your prettiest necklace. The softly flared skirt is seamed down the centre front and back. **No. 2741.**



Perfect figure control

with your

Gossard

girdle and bra!

Wonderful—the way a Gossard girdle and bra coax your figure into long, lithe lines! The girdle is satin-and-Goss-amour-elastic . . . molds you, holds you gently but firmly. Prettily trimmed with blue fagotting and stitching. And your Gossard bra is sleek and flattering satin and nylon. New plunging neckline. In white and nude.

Sold by Leading Shops and Department Stores

the Gossard line of beauty

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO. LIMITED
Toronto • Chicago • New York • San Francisco
Dallas • Atlanta • Melbourne • Sydney

creasing by leaps and bounds, bot!, in number and appeal, and Canadians becoming more salad-minded as the years roll on, it's surprising that 50 out of every 100 women prefer a boiled salad dressing. This high figure would make a cooking connoisseur shudder.

Those Men Again

But the only really disturbing note in the whole ballot of 84 questions has to do with husbands. Off-the-record reports have been for some time now that Canadian men don't know and don't understand good food. They are a plague and a source of annoyance to wives who have imagination and some skill in the art of cooking. These off-the-record reports have now been substantiated by cold statistics. Men don't like new dishes. Their wives can work themselves into a lather over an exciting dinner and they won't even turn their heads—66 out of every 100 men are either content with old tried and true recipes or they don't care.

Perhaps a source of this indifference lies in the fact that only a small number of men, 22 out of every 100, like to cook. Although many councilors testify that younger men, particularly young war veterans who have lived for a while in Europe, are not only showing a new interest in food but are becoming proficient in the art of cooking themselves. Strangely enough, among the very young members of the families, it's the sons and not the daughters who have a natural flair for cooking. Of all children, 84% like to cook.

In view of the fact that cooking undoubtedly has a future in this country, what with all the ideas and money being poured into this field of endeavor, it would not only be thrifty but expedient for husbands to take more of an interest. From all we hear the women would welcome with loud hosannas such an event. *

The Longing and the Lost

Continued from page 28

said. "Give me one of these looks into the future. What about the Sanderson party?"

The fortuneteller was in a very bad mood. She had lost at the races, she was angry and worried. "All I know," she said, "is that they got enough money to come here. Why should they care what's going to happen? I get so sick of my spiel—"

"Why don't you change it sometime?"

"Maybe I will," the fortuneteller said, looking ominous.

"Okay. Start with the Sanderson party. What you going to tell them?"

"I'll think of something," the fortuneteller said. She picked up her tambourine. "I'll give them the works. That's the way I feel tonight. I feel like throwing a scare into some of these rich people, think they've got troubles." Near by the caged birds squawked again, as though in protest. The telephone rang. The head-waiter hurried up to answer.

"The Patio," he said. "Good evening . . ."

All the afternoon they had been trying not to quarrel. "Please," Janie said every time. "I'm tired, and it's so hot—let's wait."

She leaned against his shoulder. For a few moments the room was quiet, a

Continued on page 97



Tailored for Action

With every single movement a smoothness
all your own. It's the action back
(elasticized) plus truly lovely materials and
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Stranger in Town

Continued from page 68

shouldn't ever let a child believe in Santa. But I don't think so. My son is a better boy for having believed in Santa; but he's a better boy still for having lost the belief."

"Yes. I think that's true."

"And it's like that with illusions in general. It's good to believe in things; it opens up—oh, spaces, let's say, inside a person. But hanging onto a faulty belief too long is something else again. You've got to have the dreams, certainly you do. But you've got to lose them, too, to grow."

He waited for an answer to that. But none came.

After a moment she said lightly—cruelly, because there was herself so needing protection, herself to think of rather than him—"That was a long speech!"

He was imperturbable. "Long?" he said. "It's the longest speech I've made in a decade. That's how bothered I am."

"Bothered?" She was startled.

"Yes," he said, a sharp light in his eyes.

The silence was so long between them that the silence itself began to speak. She stood with her hands in her apron pockets, looking pitifully embarrassed and uncertain. Finally she said with great effort, "You mustn't concern yourself about me. I don't want you to. I couldn't ever—want you to."

But he gave her no answer either in words or in look. And for the first time now he knew he wasn't prepared to walk

casually off and leave her, at least without the promise to himself of coming back.

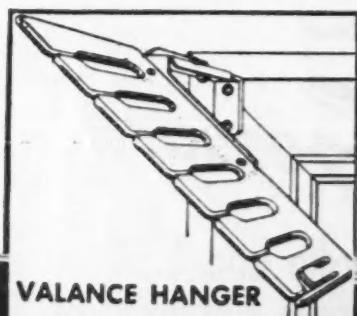
THAT NIGHT, as always when she came home up the walk, Ellen had the thought that Ted might be sitting in the darkness waiting for her. It was not a robust hope; long ago it had grown weak and faint; but it would not die. How many days it was since her lips had formed the words, "Ellen, he isn't coming back; he wanted only your money; you were just another fool . . ." But her mind and heart would not believe it.

He wasn't on the porch. And there were no messages on the telephone table, no special-delivery letter that said, "I have been sick; I am only now well enough to write," or "I was in a bad accident," or—at last breaking through the stupor of bitterness and despondency—"I am in jail, Ellen; they gave me no chance." But she knew that tomorrow she would look again for the letter that didn't come, that every knock on her office door would bring a leap of expectation inside her, that she would not go to lunch without thinking that he might be waiting for her in the booth they had shared that first day. He just . . . could not be dishonest. No one could look as he did, act as he had, tell the candid ashamed story of former dishonesty as he had, and be anything but what she believed him to be. Somewhere he had come into trouble. He could even, while she went on half-living day by day, be dead.

She undressed quietly in her room, slipping the beige linen dress onto a

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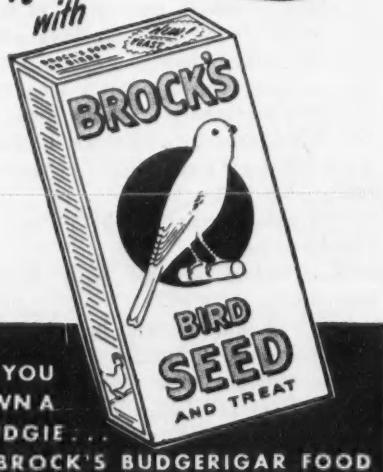


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padded hanger, noticing there were spots of ice cream along the hem. She had saved the dress for over a month before wearing it. Now suddenly it was an old dress, its destiny unfulfilled, its meaning quite lost. A man who stalked quietly, whose face was grimly noncommittal, had been the one to see it. The wrong man.

She lay awake for a long time thinking of what had happened tonight. It was not that she disliked this man or feared him any more. He was human, and humanly kind, and she might under other circumstances have been able to talk easily with him, even to be glad when he turned up unexpectedly and sought her out. But the history of their meetings, of their acquaintanceship, was too much the history of other things too—of a hope that had been born and that went on feebly but tenaciously living. He was the enemy of everything she clung to. It was painful to see him. She hoped almost in anguish that she needn't see him again.

But she saw him again only three days later. He came one evening when she was dressing to go to a study-club meeting. The housekeeper called up the stairs, "El-lon! Com-pany!" And she hurried down the stairs clasping a bracelet on her wrist. And he was there.

In the big homey old-fashioned living room he looked strange—and seemed to feel strange too. There could be nothing believably casual about this meeting.

"Do you dislike me for coming?" he asked her.

"I—I don't know," she said with helpless, unhappy frankness. "If it's about—if it's—"

"Supposing I said it was not about that. That I had come because I wanted to see you again. Just to see you... as I have wanted to so often."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Holden? I have to tell you something." She hesitated, then said with inscrutable dignity, "I care very much for someone. I have for some time. It won't change. I'm not very—changeable."

"The young man," he said.

She sat down, but raised her face defiantly. "All right. Yes. The young man."

"So what I said the other night, what you termed my long speech, carried no weight with you."

"Why should it? It didn't apply to me."

He said nothing for a moment. She was aware that he stood there looking at her, but she would not meet his eyes now—stonily denying all communion with him in the silence.

"In that case," he said, "I'm obliged to change what I said a moment ago. I've got to talk about that matter after all."

He came and sat down on the sofa beside her.

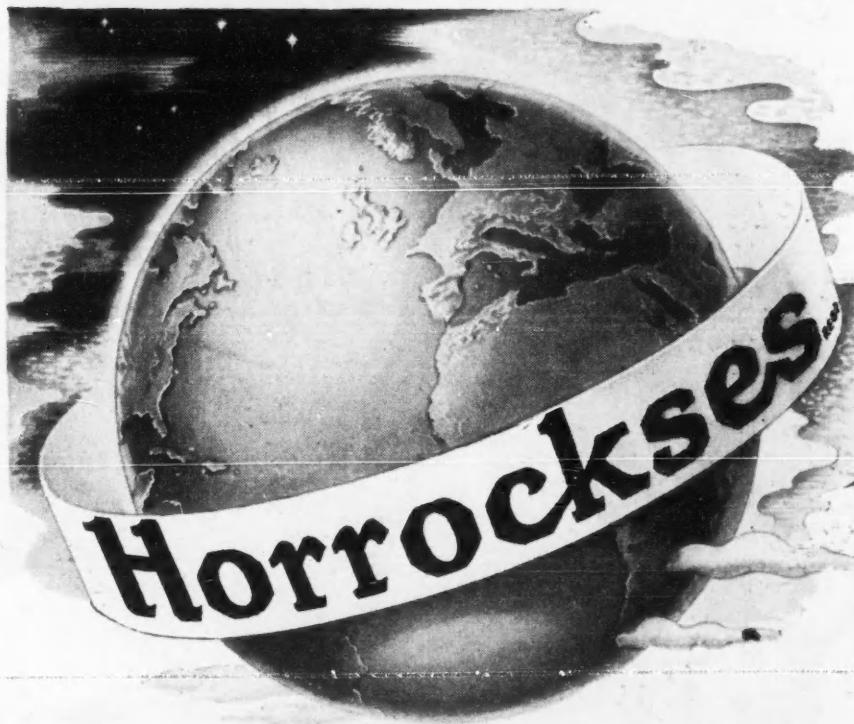
"Do you remember," he said, "the day at your office and the things I told you?"

"Yes. That is, I..."

His eyes softened. "You're upset again. Please don't be. The things I say keep doing that to you. I don't mean them to."

"I'm all right," she said. He leaned back then and ceased looking at her. He said impersonally, "You remember the woman I told you about, the one who had entrusted her money to the young man?"

"Yes."



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"She's at a hotel in the city tonight. She came this afternoon, and we had a long visit. Of course, she has never recovered her money—and, of course, she has never seen Jim Collins since that day."

Ellen sat there, betraying so little emotion that she thought almost that she felt no emotion. She hoped he would go on talking, making it unnecessary for her to say anything.

But he had stopped and was waiting. Finally she said, "That must be very difficult for her. It must be terribly hard."

"I think you know how hard it is." She looked at him, comprehension not in her face at all.

"I think you must know how hard it is," he repeated, without insistence, almost making a question of it.

"No, I don't. How should I know?"

Her answer went by him. It left no mark on him.

He added after a pause, not exerting needless effort to point up his meaning, "Miss Evans, I sent for her. I asked her to come."

SHE TURNED to him with a look of blank enquiry.

He went on heedlessly, "And now I want to ask you to do something. Will you drive with me in to the city tonight and talk to her? Just to find out if there might be a connection, if there could be a possibility of your—having seen or known the same man."

Anger seemed natural, logical. "You keep talking like that. You keep insisting—hounding me—"

"Will you?"

"No, I won't. Certainly I won't."

"It wouldn't be too bad. She's a likable person—foolish, of course, for having done what she did, that's admitted—but quiet and pleasant. And plucky too. You wouldn't find her hard to talk to."

He turned to her abruptly, leaning his arm on the back of the sofa. "Miss Evans, do this, and the rest of the thing will be on your terms. You won't see me again, if you ask that. There'll be no more bothering you, no more upsetting you."

She shook her head. "You can go on bothering me, if that is what pleases you."

"Why won't you go? Are you afraid of what you might find out?"

She looked at him with spirited contempt. "That's the way one talks to children, Mr. Holden. That's—"

But she stopped. There was more to it, after all, than defying him. There was more to it than the matter of making him believe she was uninterested in what he had said, unaffected. There was herself to consider the needs of herself.

She changed her mind and stood up and moved toward the door. "Very well, Mr. Holden," she said. "I'll go."

Scarcely anything was said on the 20-mile drive to the city. Never had there been less chance for normal conversation between them. When Barney finally parked his car in front of a small quiet family hotel on the edge of downtown, it was the first time he had looked at her, or she at him; but their glances even then only brushed briefly.

He wrote down something on a slip of paper and handed it to her.

"This is her name. Her room number is 301. I'm not going in with you."

"You're afraid of what you'll find

out?" she said in a taunting way not like her.

There was violence in the way he brought his attention to her, fixed his eyes on her. His voice was unfamiliarly roughened and deep. He said, "Listen to me, and believe what I say. This isn't fun for me. I haven't brought you here to prove that I'm right about something or that you're wrong about something. This doesn't have its importance in whether it turns out to be a vindication or repudiation of my dark-sided judgment."

She tried to smile ironically and find appropriate words.

But he went on adamantly against her smile and her voice, "You're not going to be sitting here beside me in the next few minutes. We won't be talking to each other. I'll not be able to watch your face to see what happens in it. And you'll not know what I'll... be sitting here hoping for while you're in there talking to that woman."

He stopped and was silent and looked away for a moment. Then he turned, and reached across to open the door for her, and said normally, "You may as well go in. I'll wait for you here. Call her on the house phone. She's more or less expecting you."

Ellen got out of the car. As she turned to close the door she had a sudden strong impulse, contrary to all those that had gone before, to offer some sort of apology for her behavior, to explain that she wasn't often sarcastic and vindictive.

But he was only a dim figure now, unresponsive, not even turned toward her, she thought. A match flared in his hand. He bent his head toward it, a cigarette between his lips. She closed the door and went in.

She was gone 20 minutes. Barney didn't keep watching the hotel entrance at first. But after a while he would glance when someone came out.

So he saw her when she emerged, her step brisk and light as usual, her brown eyes filled with impersonal pleasantness.

When she reached the car, however, he let her think he hadn't been observing her. She opened the door by herself and stepped in.

"All right?" he said finally, and put his hand on the ignition switch.

"Yes, of course," she said. "It was no person I knew."

"I see. Fine. We'll go home then."

He pressed the starter and heard at once the motor's even murmur. The girl beside him sat quietly, her face turned toward the window.

After a moment Barney turned off the motor. She didn't look around.

He sat there briefly doing nothing, while pity stirred and grew inside him till it hurt him. He knew of nothing to say, no simple easy way to make the grief of the coming days recede quickly rather than in a slow natural manner, no way to make it seem now, tonight, that the worst was over, the old useless structure of a dream cleared away, making room for living growing things, for life.

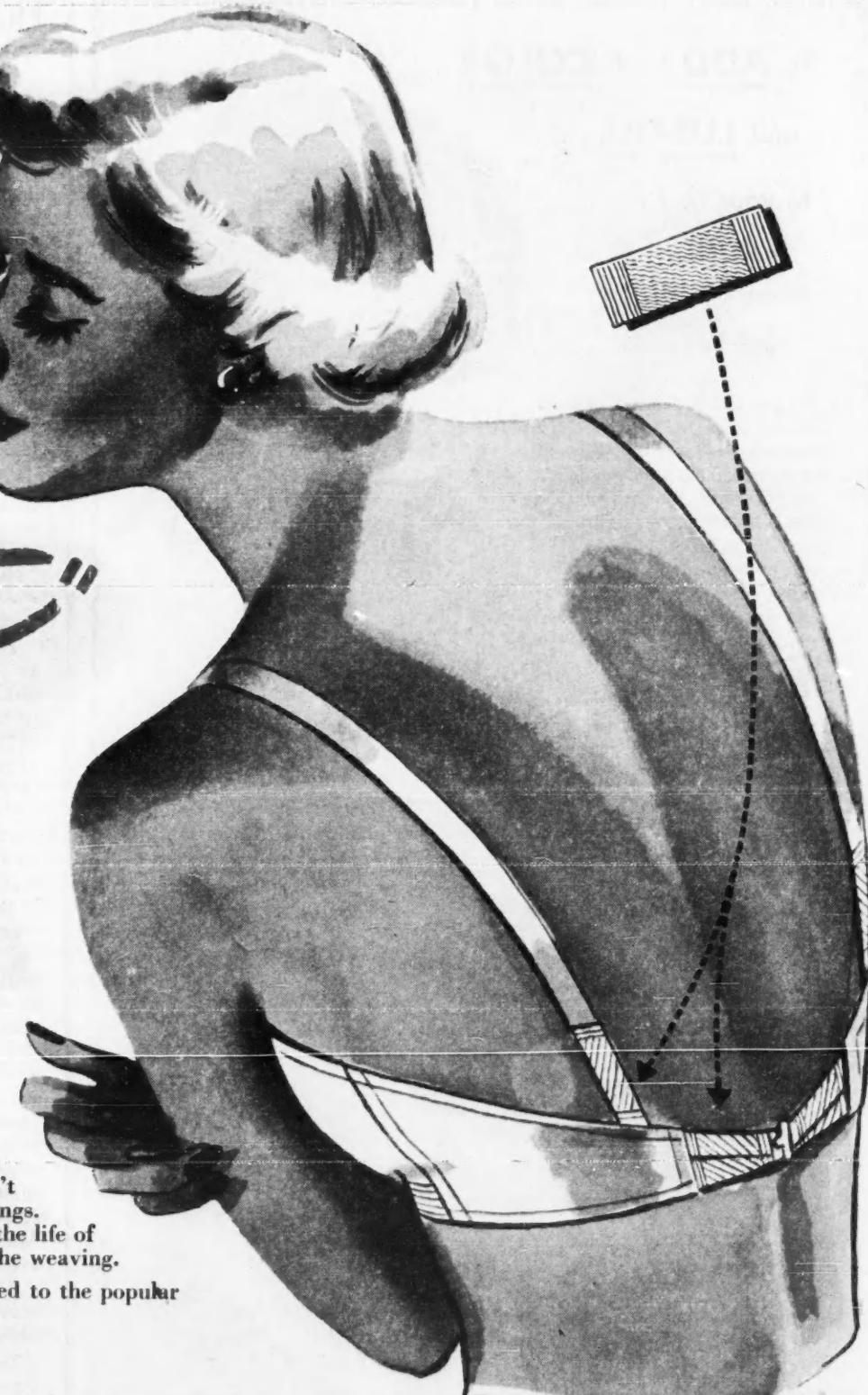
"Why don't you cry a little?" he said simply at last.

She looked around with puzzled formality.

"This shoulder should be as good as any, don't you think?"

And suddenly the expression disintegrated on her face. And she came to him more willingly than he had expected. And for a little while she wept.

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First Star

Continued from page 21

even asked her for a date until tonight. She looked at Bud and she wondered whether it was seeing her all lighted up inside that had made him ask her to this party. She wondered whether he would try—

THE EXCITEMENT inside of her was almost like sickness by now. They passed the square and she looked up at the evening star behind the church steeple and breathed the incantation to herself: *Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight—*

But when it came to making the wish, she wasn't quite certain just what it was she wanted to happen and her throat began to feel very dry, just thinking about it.

She threw words into the silence. "That—that was a good editorial you wrote for the paper last week. The one about how it feels to be a teen-ager."

He looked up from the wheel, startled, as though he were wrenching his thoughts away from some inner uncertainty of his own.

"Oh, that?" He sounded almost angry. "It was pretty crummy compared to the one Tracy Ballard wrote."

There was nothing she could say, after that. Tracy was a senior and he was sure to win the journalism award tonight and they both knew it.

They turned up Grant Avenue, toward Midge Anderson's house. Toward the first course, the first stop on the route she must travel before tonight would be safely over, no longer something to speculate or wish about upon the evening star but something that, for good or bad, had already happened whichever way it was going to. She was glad that Midge's house was the first stop. Out of the depths of wisdom and experience that came from being a senior and having dated with Tracy steadily from freshman year onward, Midge could horoscope for Virgie the evening that lay ahead.

Midge descended on them at the doorway with cries of rapture. Midge was blond and lovely and achingly casual-looking in a print that made Virgie's dress far too young and expectant, far too dressed-up. Midge pushed Bud gaily toward the living room, whirled Virgie upstairs to her bedroom.

"Good! You got here early. You look sweet, Virgie," Midge said. But she gave Virgie only the most perfunctory glance and she hurried her away from the mirror before Virgie could so much as take out her lipstick. "I told my mother you'd help me serve. Oh, we've simply got to get the evening off to a good start," Midge said. "It's really the start that counts the most, you know."

"Does it?" Virgie looked frightened. "Because I think I made a terrible boner with Bud. I told him I liked that editorial he wrote and then I realized that course Tracy's—"

But Midge wasn't listening. "Did I tell you, all the icks have arrived early and they're just sitting." There was despair in Midge's voice. "And do you think Tracy's doing a thing about it? I could kill him."

Virgie saw what Midge meant, as soon as they entered the living room. The Andersons had a big living room and everything had been fixed up to

look like a party, but all the boys were sitting on one side of the room and all the girls on the other and everybody looked stiff and uncomfortable. Tracy was sitting on the edge of a chair and talking to Bud, as though the two of them were alone here. Tracy looked fairly comfortable, except for his dark blue suit, because the Anderson living room was a familiar place to him; but he looked uncomfortable too, maybe because the living room was so dressed-up tonight and he himself was so dressed-up—and maybe a little because everybody knew he was going to win the journalism award and it was pretty hard not to be self-conscious about a thing like that.

"Look at him," Midge said. Virgie had a feeling that in another moment Midge might stamp her foot. Instead she called sweetly: "Oh, Tracy, could you come in the kitchen for a moment and help me bring in a tray?" Under her breath she said, "You come too, Virgie. You can help me with the tomato juice cocktails."

Midge's mother was in the kitchen, sticking celery and radish-roses and olives around a platter. She was wearing her blue crepe and her hair was set tight and her smile was set too. She looked up briefly and then went back to making a pattern of the relishes on the platter, because both Virgie and Tracy were familiar in this kitchen.

Midge handed Virgie the pitcher with the tomato juice and Virgie began to fill the glasses. Midge began to bawl Tracy out, paying no attention to her mother's presence or Virgie's.

"Sitting there like a lump on a log," Midge said, and now she really stamped her foot. "Here I was counting on you to help get things started and what have you done? Absolutely nothing. And when they leave they'll say, 'Oh, it was okay at Midge's but nothing very special, everybody just sat.' And I've worked hard on this party," Midge said, looking as though in another moment she'd begin to cry.

Tracy leaned against the door and grinned. Tracy was big and blond and he had a very nice grin. "Okay, Princess. Keep your shirt on."

He grabbed a tray. He went waltzing into the living room holding the tray at a crazy angle. "Forward Pass!"

When Virgie and Midge came in with the tomato juice and the little hot sausages on toothpicks, Tracy was standing in the middle of the room and everybody was sitting in a row with their mouths wide open and Tracy was tossing radishes and olives and things at them and everybody was laughing so hard it sounded like a madhouse. Because it was impossible to tell what Tracy was going to throw next and your mouth had to be set a different way for a piece of celery, than, say for a pickled onion.

The room didn't look precise any more. There was an olive on the floor and a piece of something smashed against the wall. But it was still so early in the party that nobody except Tracy dared throw anything. Even at that things might have got out of control if Midge's mother hadn't come in and said (looking furious in a polite, controlled way): "Now that's enough."

THE QUEER thing was that it was enough. Just enough to break the ice and not enough to damage the furniture. By the time the latecomers had arrived everybody was laughing and friendly



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An  Release

and playing Guggenheim like mad, with one eye on the clock because everything about a progressive dinner party was a matter of timing.

Tracy looked across at Virgie and winked a friendly *bello, how're you doing?* She smiled shyly at him and wondered how it would feel to be able to count on a boy and get mad at him and act almost as though—almost as though you were married to him, the way Midge did with Tracy.

She blushed the thought away. Everybody was getting up and groaning about having to move on to a new place when they were having so much fun here, and it *had* been fun—but she wondered if anybody else was as excited as she was about going on to the next place.

Bud held the car door open for her. She realized suddenly that they had all been so much a part of the gang that she hadn't, really, paid very much attention to him at Midge's. She tried to make up for it.

"Wasn't it fun? And isn't that Tracy simply something?" she gushed—and knew that her voice was only an affected imitation of Midge's.

"Oh? Oh, sure," Bud said. "Yeah. Sure was fun."

But his own voice was as fake as hers had been.

There seemed to be nothing further to say. She wanted to cry with vexation at her failure, but she made her face very bright and gay, as though something far off fascinated her and she kept it that way until Midge and Tracy got in the back seat, because Tracy hadn't been able to get his father's car.

"Where do we go from here?" Bud asked.

"The Converses', " Midge called out, from the back seat. "The big white house halfway up Hilleborough Drive."

Midge's voice sounded muffled, as though Tracy was putting his arm around her and drawing her close to him. Even without turning around, you could interpret the rustling noises from the back seat and compare them with your own stiff upright posture here in the front seat beside Bud Sylvester . . .

Virgie sighed, looking at Bud's bored and unresponsive profile. "You turn here," she said and her voice was as flat and bored and *pôlîte* as his had been.

They turned and she barely managed to avoid contact with his knee and then she was aware that Midge, too, was sitting upright and alone in one corner of the back seat and Tracy in the other. And Midge's voice was a low but vehement whisper, not meant to be overheard—but overheard nevertheless.

" . . . ask you to help me, but I didn't ask you to make a fool of yourself and me too. Throwing food! What my mother's going to say to me when she gets me alone—and it's all your fault."

"All right," Tracy said. "All right. So you've told me off. So stop yapping about it so much. So it happened and it's too late to do anything about it now."

He sounded as angry as Midge did—and he wasn't even bothering to keep his voice down, particularly. They were quarreling, Virgie thought. Midge and Tracy quarreling. As though they hated each other. As though, maybe, things were washed up between them. She thought about this, obliquely.

They crossed the bridge. It was dark by now. She could see a silver sickle



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of moon behind the trees and stars sprinkled every-which-way across the sky. Now, with the sky so full of stars, it seemed strange to have wished so desperately on the first one.

PATSY CONVERSE was plump and bucktoothed and giggly and her date for the evening was Pee Wee Thompson who really was a pee wee and hardly counted as a date at all, because although he was a senior he was younger than the rest of them and always looked dazed and a little out of things. Everybody in school knew his mother had forced the date on him because she and Patsy's mother were best friends. But it didn't seem to bother Patsy that no boy had ever looked at her with interest in his eyes. She opened the front door for them with Pee Wee, looking scared as usual, beside her.

"Hi!" Patsy said. "Clam chowder and corn bread at the barbecue tables in the back yard." She bounced through the house beside them and fed them out to the back yard where Mrs. Converse, who was plump, and Dr. Converse, who was bucktoothed but jolly, were serving from the big kettle that hung above the barbecue pit.

Nobody had to start a party going at Patsy's, it started itself. Doctor Converse yodeled and Mrs. Converse and Patsy sang Shortnin' Bread in their rich melodious voices and then they were all singing, in the glow of the firelight. Everybody—everybody except Midge and Tracy and Virgie and Bud—everybody was obviously having a wonderful time.

Virgie sang as loudly as the rest and the singing crept along her veins until almost in spite of herself she was having a good time in a strange quiet way. She looked up and caught Tracy's eye and he winked at her across the table, as he had done earlier, but this time his eyes were lonely and sad as a clown's and she wanted to comfort him and tell him that there were other girls in the world besides Midge. And suddenly he was looking at her as though he had heard her say it: he was looking at her as though there was communication between them; as though for the first time he was seeing Virgie—a real Virgie whom she hardly knew herself yet—and not just a kid who tagged around after Midge.

She could feel something happening inside of her, as though her whole body had begun to glow. As though she were lighted up inside. She went on singing, her head tilted at an angle, not quite looking at Tracy—but knowing (oh very, very surely!) that Tracy was still looking at her with a startled and almost reluctant attention. The singing was inside of her now, the singing and the glow—and she knew that her mother had not been entirely teasing about the way she might some time look; and she understood why there had been a grudging fearful note in Midge's voice when she had said: I can see why a boy might fall for you, if he saw you like that.

Tracy was still staring at her, and his eyes looked as though someone had just wakened him from a sound sleep. And Midge was looking at her too—but Virgie flushed away from the look in Midge's eyes.

Just the same she didn't feel as guilty as that look in Midge's eyes should have made her feel—and was meant to make her feel. Instead, she felt—triumphant. She let the knowledge and the new

certainty about herself tease her mouth into a slow smile. She got up and as though aimlessly she moved away from the wooden trestle tables, beyond the circle of firelight, toward the darkness of the rose garden. She was not entirely certain why she was walking alone in this casual floating fashion as though moved by an impulse to view the roses by moonlight. She wasn't entirely certain what she was up to—but she had a pretty good idea.

Doctor and Mrs. Converse and Patsy looked at her. Every time a couple made an effort to stray into the moonlight the Converses boomed: "Now then! Everybody sing!" But in spite of their disapproval the rose garden was fairly well tenanted. It gave Virgie a queer feeling in her throat to walk, alone, past the stone bench from which whispers came, past shadows that separated and came together after she walked by; past a winding path where feet strolled two by two.

Beyond the rose garden, almost out of earshot of the singing, there was a pond approached by a little rustic bridge. She leaned against the railing, pensively chewing a rose petal, but she could feel the loudness of her heartbeat.

What if she waited and he didn't come and she missed the others leaving—and Doctor Converse had to send someone out here to drag her back to the party?

SHE STARTED to turn back. She looked up—and Tracy's shadow was between her and the other side of the bridge.

"Not so fast," Tracy said softly, blocking her way. His eyes were laughing softly and his mouth said the words with soft slow laughter and it was as though his whole body was laughing at the way she turned and wheeled; wanting to run away, now, as much as before she had wanted him to follow her here.

"A forfeit," Tracy said with that soft sure laughter. "Don't you know, Virgie, that if you look at a man like that and then run away, he has the right to demand a forfeit when he—catches you?"

He grabbed her wrist lightly in his, not waiting for an answer. His eyes still smiling that strange smile, he tilted her chin upward.

"Well?" he asked, still smiling, when he finally released her.

She held her knuckles against her lips, where his kiss had been.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Oh!"

She began to run, past him, toward the safety of the singing and this time he let her go.

Bud was standing at the entrance to the rose garden.

He said to her woodenly: "Everybody's getting ready to move on."

The Danish house was the biggest house in town. Viola Danish was tall, cool, sallow, so smartly dressed she made Midge seem small-town and simpering. Viola hadn't even bothered with a date, because she dated only with college men these days.

"Hello, kids," she said languidly. "It's buffet in the dining room, and the place is yours."

In the dining room there was a long table and a lace cloth and candlesticks and maybe it was what Viola called languidly "buffet," but it was all so terribly elaborate it was almost scary. There was a ham at one end and a big roast at the other and things in-between that made Virgie uncertain because she



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Actual Unretouched Photo

FOUND

Look at this woman—isn't she pretty? There's not a line or wrinkle in her lovely face—no wonder so many think she's years younger than her age—35! Yes, she's found the secret of youthful-looking skin.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

had never seen them before. The boys, she saw, were serving the girls and she stared uncertainly at Tracy, wondering if with that kiss he had claimed her as his. All the way over here she had been thinking about that kiss and trying to decide whether it had made her feel so funny because it was her first kiss or because of the way that Tracy had kissed her. But when she looked at him she saw that Tracy was politely but distantly helping Midge to an unfamiliar-looking something that looked as though it might be a gelatine salad—and then again, might not be.

After a moment, with the same aloof politeness that Tracy had shown, Bud asked if he might help her to some of the mousse.

They sat on the grand staircase, the four of them sitting there as though bound together by fate. The more timid ones sat on the gilt chairs listening to the orchestra Viola Danish's father had hired—and the more daring ones disappeared toward the dimness of the library—but the four of them sat upon the stairs and pretended they were having a wonderful time. Virgie's head began to ache. After a while Midge said coldly that she was going to powder her nose and Virgie (who had been wondering just what you *did* say in case) jumped up and said she thought she'd go too.

Midge made it clear by her silence in the powder room that she loathed Virgie's company. Virgie wasn't at all sure Tracy was worth it. Midge finished straightening the seams on her stockings and then, without a word, she went out and let the door slam behind her. Virgie, to show that nothing Midge did mattered to her, went on combing her hair for a good long minute.

But when she stepped out on the balcony that led down toward the stairway where the four of them had been sitting, she saw that Bud and Tracy were alone. Midge hadn't joined them again. Virgie didn't blame Midge; it wasn't much fun sitting beside Bud and Tracy, the way they were acting. Her own footsteps lagged and then she saw that Bud and Tracy were coming up the stairs and hardly knowing why she did it, she ducked into the library. Too late she saw that Midge was there, pretending to turn the pages of a book.

Bud and Tracy walked past but they didn't glance in. They leaned against the balcony just outside the library door and you knew from the way they leaned their elbows on the railing that they had grown tired of waiting for Midge and Virgie and had decided to teach them a lesson.

"Anyway," Tracy said, "we're only young once. Eh, fella? And speaking of being young, how come the Big Silence, between you and Virgie? Brrrr! Talk about two Eskimos. What went wrong, Bud? After all, you can talk to old Uncle Tracy."

"You should know," Bud said. "I mean, it doesn't matter, but I couldn't help seeing you and Virgie on the bridge."

"Oh. Yeah." Tracy sounded as though he might be grinning, uncomfortably. "Oh. I was just—well, the way Midge was acting and all that—" he stopped. "Anyway."

"Not that it matters." Bud's voice was very distinct. "I don't know why I even brought it up. As a matter of

Continued on page 101



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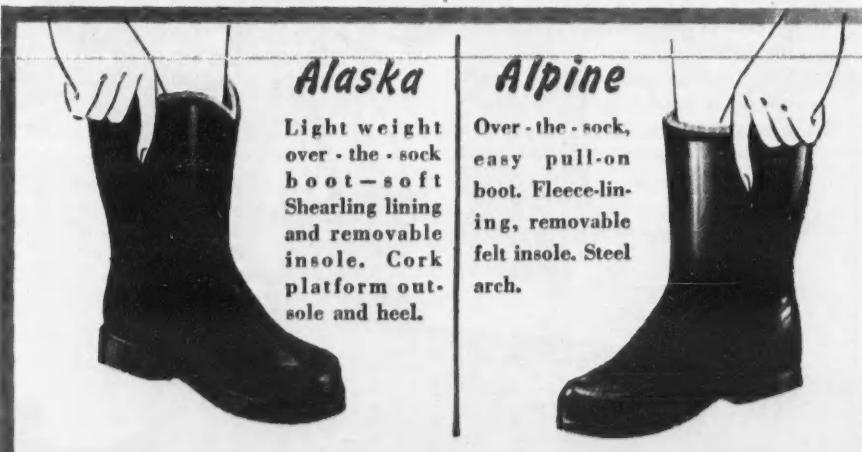
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FOOTWEAR



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There Is Time for Beauty

by Eileen Morris, Beauty Editor

Tips for every woman with more tasks than time



Having a baby should make you lovelier. To show what we mean — this photo of Margaret Bergman of our feature story, holding baby Gail. What with child care and home building Margaret's day is a busy one . . . but she found time to regain her good looks, has worked out a personal program to keep attractive.

YOU FIND yourself in the midst of a completely different, demanding schedule, with little time left to call your own. Yet your hair seems dull, your skin may be dry and flaky, your waist lost in a roll of fat. Learn how to fit beauty care into your crowded day, and win back prebaby prettiness with these practical, timed short cuts.

Early Morn

Drink a glass of hot water, lemon-laced, for inner health. Time: 25 seconds.

Face washing means more when you give oily skin extra scrubbing, dry skin finger-tip massage. Time: 2 minutes.

Smooth on rich cream in upward strokes. Time: 30 seconds.

Brush your teeth. (Dentist appointment due?) Time: 3 minutes.

Whisk off cream, pat on skin freshener. Time: 1 minute.

The Busy Round

Make it a habit to dry your hands thoroughly. Keep lotion in kitchen, laundry, bathroom; use often. Time: 30 seconds.

Exercise is bed-making, dishwashing, door-answering. Hold your body slackly, and it's bad exercise; hold spine straight, pull in stomach muscles and it's good.

Elizabeth Arden
introduces

Eye-Stopper



the only
eye make-up pencil
with the perpetual
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ELIZABETH ARDEN—perfectionist that she is—gives you the perfect eye make-up pencil...EYE-STOPPER! *Beautiful...everlasting* as a jeweler's piece, with its golden-banded case.

Maintains a pin-point tip... the real secret of perfect eye make-up.

Trouble-proof... for Eye-Stopper has its own sharpener cunningly concealed yet mechanically simple.

The Result: for the first time, your eyebrows can be shaped or etched in perfectly, yet softly. And lashes underscored almost imperceptibly.

The crayons come in black, dark brown, light brown, and a beautiful blue.

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At Smartest Shops
In Every Town

That daily walk to market can be a real workout. Walk proudly and *breathe*. Pleasant way to cleanse your system of poisons, tone muscles, gain new pep.

While the washing machine runs or the kettle boils, try these:

1. Strengthen stomach muscles: Lie flat, slowly raise legs, keeping them stiff. Hold, then lower them again. Five times.

2. Flatten that front: Rest on elbows and knees, face down. Pull abdomen in, arc spine out. Rest in this position.



3. Slim thighs and hips: Flat on your back, arms straight out from shoulders, feet together. Cross left leg over right, swing it toward right hand. Return to start, follow with right leg over left. A slow five at first.

Dusting? Before shaking out the duster, stand in front of that open window. Swing up on toes, breathing in, then back on heels, breathing out.

While soaking your tiny pride in oil, don't be above snitching a little for your own skin. And baby's cotton is handy for your hair care, manicures, powder puffery.

Tuck-in Time

Brush your hair 100 strokes, with head over. Time: 3 minutes.

Twice weekly, pin-curl your hair. Nightly pin up those strands in need of starching. Time: 5 minutes.

Bathe and beautify at the same time. While bath fills, massage in lubricating cream, leave it to steam into pores. When you are submerged in suds, use razor to remove unwanted hair under arms and on legs. Before stepping out, try a brisk rubdown with rough toweling. Friction has a fine effect on skin texture, works up circulation. Remove cream, apply freshener. Pluck stragglers from brow line, apply your deodorant. Time: 20 minutes.

Fix a Formula

Replenish your beauty aids adding skin freshener if you've never used one before. Buy a flattering, harmonized make-up. Save time, energy and money by ordering large sizes.

Have your hair cut short and styled becomingly. Does away with the problem of dry ends, limp curls. Simpler to manage, too. Then have a professional perm or the home-cooked variety, as you will.

Manicure after sudsing baby's laundry, when your nails are soap-clean and soft. Time your manicure just before you "take five" to catch up on last night's paper, so polish has a chance to harden.

Organize your clothes, dressing table and beauty routine so that dressing and make-up follow a quick simple pattern, fitted to your household tasks.

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This is DORCHESTER — a graceful coat in Mulberry duvetine, featuring the new butterfly collar.

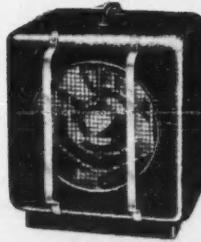
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Proof that a small house will respond to imagination is given in these interiors from the 75,000th house completed under N. H. A.

Adventure in Decorating

by **Charlene Champness**

ROOM BY ROOM, here is the 75,000th house . . . just as Paul and Margaret furnished it, just as thousands of Winnipeg people saw it on September 30, when the key was turned over to the young owners in a civic ceremony.

Paul and Margaret had plenty of decorating ideas. So they called in the expert aid of Eaton's Interior Decorating Bureau, and the fun began. This is how they worked together:

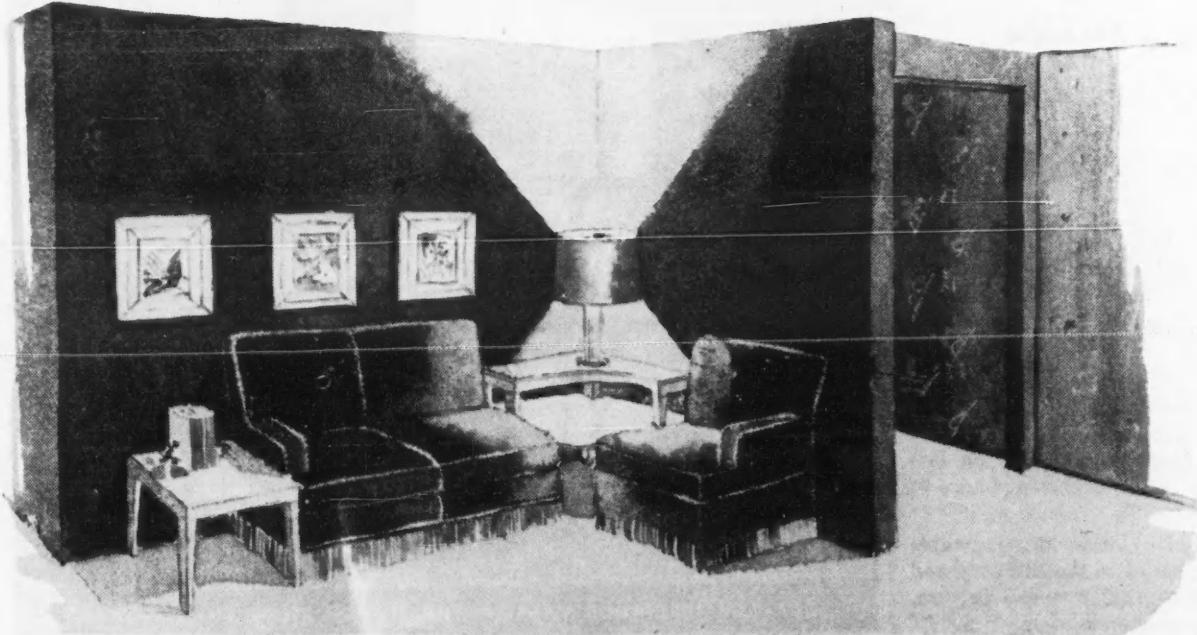
They began with a color scheme. Several were suggested. The one Paul and Margaret chose was brown and beige with warm accents of red and yellow. Since guests would get their first impression from the entrance hall, they decided to create something out of the ordinary. From the living room a little of the entrance hall was visible, so they decided to make it one of the accent notes. They could use vivid color because it was a small area. It didn't have to be restful; it was a place of passage and movement. They chose a wallpaper of bright copper-red with abstract musical designs in silver, gold and black. It is as dramatic as the striking of a gong!

In contrast, the living room needed restful colors because they were going to spend long hours there. Paul and Margaret favored dark walls, but were afraid the effect might be one of "closeness" . . . as if the walls were drawing in upon them. Here the sure knowledge of the professional decorator proved valuable. Rich dark brown walls were used, but only in combination with off-white ceiling and floors

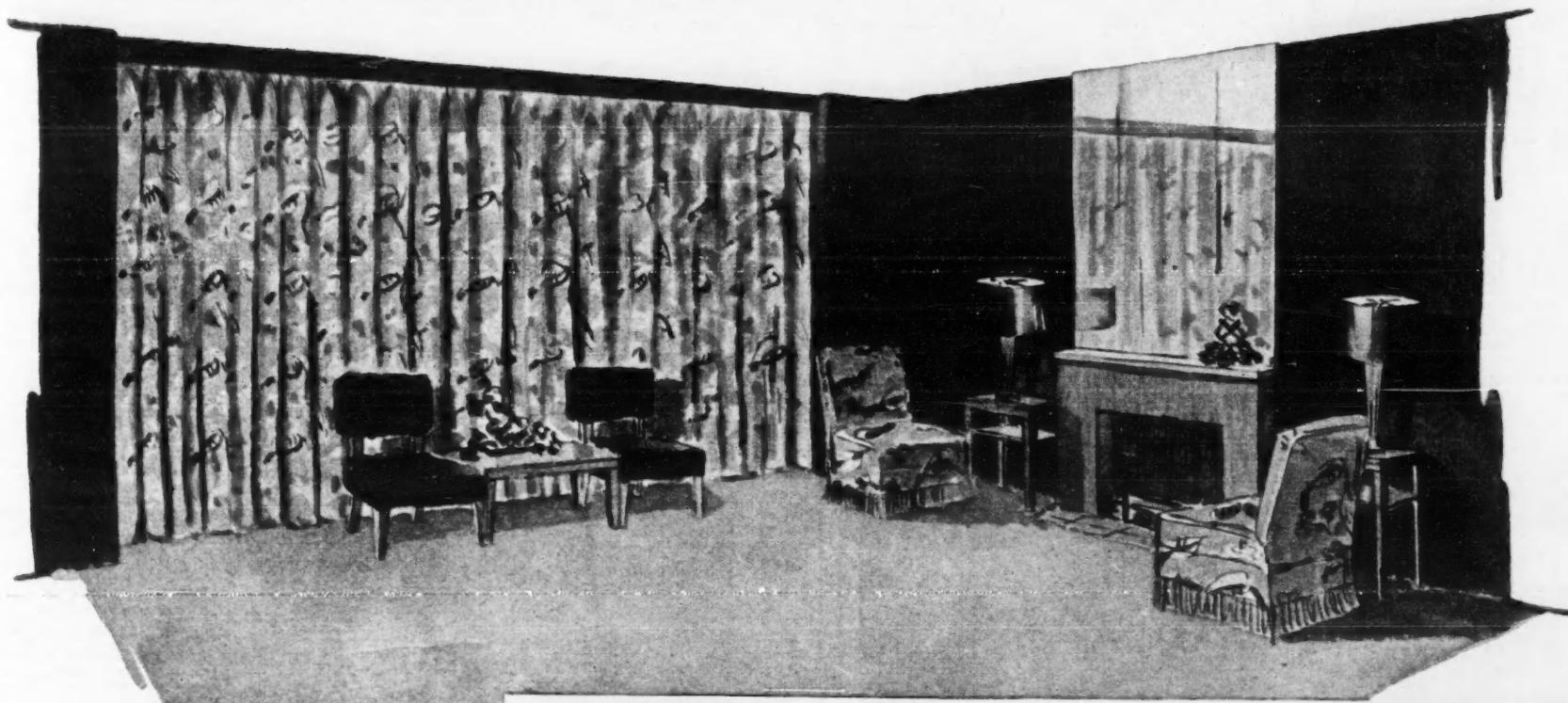
of pale beige wall-to-wall Wilton carpet. The effect is anything but stuffy. The walls seem to recede, to draw back into quiet shadows—a perfect foil for bleached oak furniture, conversation and good music. There isn't a piano in the room now, but there will be one day for Margaret plays beautifully.

The room looks larger than it is because of several decorating tricks that can be applied to any room. In the first place, small furniture has been used in preference to heavy pieces. Heavy furniture tends to dwarf a room. Secondly, attention has been given to the grouping of furniture. We are accustomed to think in terms of conversation groups but fail to consider the spaces between. The more open spaces, the larger the room appears. Plain colors have been used with only one exception—the printed floor-length drapes in tones of yellow and brown, repeated in two hostess chairs that flank the fireplace. Several patterns in a room tend to make it look crowded and therefore smaller. The heaviest piece of furniture is the scatter lounge (it's a new name for sectional sofa). By upholstering it in dark brown frieze, the color of the walls, it blends into them and appears to take up less space in the room. Further illusions of size are created by the big mirror over the mantel and by carrying the drapery beyond the picture window so that it covers some of the wall on either side. This gives the feeling of a larger window and a longer room. Sharp accents of copper-red in the lamp shades and

Continued on page 104

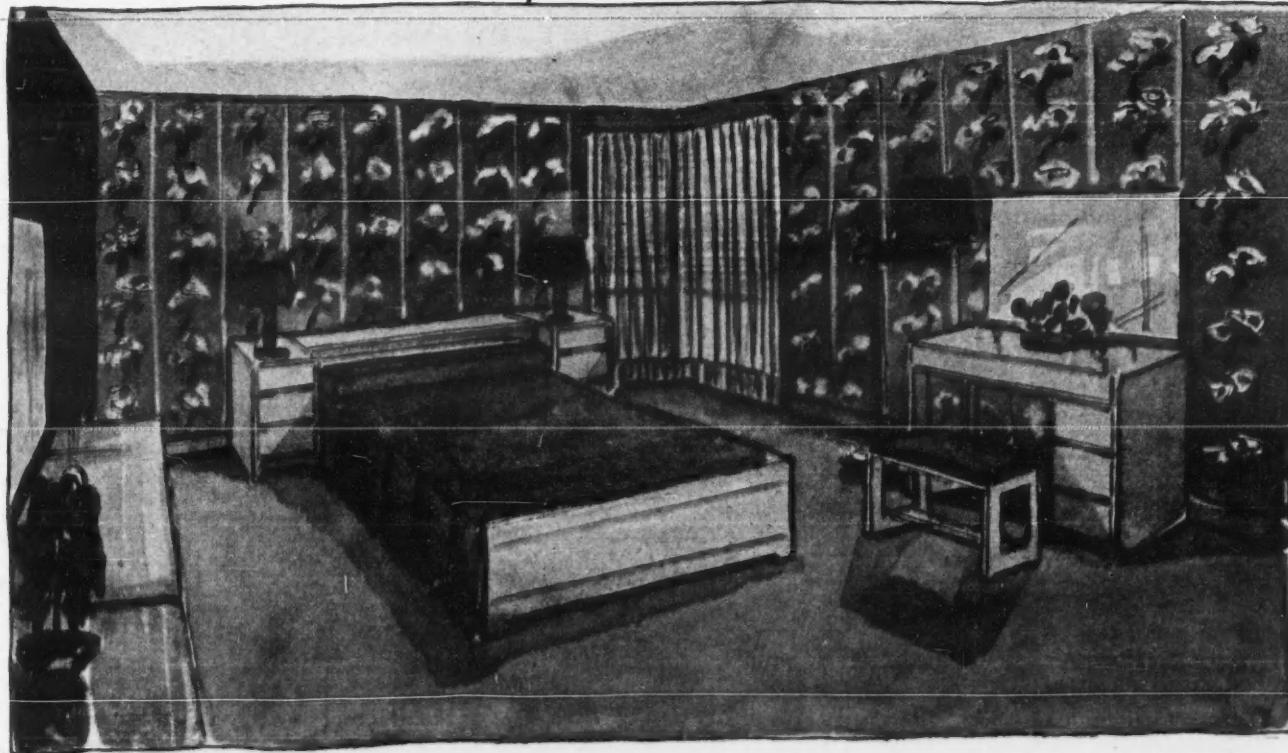
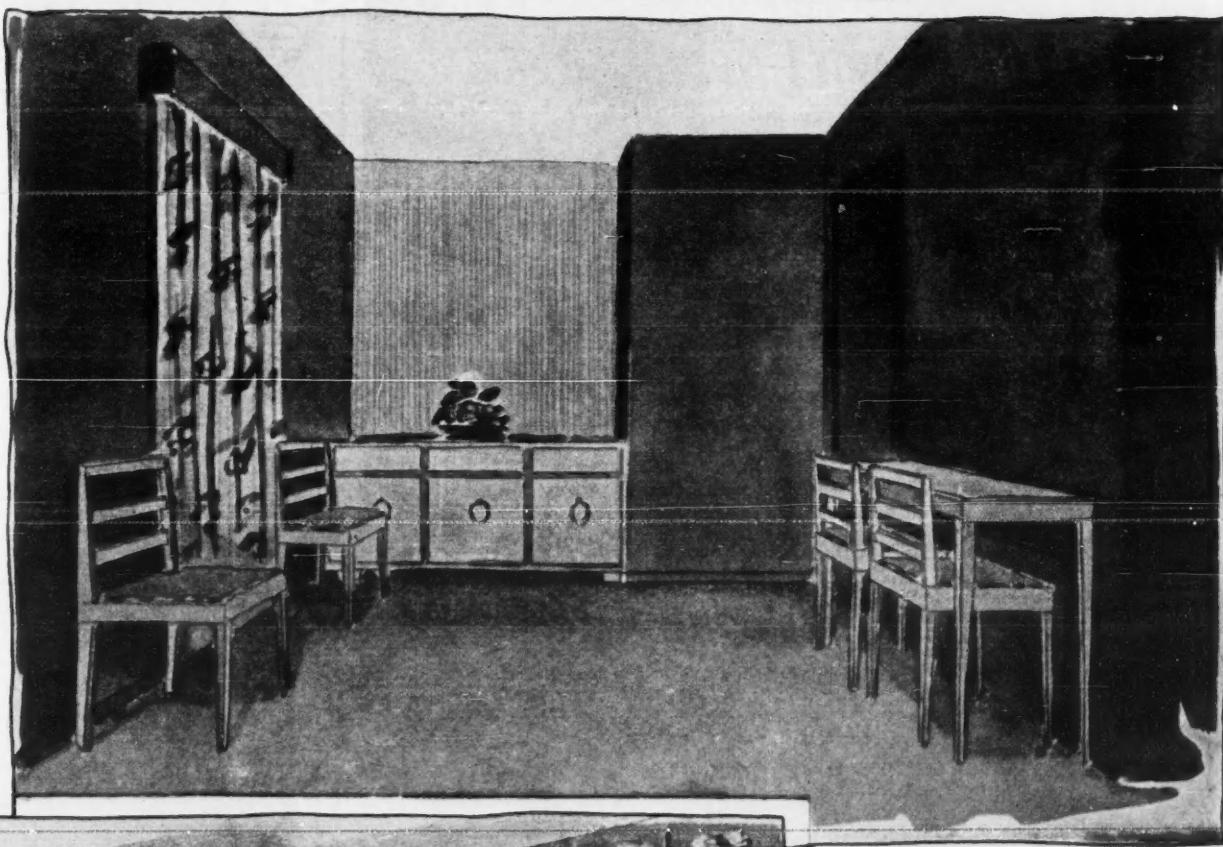


Delightful proof that good things can come in small packages . . . this glimpse of the entrance hall and a corner of the living room. A dramatic arrangement of good-size pictures is used to give the scatter lounge a buildup. The big lamp and magazine table add an air to the room.



How to furnish a small home comfortably and avoid that bulky, humdrum look? It is accomplished here with furniture in right proportions; quiet backgrounds and bright, "lifting" touches like the fireplace mirror, wide window drapes.

A dining alcove rather than a full-blown room is what most of us have today. Here's a table that extends for a crowd, can be closed and placed against the wall. Real space-maker, too, is the built-in buffet that offers loads of cupboard space when every inch of storage counts.



**Decorator's Sketches
from the
T. Eaton Co. Ltd., Winnipeg**

Color harmonies and furnishings from the Interior Decorating Bureau T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg, in co-operation with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bergman.



Again the Bergmans show how to make the little room you live in seem limitless. Their rules? Shop for furniture scaled to size. Keep your color scheme simple. Repeat hues, repeat fabrics. Keep the number of accessories small. Use compact built-ins.

Here's Mealtime Inspiration!

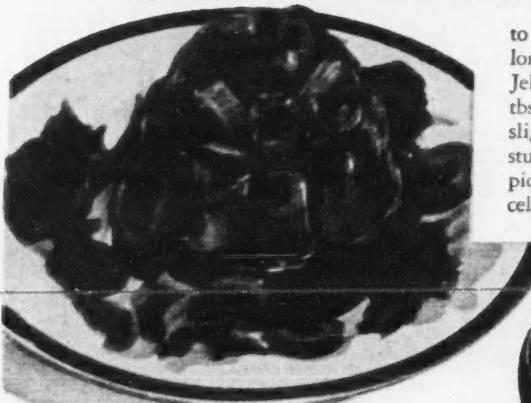


REAL JELL-O BEAUTY!

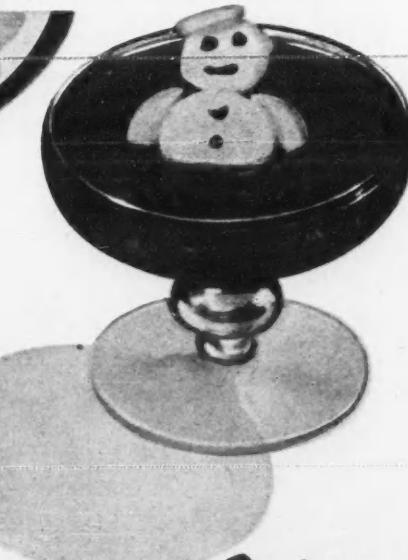
Dissolve 1 package Orange Jell-O in 2 cups hot water (or syrup from canned peaches, and water). When slightly thickened, add sliced canned peaches and turn into a fancy mould. Chill until firm, unmould, garnish attractively, and for special deliciousness pass a bowl of whipped cream. What a dessert!

ARE you looking for a new, exciting party dessert? Or a salad to give extra interest to a family or guest meal? Then — consider these bright Jell-O suggestions! Like all Jell-O dishes, this gorgeous-looking mould — this lovely salad — and this fanciful children's dessert — take only minutes to make. And tempting Jell-O costs less than 2¢ a serving. Enjoy the sparkling color and exclusive "locked-in" Jell-O flavor, often. Look for the big red "JELL-O" letters on the box.

PIQUANT AS IT'S COLORFUL



Grand served as a salad — or as a clever "relish", to make a small bottle of olives go a long way! Dissolve 1 package Lime Jell-O in 2 cups hot water. Add 3 tbsps. vinegar, 1/4 tsp. salt. When slightly thickened, add 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives, 1/2 cup sliced sweet pickles, and if desired, 1/4 cup sliced celery. Chill in small moulds.



SPECIAL FOR CHILDREN

(Right) — Expect "oh's" and "ah's" of delight, when you serve children this Jell-O party treat! Just Jell-O (any red color) chilled in dessert glasses, and decorated with a "snowman" made from puffy marshmallows. A simple gala touch for the young-fry's all-time favorite Jell-O.

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Meals of the Month

OCTOBER 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 1	Applesauce Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Creamed Salmon Shortcake with Green Peas Coleslaw Canned Raspberries Cookies Tea Cocoa
SUN 2	Chilled Melon Bacon and Eggs Brown Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Consommé Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Bowl of Grapes White Layer Cake Iced Tea or Cocoa
MON 3	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Branflakes Muffins Honey Coffee	Cocoa	Egg and Cucumber Salad Hot Buttered Rolls Apple Compote Leftover Cake Tea Cocoa
TUE 4	Mixed Vegetable Juices Cereal Toast	Current Jelly Café au Lait	Potato and Onion Soup Raisin Waldorf Salad Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa
WED 5	Stewed Pears Cereal Toasted Biscuits (from Tuesday) Marmalade Coffee	Tea	Bean Soup Beet and Celery Salad Vanilla Rennet Dessert with Diced Orange Sauce Tea Cocoa
THU 6	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Fried Green Tomatoes Bacon Curls Raw Carrot Sticks Stewed Pears (leftover) Soft Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa
FRI 7	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Bread Sticks Tossed Green Salad Grapes Tea Cocoa
SAT 8	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Conserve Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Sardine and Tomato Salad Stuffed Baked Apples Wafers Tea Cocoa
SUN 9	Half Grapefruit Bacon Coffee	Bran Waffles Maple Syrup Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Pear, Cottage Cheese and Grape Salad Cake Fingers (leftover) Tea Cocoa
MON 10	Sliced Oranges Cereal Omelet with Diced Bacon Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Cold Meat Plate Mustard Pickles Celery and Potato Salad Carrot Curls Maple Walnut Ice Cream Hot Chocolate Tea Cocoa
TUE 11	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Rice and Chicken Croquettes Celery Soup Sauce Head Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa
WED 12	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Honey Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Tomato Cabbage Slaw Chilled Melon Cookies Tea Cocoa
THU 13	Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Coffee	Jelly Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Crackers Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa
FRI 14	Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Jam Tea	Baked Corn Pudding Sliced Tomatoes Fruit Cup Cup Cakes (leftover) Tea Cocoa
SAT 15	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Wieners in Rolls Dill Pickles Celery Curls Carrot Sticks Stewed Apricots Doughnuts Tea Cocoa
SUN 16	Baked Apples French Toast Syrup Coffee	Tea	Tomato Bouillon Fried Eggplant Bacon Curls Raw Relishes Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa
MON 17	Mixed Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Buns Coffee	Tea	Fried Bologna Baked Potatoes Apple, Celery and Raisin Salad Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa
TUE 18	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Conserve Tea	Baked Stuffed Peppers (lamb and bread stuffing) Tomato Sauce Apricot Whip Cookies Tea Cocoa
WED 19	Apple Juice Cereal Creamy Eggs Ketchup Coffee	Toast Tea	Salmon Chowder Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Fresh Pears Tea Cocoa

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
THU 20	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Diced Cucumber and Lettuce Salad Apple Compote Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Spanish Cream with Peaches Coffee Tea
FRI 21	Cereal with Sliced Bananas Toast Coffee	Poached Eggs on Toast Assorted Relishes Fresh Fruits Crackers Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Cocktail Pan-broiled Fresh Herring French Fried Potatoes Scalloped Eggplant Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 22	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Fresh Pear Salad Tea Cocoa	Pork Hocks Boiled Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Chocolate Cake Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 23	Blended Fruit Juices Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Sauce on Toast Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Canned Raspberries Wafers Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Hot Mustard Sauce Browned Potatoes Cauliflower au Gratin Pumpkin Tarts Coffee Tea
MON 24	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Spanish Omelet Head Lettuce Wedges Olive Dressing Chocolate Cake (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Julienne Soup Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Savory Green Beans Apple Betty Coffee Tea
TUE 25	Prunes with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee	Casserole of Leftover Beef and Rice Tomato Sauce Tossed Salad Strawberry Ice Cream Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Mashed Potatoes Lyonaise Beets Halved Grapefruit Cookies Coffee Tea
WED 26	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Sausage-Stuffed Pepper Squash Sliced Tomatoes on Lettuce Canned Fruit Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Turnips Marmalade Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 27	Apple and Orange Juice Cereal Scones Coffee	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Potato and Green Pepper Salad Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Broiled Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Coconut Cream Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 28	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Potato and Onion Soup Salmon Salad in a Bun Raw Relishes Lemon Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Baked Lima Bean Casserole Fried Tomatoes Tossed Salad Deep Peach Pie Cheese Coffee Tea
SAT 29	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Beef and Vegetable Soup Crackers Cream Cheese and Jelly Sandwiches Citrus Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Braised Oxtails Mashed Potatoes Braised Celery and Carrots Raisin Coleslaw Butterscotch Blanmange Coffee Tea
SUN 30	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs and Vegetables on Waffles Cabbage and Pepper Slaw Applesauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill Mustard Relish Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Butterscotch Layer Cake Coffee Tea
MON 31	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bacon Curls Toast Coffee	Italian Spaghetti Green Salad Sliced Oranges and Bananas Layer Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Boiled Dinner (Brisket, Potatoes, Carrots and Onions) Cherry Snow Pudding Custard Sauce Coffee Tea



For Hallowe'en — Jack-o'-lantern cookies and apple juice punch. Draw the faces on gingersnaps or chocolate cookies with butter icing forced through a pastry tube. For a children's party, add an assortment of simple sandwiches and raw relishes. Adults will prefer spaghetti with a spicy sauce, a tossed salad and bread sticks.



TRY THIS TREAT TODAY!

Cheering cups of Fry's Cocoa

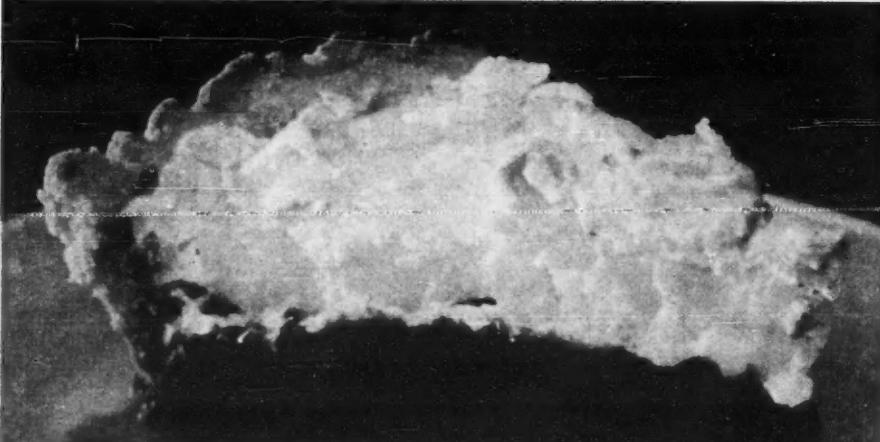
Breakfast-time, mid-afternoon, late evening—whenever you want a *delicious* drink — try Fry's Cocoa!

Sip its superb goodness . . . enjoy its tempting chocolate aroma. Serve some today — and see how the family comes

back for more, and more!

And Fry's Cocoa is tops for cooking, too. It mixes so easily, so smoothly—and mm-m-m-m, that richer *chocolate* flavor! No wonder Fry's is Canada's favorite — by 3 to 1!*

*According to a National Survey



CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PIE

FEATURING: Fry's Cocoa — 2 eggs

Mix in top of double boiler . . .

1/2 cup Fry's Cocoa

2/3 cup sugar

4 tablespoons

cornstarch

1/8 teaspoon salt

2 1/2 cups milk

Gradually add

Mix well. Cook over boiling water, stirring until thickened. Cover and cook 15 minutes, stir occasionally.

Gradually add to hot mixture 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Return to heat and cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly

Cool, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla

Pour into 8-inch baked pie shell.

Beat until stiff but not dry 2 egg whites

Gradually beat in 4 tablespoons sugar

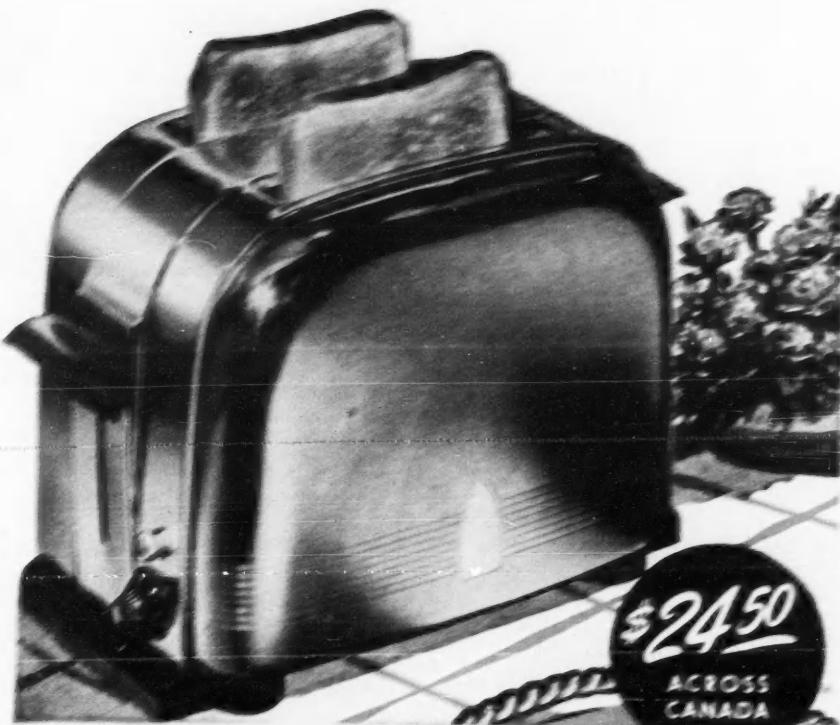
Spread on top of pie. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 15 to 20 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned.

Cool before serving.



FRY'S the cocoa with
the richer chocolate flavor

It's Here!
It's Better
It's British



A new Fully Automatic Pop-up Toaster at a lower Price

MORPHY-RICHARDS Fully Automatic TOASTER



MADE IN ENGLAND WITH FAMED BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP

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Even first slice is browned to exact shade you set on automatic control dial.



NEW TRIP BUTTON

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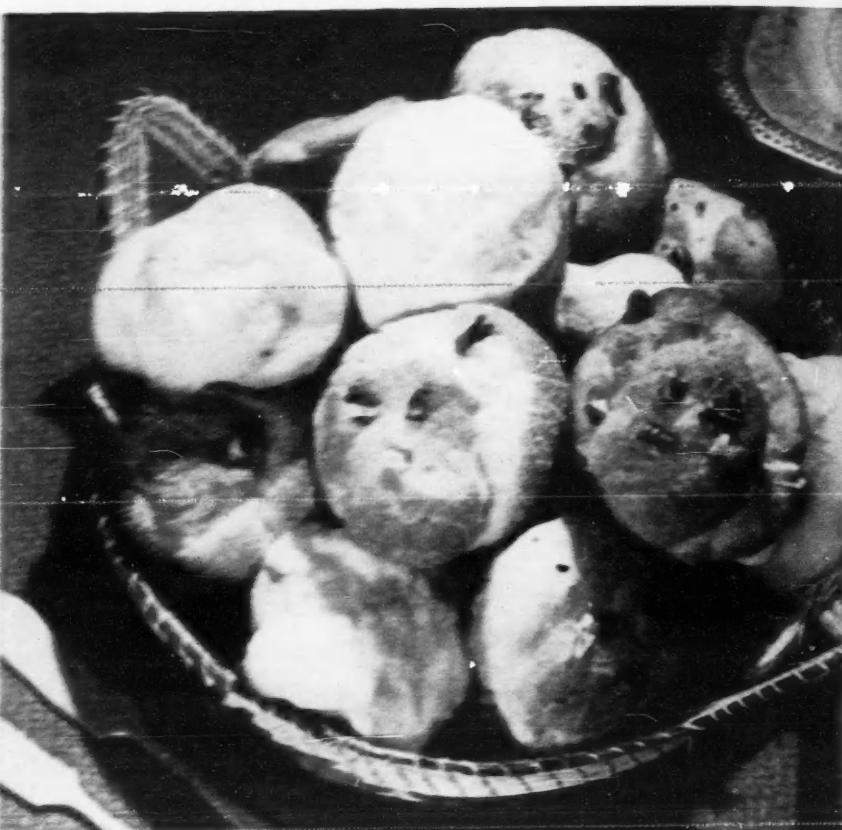
Morphy-Richards (Canada) Limited, 760 Victoria Square, Montreal



The Institute Features

Homemade Rolls

FOR THANKSGIVING



Quickly made sweet rolls with a baked-on icing strike an appropriately old-fashioned note in a new-fashioned way.

Quick Dinner Rolls

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, scalded
1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
1 package dry granular yeast
3 cups sifted bread flour
1 egg, beaten

of sugar and cinnamon with a few chopped nuts, or covered with sugar-flour topping (see below).

Let rolls rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in a medium oven (350 degrees F.) for 15 to 20 minutes or until a light golden brown.

Yield: 1½ dozen rolls.

Sugar-flour Topping

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

METHOD: Add shortening, the 1 tablespoon of sugar and the salt to scalding milk. Allow to cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, dissolve the 1 teaspoon sugar in the lukewarm water and sprinkle yeast over top; let stand for about 10 minutes. Sift, then measure flour into large mixing bowl. When milk mixture is lukewarm, combine with yeast mixture and add beaten egg. Pour combined liquids into flour and beat until smooth. Drop by tablespoons into 18 greased muffin tins, filling about $\frac{1}{2}$ full. Rolls may be left plain if desired, sprinkled with a mixture

of sugar and cinnamon with a few chopped nuts, or covered with sugar-flour topping (see below). Drop melted fat here and there over mixture and stir in with a fork. Sprinkle over tops of rolls, pressing in gently. Makes enough topping for 9 rolls.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute.)

Main Dish Magic

at Less than 19c a Serving

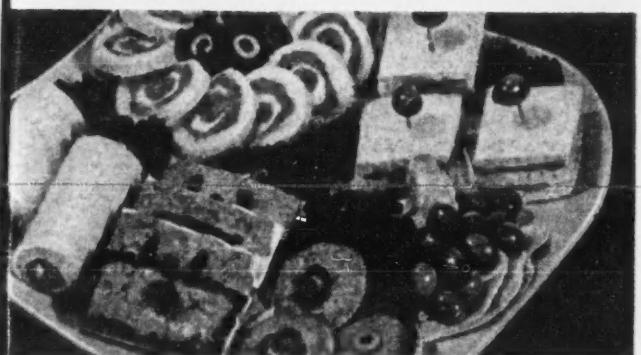


Wonderful
is the word for
Canned Salmon
Baked Potatoes

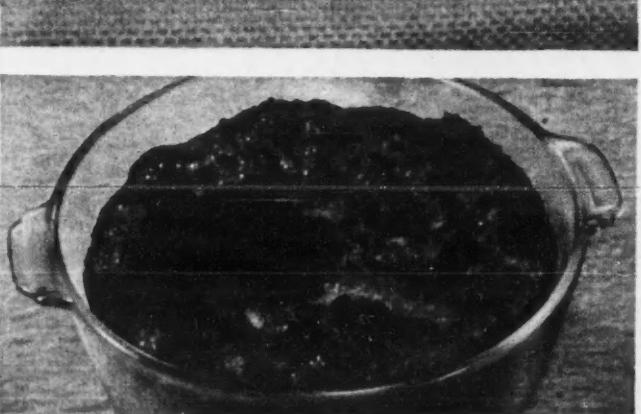
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Canned Salmon, flaked
4 baked potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon minced parsley

2 tablespoons grated cheese
A little hot milk
Paprika
Lemon juice
2 tomatoes
1 tin peas

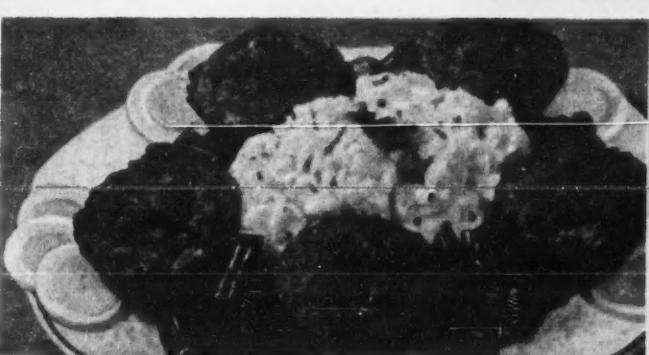
Bake potatoes until tender, make a cut in the top of each, scoop out potatoes, keep skins hot. Mash potato, add butter and just enough hot milk to moisten. Add parsley, seasonings and cheese. Squeeze juice of lemon over Canned Salmon and lightly fold the Canned Salmon into the potato. Replace in skin, sprinkle paprika on top and place potatoes under broiler for a moment. Serves four.



FANCY HOSTESS SANDWICHES: Wonderful for quick snack sandwiches any time. Canned Salmon and a little imagination conjures up exquisite party delicacies. Mix Salmon with mayonnaise, chopped onions. Garnish with chopped olives, chopped pickles, pimento or cuts of asparagus. Make sandwiches in rolls, open face or three deckers. Here's party treats your guests will appreciate.



SALMON en CASSEROLE: Combine 1 lb. flaked salmon and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, add 2 beaten eggs, and 1 cup milk. Pour mixture into buttered casserole dish. Pour 2 tablespoons melted butter over 8 crackers rolled and sprinkle on top of casserole. Pour juice of 1 lemon over all. Cover casserole and set in dish of water and bake in moderate oven, 350-375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 4.



CANNED SALMON PUFFS: Flake 1 lb. salmon and add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and a dash of pepper and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup bread crumbs and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Add 3 beaten egg yolks; mix thoroughly and then fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased custard cups. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven 300 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Unmold on a hot platter, garnish and serve with a tartar sauce.

Luxury dishes at down-to-earth prices are easy with Canned Salmon. Rich in vital food elements, every pound of Salmon you pay for gives you a full pound of nourishing, edible food. Because there is no waste in

Salmon, you are actually getting the most for your food dollar. Serve Canned Salmon and save. Save shopping time, save money. Most important is the fact that tempting Canned Salmon dishes are nutritious.

ASSOCIATED SALMON CANNERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



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WHEREVER you hang mirrors you'll find living reflections that brighten and cheer. In living, dining, or bedroom; in hallways and kitchen, mirrors create a welcome illusion of extra space, extra light and life.

Important: only the finest polished plate glass mirrors can give you flawless reflections. That's why Hobbs Peacock mirrors are the first choice of those people who really love their homes. Hobbs Peacock mirrors are genuine polished plate glass, silver-sprayed for extra brilliance, longer life. Exquisite designs! Ask for Hobbs Peacock mirrors by name.

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Pork Hocks for Dinner

by Jane Monteith



A real meal for a hungry man — pork hocks and boiled vegetables with a tangy starter and a luscious dessert. Simple and wholesome, yet full of eye appeal, is this example of the well-balanced meal.

Pork Hocks and Vegetables

3 to 4 Pounds fresh pork hocks

Salt

1 Small bay leaf

3 Peppercorns

6 Medium potatoes

12 Medium carrots

1 Medium head cabbage, cut in 6 wedges

REGULAR METHOD: Wash pork hocks thoroughly. Sprinkle each liberally with salt. Place in very large kettle and cover with water, add bay leaf and peppercorns, cover and simmer for 2½ hours or until tender. Add potatoes (halved) and whole carrots one-half hour before the meat is done. If the pot is large enough, add cabbage wedges 15 minutes before the rest of the meal is cooked. Or cook the cabbage separately.

BY PRESSURE COOKER: Place washed and salted pork hocks in pressure saucepan with 1 cup water, the bay leaf and peppercorns. Bring up to pressure and cook at 15 pounds pressure for 50 minutes. Bring down pressure quickly and remove pork hocks with all but ½ cup liquid to a medium oven (350 degrees F.) to keep hot. Place potatoes in pressure saucepan, with the

½ cup liquid, bring to pressure and cook 10 minutes. Reduce pressure and place potatoes in a pan in the oven. Cook carrots and cabbage together in pressure saucepan at 15 pounds pressure for 5 minutes. Reduce pressure quickly.

TO SERVE: Drain meat and vegetables and arrange on platter and serving dishes, garnished with parsley. Serve at once.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

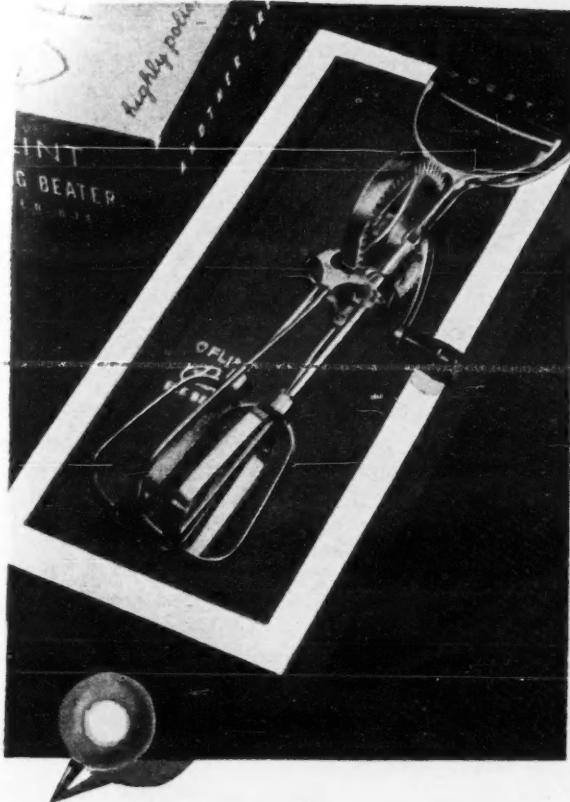
For dessert

Quick Lemon Pie

No trick to making a luscious dessert that's just right to follow a pork hock main course.

Choose a packaged pastry mix. Your grocer has a number of extra good ones. For an 8-inch pie you'll need only half the package. Put it in a bowl, add water (only half the amount given on the package if you're making one pie shell.) Mix it lightly with a fork then roll out gently on a floured board. Fit it into an 8-inch pie pan, prick with a fork, then bake in a very hot oven (475 degrees F.) for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool thoroughly. For the filling, try one of the really fresh lemon-flavored fillings that come already to cook. Directions are on the package. *

Once in a lifetime!



EKCO "Best" Egg Beater . . . "Feather touch" tireless action, geared to eight stainless steel blades, delivers 7500 blade strokes per minute at cruising speed. Friction parts are chrome finished for durability. Handles are hardened Bakelite. Makes beating such fun the family will argue about whose turn it is. Packed in attractive gift box \$5.95.



NEW EKOWARE . . . A joy to behold — are these EKCO Stainless Steel cooking utensils. Stay-cool, heat repelling handles and lid knobs make them a joy to use too. Double thick copper bottoms conduct more heat faster for cooking speed and economy. Illustrated are the covered frying pan, saucepan and double boiler. Single pieces, from \$4.50.



EKCO FLINT Kitchen Tools . . . So good they're actually guaranteed for 15 years. Stainless steel working surfaces with stay-cool, heat repelling handles. A neat wall-rack holds all six pieces handy for instant use. Single pieces can be had for as little as \$2.25. EKCO FLINT set illustrated \$16.95.

Also makers of EKCO FLINT can openers, stainless steel mixing bowls, EKCO pressure cookers and other quality housewares.

When it's labelled



* You
Spend over 5 hours
of every day in the kitchen

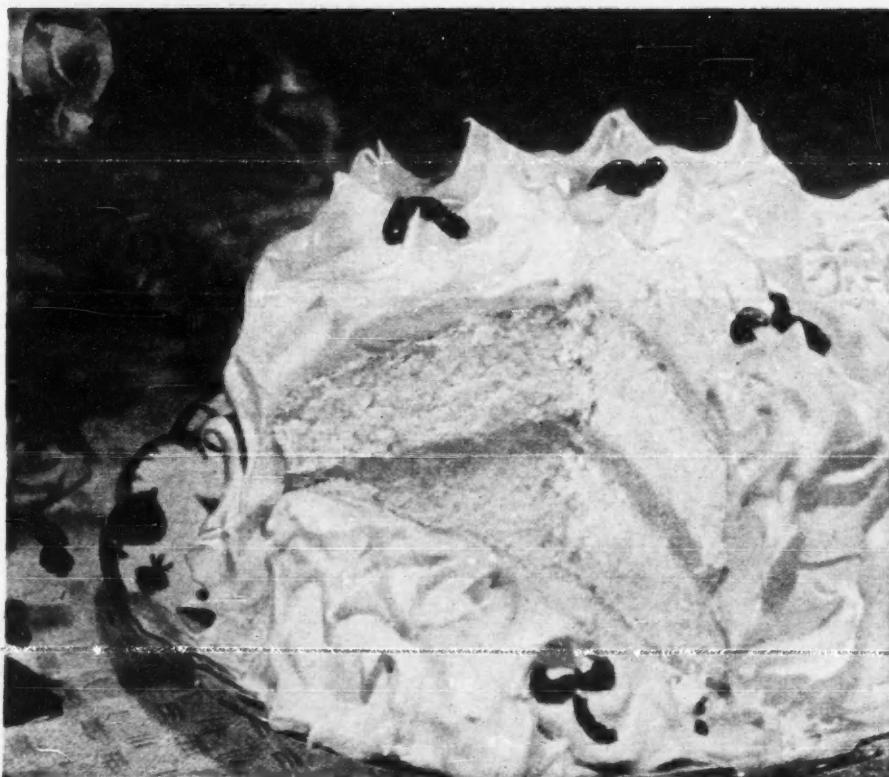
You owe yourself the best
in Kitchen Utensils

*According to National Research by a leading Women's Magazine most women spend over 5 hours a day in the kitchen.

The biggest name in housewares—at better stores everywhere.

EKCO PRODUCTS
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TORONTO





PROUDEST WORDS

"Made it Myself!"

A girl has a right to be the centre of attention when she bakes this feather-light "Golden Glory" . . . the cake to stop all competition! Your friends will marvel . . . yet . . . (sh! secretly you will know) . . .

IT'S SO EASY WITH DOMESTIC THE ALL PURPOSE SHORTENING

GOLDEN GLORY

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup "Domestic" Shortening
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
3 "Maple Leaf" eggs
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut

Cream shortening until very light. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Separate eggs and beat yolks well. Add to the above and beat until light and smooth. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Add these dry ingredients, alternately with orange juice and water. Fold in shredded coconut. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Bake in two circular 8-inch layer cake pans (greased and lined with wax paper) at 350 degrees F. for 35 minutes. Spread Orange Filling between layers, and Boiled Frosting over top and sides. Decorate with slivers of green cherries.

BOILED FROSTING

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg white
3 tablespoons cold water

Combine all ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with a rotary egg beater, for about 7 minutes, or until the frosting stands in stiff peaks.

Yes it's no trick at all to bake with "Domestic"—the perfect shortening for fine-textured, light cakes. "Domestic" creams easily and lightly—and you can be sure of fresh, delicate flavour! Try this grand cake. It's a prize-winning recipe, made even better with wonderful "Domestic" Shortening.

Grace York

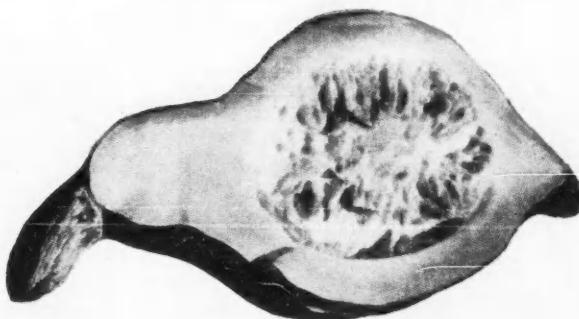
Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Always...
The
Quality
Standard



Give Squash a Break



*The Institute suggests 10 ways
to cook and serve it*

IF YOU'RE in a rut when it comes to thinking up variety in vegetables, get a squash, a great big Hubbard squash. And that doesn't mean you'll have to have plain boiled squash four days running.

First of all cut or break the big squash in half. Cover the cut side of one half with waxed paper and put it in a cool place. With the other half try one or two of the cooking methods suggested below. Then, as we did in the Institute, you'll want to try more ways with squash. We'll wager that other half squash won't be sitting around very long.

Some stores, of course, will sell you half a squash, which is a good buy if you cook for a small family.

How to Prepare

Early in the season the squash has a tender skin and cuts easily, but later

you may have to urge the knife through with a mallet. It's worth the effort though because the late squash is drier and mealier and all the better for cooking.

When the skin is dry and tough leave it on until the squash is cooked then scoop out the yellow vegetable and discard the skin. The tender skin of the early squash can be cut off before cooking.

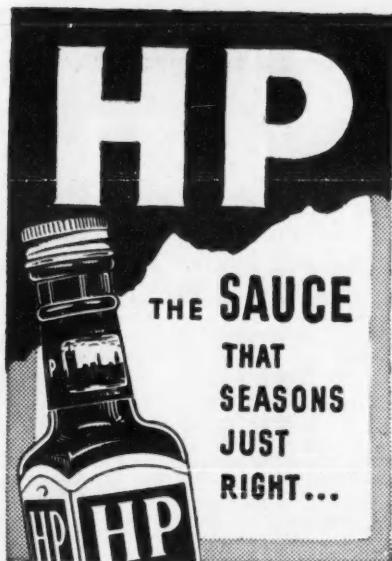
Here are 10 ways to cook or serve squash.

How to Cook

1. Boiled squash. Wash thoroughly after cutting. Remove seeds and centre stringy portion. Leave in large piece or cut into pieces. Skin may be left on if it is tough. Place in a small amount of boiling water (just enough to come up $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in kettle) — cut side up. Sprinkle with salt. Cover and cook at



Squash in orange cups is a novel way to serve this colorful fall vegetable. Top each with a piece of marshmallow for extra interest. Looks pretty on a dinner plate of ham or sausage with a green vegetable such as peas or beans.



THE SAUCE
THAT
SEASONS
JUST
RIGHT...



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Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASSTEETH on your plates. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASSTEETH today at any drug store.



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

boiling point for 20 to 30 minutes or until tender. Drain thoroughly, scoop squash out of skin, mash. Serve hot.

2. **Pressure-cooked.** Prepare squash. Put in pressure saucepan. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Sprinkle with salt. Cover pan, bring up to pressure and cook 8 to 10 minutes. Bring down pressure.

3. **Baked squash.** Cut squash in serving pieces or in half or quarters. Remove seeds and stringy portion. Wash thoroughly and dry. Place cut side up in deep bake dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot over with margarine or butter. Cover bake dish. Bake for 40 to 60 minutes in moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Squash Dishes

4. **Savory squash patties.** To freshly cooked or leftover squash add a little lightly browned chopped onion and season with salt and pepper. Drop by spoonfuls into cornflake, cracker or fine dry bread crumbs and coat well. Lift on to greased shallow baking pan or cookie sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

5. **Squash and Meat Casserole.** Line bottom of greased casserole with soft bread crumbs. Add a thick layer of cooked squash. Then a layer of browned minced steak or leftover chopped roast pork, or beef or ham. Season with onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. If meat is dry spread a little chili sauce or canned tomato over it. Cover with squash and top with bread crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

6. **Steamed squash with parsley sauce.** Prepare squash as for baked squash. Place in steamer over boiling water. Cover tightly and cook until squash is tender (20 or 30 minutes). 15 minutes before serving, peel pieces. Pour white sauce over. Place in oven until heated. Sprinkle with parsley.

7. **Squash au Gratin.** Prepare as above but top the white sauce with grated cheese, then buttered crumbs.

8. **Squash Creole.** Steam or bake squash until almost tender. Cool then peel and cut in cubes. Fry one or two onions in bacon dripping until delicate brown. Combine onions with drained canned tomatoes, a little sugar (one to two teaspoons), salt and pepper. Arrange squash, tomato mixture and soft bread crumbs in layers in greased bake dish. Bake at 350 degrees F. 30 minutes.

9. **Squash and potato balls.** This is fine if you have a little of both vegetables left over. Mix cooked squash and mashed potato together. Add chopped parsley, slightly beaten egg (1 egg for 3 cups mixture), salt and pepper. Drop large spoonfuls into flour and coat thoroughly. Brown in a little bacon fat in frying pan. Nice with crisp bacon or sausages.

10. **Squash in orange cups.** When squeezing oranges at breakfast time save the orange cups and some of the juice. For lunch or dinner put cooked mashed squash moistened with a little orange juice into orange cups. Top each with a piece of marshmallow. Bake until heated through.



BRENDA YORK'S "Here's How" COOKERY COLUMN

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: October comes along, I firmly believe, at just the right time to give us all a new lease on life. After a session with the heat waves (remember?) we come to life and clean house, put the garden to bed, paint and polish with a vim and vigor that comes, I'm sure, from the tonic of crisp Fall air. And appetites—they're really *something!* It's a lucky family who has a good cook "master-minding" in the kitchen—she'll be kept busy, you can bet!

At the first snap in the air, most of us get out the rolling-pin, pastry cloth, cake tins and cookie sheets and whip up a few tasty items for tea or dinner. With this in mind, here are a few hints that it will pay to remember:

Pastry: Using two table knives, cut shortening into the flour until the pieces are the size of peas, with a few larger pieces. The small pieces of shortening pick up a large quantity of flour and this has a decided tenderizing action. The larger pieces of shortening melt, form steam and thus puff the pastry into flaky layers. Shortening and water should both be ice-cold. "Work" the pastry lightly, quickly, and as little as possible. Pastry stored in the refrigerator for at least 24 hours is easier to roll out, flakier and lighter.

Cakes: Don't skimp on creaming the shortening. This action incorporates air and results in finer-textured, lighter cakes.

General: Shortening is ideal for deep fat frying—and can be used over and over again if the melted fat is carefully strained after each use. Once a fat "smokes" though, it should be discarded.

Shortening that is *unsalted* should always be used when greasing pans for baking to prevent the mixture from sticking. Apply on waxed paper—or melt and apply with a pastry brush.

As you know, my job at Canada Packers takes me into every department at the plant—and one spot that never ceases to fascinate is the research laboratory. Here, "Domestic" Shortening, like all our products, undergoes constant rigid tests. It's tested for creaming power which is so important to cake texture. It's tested for the high temperature it can reach without smoking. It's tested for bland flavour, for keeping qualities. And you can be sure, after all these thorough tests, that you can rely on "Domestic" Shortening for uniform high quality.

\$100.00 PRIZE FOR BEST RECIPE USING

"DOMESTIC" SHORTENING

Send your recipe, name and address before midnight, October 31st, 1949, to:

BRENDA YORK

"Good-Things-To-Eat"
Reporter,
c/o Canada Packers
Limited,

2204 St. Clair Avenue W.,
Toronto, Canada

Winner will be announced
in my January Column

CONGRATULATIONS AND \$100.00 TO:

**MRS. ALLEN FRETTS, 358-9th Street South East,
Medicine Hat, Alberta**

for an ingenious and delightful dish that has all the
ingredients of good eating!

"MAPLE LEAF" CRUMB-RAREBIT WIENERS

1 pound "Maple Leaf" Wieners (cello-wrapped)	1 teaspoon melted Margene
1 cup soft bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage
1 cup grated "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese	1 egg, well beaten
Salt and pepper to taste	1 tablespoon finely minced onion

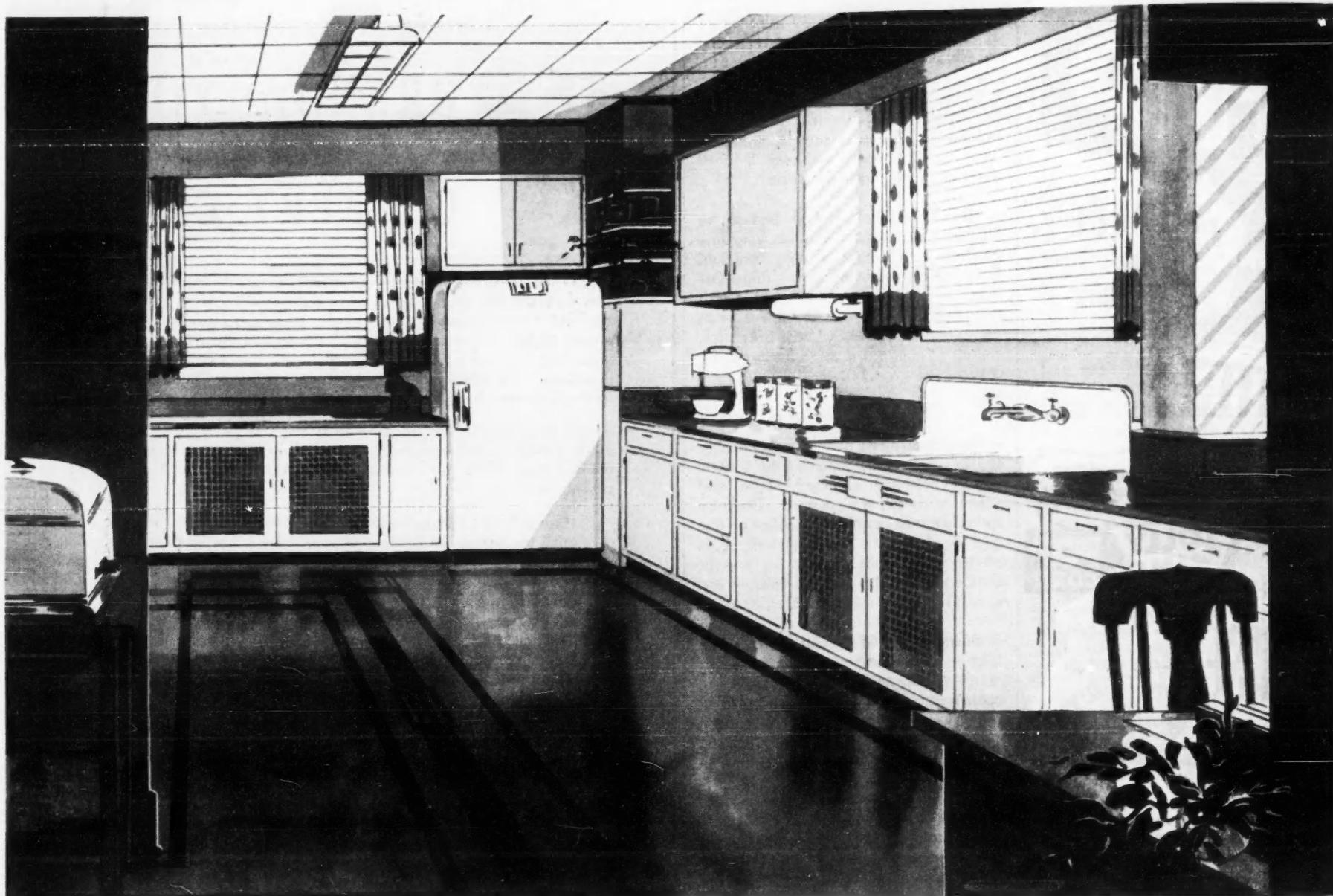
Slit wieners lengthwise, being careful not to cut through to the other side. Combine remaining ingredients. Place stuffed wieners on a lightly greased baking sheet and bake at 475°F. for 15 minutes.

Serve with hot tomato sauce. Four to six servings. If desired, stuffed wieners may be wrapped with a strip of "Maple Leaf" Breakfast Bacon before baking.

Many thanks for all your letters—it's nice to know that so many of you approve of our new "Here's How" Column and the monthly cooking lesson. Keep on writing, won't you?

Your "Good-Things-to-Eat" Reporter,

(Signature of Brenda York)



Our Kitchen is Yours

by **Marie Holmes** Director Chatelaine Institute



The baking corner has both gas and electric stoves and cupboards drawers hold staples and utensils within easy reach.

Fresh in its new dress is our Institute kitchen ready as always to work full time for Chatelaine homemakers.

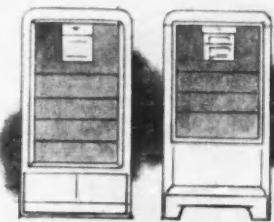
STEP INTO our freshly decorated kitchen, fellow homemakers. We'd like you to become acquainted with it, because this kitchen is yours as well as ours.

Every recipe that appears on the Institute pages of Chatelaine is tested in the kitchen which you see illustrated on this page. All day as we work in this kitchen we are thinking of you. Whether it's a new cake we're mixing, a kettle of jam we're stirring or a "different" method for cooking a cheaper cut of meat, we have you in mind. If our recipe for the cake is foolproof, if our jam sets and has good flavor, if the meat method proves better than any one used before, then we will pass them all on to you in a forthcoming issue of the magazine.

This kitchen of ours is not a cold ultramodern laboratory but a working home kitchen. True it's a little larger than yours at home may be. Ours must be big enough for three, sometimes four or five people to work in at one time. And sometimes we must find room in it for a photographer with his camera and lights. The "how-to-do" pictures you see in the magazine are taken here.

Six months ago if you had come to visit us, you would never have recognized the kitchen as it appears today. Plumbers, carpenters and painters had taken over. Confusion was everywhere, saucepans, bowls, jars and canisters were piled high in a storage room. We were remodeling and extending our kitchen. • *Continued on page 96*

Be sure
of the features that count



Compact "6" Standard "4"

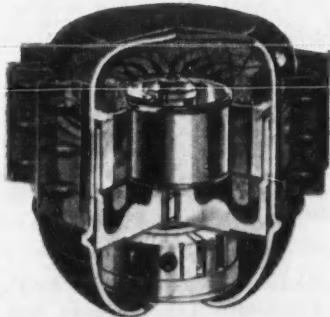
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A revolutionary new "bigger, but smaller" design gives you about two cubic feet more food space in these new Frigidaire refrigerators. The Compact "6" fits the kitchen space formerly required for a "4".



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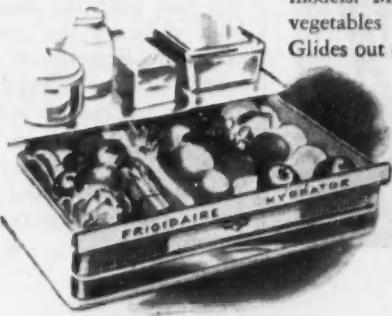
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Our Kitchen is Yours

Continued from page 94

Now all the utensils, right to the last bottle of flavoring and our favorite wooden spoon are back in their special places, and those places are special, too, because part of our plan for the new kitchen was to rearrange our working tools so they would be convenient to the particular area assigned to each job.

Stoves Side by Side

In rearranging the equipment we had to consider the placing of two stoves, one gas, one electric. These we put side by side near the baking corner so we can watch foods cooking on both at the same time. Not satisfied with one test we often make up several dishes of similar ingredients, then cook them by gas and electricity.

Yes, we have a big refrigerator. We need it to store perishable foods. It's generally filled to capacity for we cook all day long and we shop for several days' testing at a time. This eliminates the interruption of spasmodic trips to the corner grocery.

New Equipment to Test

We wish we could have shown you our new sink. It's much more than a sink. There's a combination dishwasher, clothes washer and sink all in one unit, on the same side as our general utility sink. Some of these new pieces of equipment like the combination sink, our garbage disposal unit, our electric roaster and our freezer bring our kitchen up-to-date. As we use them we learn their worth, the best way to operate them and how to keep them operating efficiently. Then, equipped with the answers, we can help you when you add them to your kitchen.

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As you see in our illustrations we have started with a rose-red accent. It's in our dainty plastic curtains, the canisters and flower pots. Even the turn switch of the tiny hang-up grey radio (a present to the new Institute and which you don't see sketched) matches our red trim.

Just for Chatelaine

We of the Institute believe in everything that makes a home. Because we have homes of our own we know the importance of the kitchen. It is the homemaker's workshop, her centre of greatest industry because in it are prepared the good wholesome meals, so much a part of family life. That is why the first Institute kitchen was built, built right on the same floor as the editorial department of Chatelaine magazine many, many years ago. It was the first of its kind in Canada. While growing and improving with the magazine, it has maintained its original purpose—of providing sound practical advice and tested recipes for Chatelaine's homemakers.



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By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.B.
Editor, Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic
Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 601, 5 cents

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The Longing and the Lost

Continued from page 73

private and happy place. "I'm sorry," Turner said. He kissed her again. They murmured and smiled at each other. "I have a lousy disposition, Janie."

"You have, indeed," she said comfortably. She took a cigarette from the package in his shirt pocket and sat back on the couch. Shifting her position, and looking up as she shook out the match in her hand, she saw the clock. "I almost forgot," she said suddenly. "Flo Sanderson said something about our having dinner with her tonight. I'm supposed to call her this afternoon."

"Oh, hell," Turner said, irritable again. "Not tonight. Not with that old harp."

Her feeling of comfort vanished, but she tried to sound reasonable and unconcerned. "She's not old, and she's not a harpy. She's nice and intelligent and amusing and very attractive. She's also my boss."

"That's right." Turner looked at her with calm attention. "Is it still so important to butter up the boss? Does this mean you've pretty well decided to stay on?"

"It isn't decided, I didn't say that, I don't know!" She had been tense and nervous ever since he had come this afternoon, and now she was almost ready to cry. Her voice rose. "Go mix yourself a drink. Go do something. Quit hammering at me a moment, won't you?"

He went toward the kitchen without looking at her, without saying a word, and it frightened her more than if he had turned with obvious anger. We've been quarreling so much, she thought wearily. We never used to quarrel. If he'd only let me alone for a little while, give me time—

But he had given her time. Four months of it. He was growing tired of waiting. Perhaps it was only a question of more time before he was tired of her.

She had reached the point where she could not consider the issue itself, alone; she had to go back to the beginning and follow along the entire distance up to today—today, when she and Turner, who were so honestly in love, had been bickering with a thin bad humor more deadly than shouting rage. She remembered the party where they had met. A dull, noisy party with too many people. After the introductions they had tried to talk together in a corner, but there was so much confusion and so many interruptions; he's very nice, she had thought afterward, superstitiously sure that he would not even remember her name, I wish we'd had a chance . . . and then, the very next afternoon, they had met by accident on a street corner.

He didn't remember her name, actually, but it didn't matter. It was evident that he remembered her. "Let's have a drink," he had said. Both of them were swept by an inexplicable feeling of festivity, of sheer luck, that they should have met again so suddenly. They went into a bar and ordered champagne cocktails, to indicate their private fête; they laughed and talked and danced together, and Turner ordered a bottle of champagne, the best the bar had. It was dark before they left. The garish neon signs of the street were like rainbows in the rain. They hadn't known it was raining, and didn't care; they walked slowly and laughed

uproariously at the joke they had just discovered, the stupid joke of fate that, until the day before, they had never known each other . . .

THAT WAS the beginning. Turner had been on his way to buy a radio that day they met on the street corner; "the day we drank up the radio," they called it afterward. But the champagne had not deceived them. They were incredibly lucky. They were attracted to each other, congenial, sympathetic. They fell in love. And then, when they began to plan their wedding, Turner said, "What would you say to a year in Europe?"

"Europe?" she had repeated, as she would have said: "the moon?"

"Sure. Did you think I wasn't serious?"

She hadn't thought he was serious, not when he had talked about it before. He considered his job on a trade paper only as a stopgap, he had told her; he had always wanted to do political reporting and planned to spend a year in Europe free-lancing to establish a reputation in the field.

"It's the only way to break in," he said. "And a year in Europe, think of it. France, Italy, Germany, Spain—"

"But you've got such a good job here," she had said weakly. "You might be made editor soon, and that would be a tremendously good job." She had thought, with such happiness, of how well they would start out. Already she had added up their combined income.

"But I don't like working on a trade paper," he had said. "It's perfectly all right, but I don't like it."

She would have preferred that he mention it first, but apparently he had not thought it worth mentioning. "What about my job?"

"Well? You're not a career girl, are you?"

"You know I'm not," she had answered furiously. "It's not a question of that. A year in Europe would be fun, it would be marvelous, I'd love it. But we'd be giving up two good jobs to go. We're not fresh out of college any more, Turner. We're both old enough so that it's risky to start from the bottom again. We've both put a lot of time and effort establishing ourselves this far. But if we went to Europe—well—"

"Maybe it wouldn't work out?"

She was 28—hardly an advanced age, Turner said, when he accused her of harping on the subject—and her values had changed. She knew the importance of security. She had already seen some of her friends go down. She wanted to be on the winning side. If Turner kept his present job, they would have, together, an income of \$7,000 a year. They could begin properly, with a car and a pleasant house, nicely furnished; they could give parties and take trips and treat themselves to some luxuries, and maintain a comfortable savings account too. After Turner was made editor of the trade paper (and the position was all but promised to him), she could quit her job, and they would have several children and a happy, prosperous life. Why should they risk all that on a whim? Why should they throw it away on a glamourous gamble? If they could know that a year in Europe would bring Turner a better position—but they couldn't know. No one could promise for the future.

Turner came back in from the kitchen. He looked more cheerful—in

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a determined way—and he had even remembered to bring coasters for the drinks he had mixed. Janie's apartment was small, but attractive and carefully kept; she hated to have the furniture marked with wet rings or cigarette burns. She was inclined to be a little fussy about it.

The clock on the mantel chimed four. "That late?"

"I suppose so. The clock's usually right." She thought of a sundial, flat and immobile on the grass, and its solemn warning: It is later than you think. "I'll have to call Flo," she said, "and tell her something about tonight, one way or another."

"Do you think we can manage sometime alone later?"

Tonight. She could feel it coming. The decision would be made tonight.

"Oh, yes. Flo said just for dinner. I think she and Albert have something planned afterward."

"Let's go ahead then, if you want to."

She kissed him good-by at the door.

She crossed the room, picked up the telephone, and dialed a number. "Hello," she said. "Flo?"

As she talked, she pulled a pad and pencil near. She was, by habit, neat and efficient, even in unnecessary little details. Flo Sanderson, she wrote absently. Eight o'clock. The Patio restaurant.

THE HEADWAITER bowed and smiled. Headwaiters usually bowed and smiled in their best manner for Florence Sanderson. "Good evening," he said deeply and, with a magician's flourish, pulled out chairs, produced

menus, and caused a waiter and a bus boy to materialize out of nowhere. Ice tinkled into glasses, candles glowed, cocktails appeared. The waiter stood, half hovering, half invisible, his pencil and pad ready for the orders.

"The capon," Florence Sanderson said. "If you're positive it isn't the dead brother of one of those caged creatures." The waiter smiled blandly and murmured; the tropical birds squaled and preened their feathers.

"Birds," Florence said to Janie to Turner. "I really don't see why those birds are considered necessary to the decor. Do you?"

"Maybe the owner likes birds," Turner said.

"Well, I like them too, when they're where they belong, flying around in the sky at a great distance. But when they perch in those ridiculous cages, eyeing me while I eat . . ."

"I've always been afraid of birds, and I don't know why," Janie said. "A friend of mine has a parrot and one evening when I was visiting her it lit on my shoulder in the dark and I nearly had a fit." Her voice faltered; she had told Turner about the parrot, perhaps twice before, and it suddenly seemed inane that the four of them should be launched on a long discussion of birds. But Janie knew, from long experience, that Flo expected to lead the conversation. It was only natural. Flo was a born executive, and thoroughly accustomed to authority; she always led everything. She was not grim. She laughed and smiled and spoke in her charmingly abrupt, quick fashion. But the control was evident. The conversation would

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COMING EVENTS

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Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., BT-98M or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

not stray into discussion or argument, not as long as Flo Sanderson wanted, for some reason, light chatter. Captain of the team, she held the conversational ball and bounced it toward Janie, Turner and Albert Miller, in turn. Obediently, they bounced it back.

She irritated Turner, but Janie admired her. She was slim and straight, pale, with an attractively haughty face. She looked an indefinite 30—it was impossible to imagine her at 20, or at 40. It was equally as impossible to imagine her careless in any particular of manner or dress. She wore a black dress, simple and subtly draped, and a small sleek hat. Her only ornament was a gold pin, strikingly bizarre in shape, clipped at the throat of her dress. The pin fascinated Janie. It was beautiful and odd, like a jagged heart, and had probably cost the equivalent of several months of Janie's salary. Flo Sanderson made a point of perfect accessories—and among the accessories, Janie thought, could be included her escort.

"How about another cocktail?" Albert Miller was saying to Flo, and smiling. No matter what he said—and what he said was very little and usually commonplace—his smile was aloof and sensual, suggesting secrets and hidden thoughts.

Abruptly she heard Flo say, "I've always liked that song."

The sound of the piano drifted through the cool, dim air. It was a haunting melody, slow, elusive, whispering tenderness.

"It is nice, isn't it?" Albert Miller said.

"I've always liked it," Flo repeated. "It reminds me—"

She did not say of what it reminded her. She stared down at her hands, watching, with a curious detachment, the aimless movement of her fingers. "I used to know someone who played that song very well," she said and then, with a sudden brittle laugh, she added, "Of course, it also happened to be the only song he could play."

"Anyone I know?"

She looked up at Albert Miller. "No," she said shortly. And then, smiling at Turner and Janie, "What is that apparition coming toward us? Do you have any idea?"

"I think she tells fortunes," Turner said. "Reveals the past and predicts the future. Let's have her over. A little light on the future," he said, glancing at Janie with the old impatience in his dark eyes, "might come in very handy."

"It's too silly, don't you think, Flo?" Janie said, and her voice sounded hectic. "I—"

Flo surprised her. "It might be fun," she murmured indulgently, and nodded toward the fortuneteller. "My word, do you suppose she found that costume under a rock somewhere? Maybe it's supposed to suggest that she lives in a cave and communes with the spirit voices"

At the approach of the fortuneteller, she altered her voice to a tone of kindly amused superiority. "We want to have our fortunes told," she said. "We have four palms here, all nice and clean, I trust, but no tea leaves. Do you—"

"I don't read tea leaves," the fortuneteller snapped. She was a stolid dull-looking woman, unimpressive, and her turban had slipped a little to one side.

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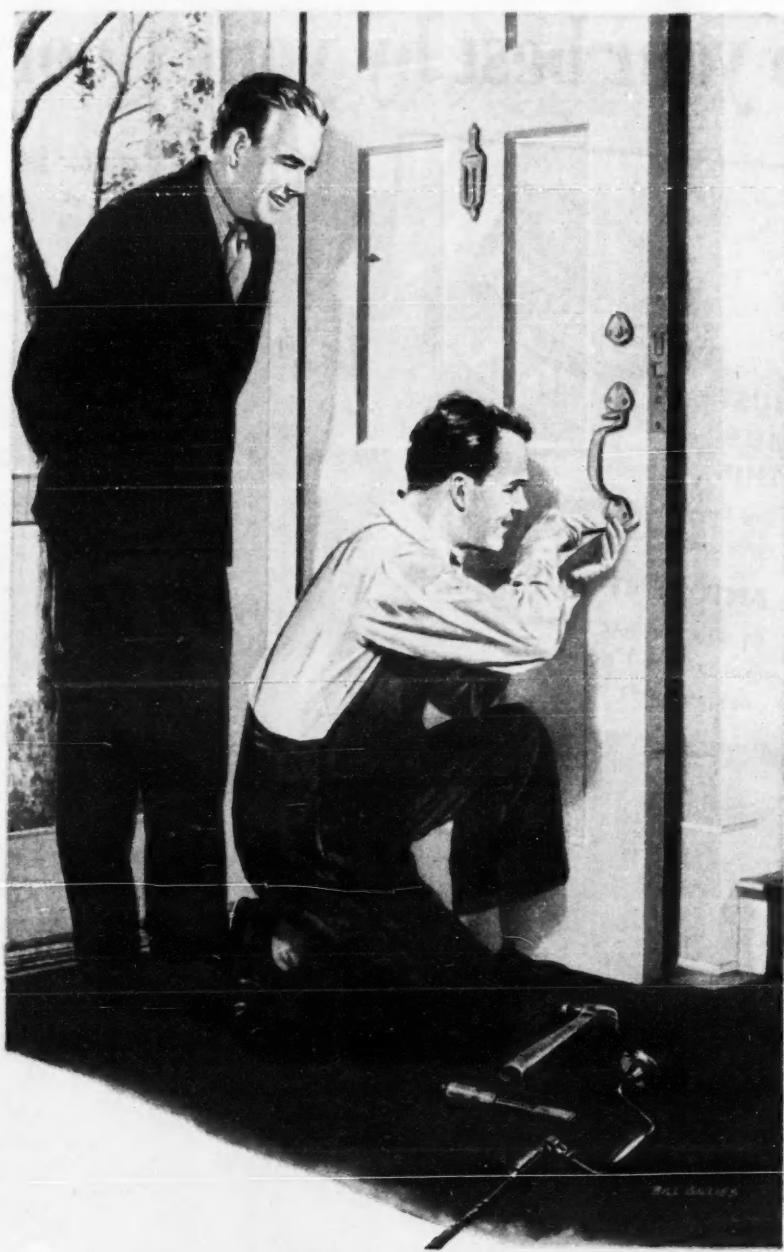
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She looked tired and uncomfortable, as though her feet hurt and her earrings pinched, and the ceaseless jangling of her bracelets got on her nerves. She also looked as though she had heard Flo's remarks about her. Her expression did not change, but she stared at Flo and antagonism shone in her eyes, bright as flame.

"If you'll give me your hand, Miss Sanderson," she said.

Flo looked startled for a moment, and then she began to laugh. "My name," she said, "is all that is written on the reservation card. From now on, you're on your own."

The woman ignored her. She looked down at Flo's hand in silence. With a stubby finger she traced a few lines on the palm. She turned the hand over for a moment, as though studying the rings there. She glanced toward Albert Miller. In a low hoarse murmur she began to rattle off a recitation. Flo was sensitive, inclined to quick judgments, generous—

"Oh, not my character, please," Flo interrupted. "What about the future?"

"What do you want to know?"

Flo signaled her amusement to the rest of them. "Oh, goodness," she said. "Any number of things. Is anything exciting going to happen soon? Will I inherit some money? Take a trip? Find love?"

Perhaps it was because Janie had never before heard her say the word, but Flo seemed to pronounce it in a peculiar fashion. "Love," she said, breathless, approaching it timidly. "Will I find love?"

The fortuneteller looked at her, hesitating; then she lowered her head. She really is a ridiculous creature, Janie thought, she looks like a bull about to charge.

"The love line is very faint," the fortuneteller said. She stumbled over the words; this was not a prepared recitation. "And soon it will be broken. There are plans for a marriage, but it will not take place."

IN THE SILENCE the sound of a waltz swirled toward them. Then Flo spoke. "How fascinating!" she said, with another burst of laughter. "Can you tell me why?"

"There will be no marriage," the fortuneteller repeated. "There is another woman, and there is also trouble about money. The line is hard to read here. I see gifts, and preparations for the wedding." The fortuneteller drew a breath, but she did not look up. "It would be a very expensive wedding," she said. "There is a lot of money indicated. But the marriage does not take place. There is a violent quarrel . . ."

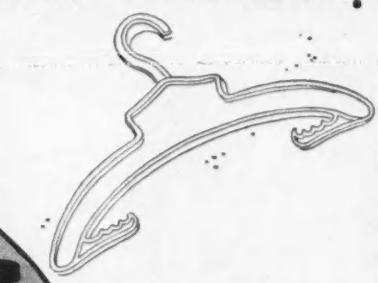
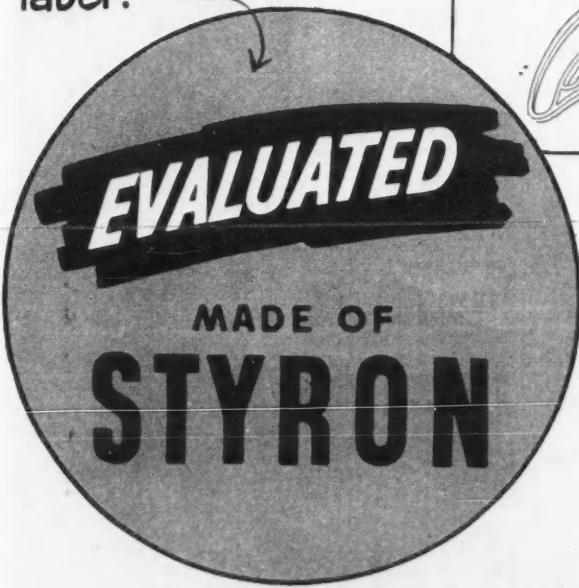
Why is Flo listening to all this, Janie thought, shifting restlessly in her chair, when she heard Flo say tightly, "What woman? What gifts? What do you mean about the money?"

At the same moment Albert Miller spoke, "Oh, for Pete's sake," he said, "this is just a lot of drivel. She's just trying to make an impression with all that—"

"If it were a line for the customers it wouldn't be like this," Flo said with dreadful rapidity, the words tumbling

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out like angry little demons. "And you wouldn't be so anxious to interrupt, would you, Albert? Would you? She means Lois Wharton, doesn't she? You're still seeing her, aren't you? Aren't you, Albert?"

"Florence!" Albert shouted.

But nothing could stop her. Her face was white and strained, the lines marked as though with heavy chalk, her eyes burning. "What about last Wednesday night when your phone was supposed to be out of order? What about that, Albert? And a week ago, when you were having all those business meetings?

Janie watched, hypnotized with horror. The last shreds of Flo Sanderson's self-control fell away; she was trembling in a frenzy of anger, one hand clenched around the pin at her neck, the bizarre gold pin shaped like a jagged heart. What the fortuneteller had guessed at one swift malicious glance, Janie saw now. Flo's much older than I thought, a part of Janie's mind noted coldly, and Albert's younger, and she's been supporting him.

"It's too bad, when you were being so careful, isn't it, Albert?" She couldn't stop saying his name. "Naturally you felt you had to pamper me, the circumstances being what they were, it would mean a lot to you, wouldn't it, Albert? I imagine you explained it to Lois. Didn't you? Didn't you?"

Her hands jerked at her purse, her gloves. They stopped at the check. "I'll let you sign for this," she said. "Just this once, Albert?"

Janie did not dare look up. They'll both be gone in a moment, she crooned to herself, this won't have to be endured much longer, it's only a question of sitting still and waiting. Retreating, she thought: and I was afraid of risks. I'll let Turner go—oh, yes, that was what I was thinking just a moment ago. That's what I meant. It's not safe to be tied up with someone else, it's better to live your life for yourself. I'll be safe, like Flo. Flo, who would turn to a

fortuneteller and ask, "Will I find love?" Flo, who was so starved that she would believe anyone—Albert Miller, first, and then the malicious words of an angry, stupid-looking, fat old woman.

She sat quite still and then suddenly she was conscious of the moonlight and the roses before her on the table, as though color had just returned to a scene drained to a dull grey, and she heard gay lilting music from the piano.

"Everybody's gone," Turner said. "Flo, Albert, even the fortuneteller."

Janie looked up at him. She felt his hand on hers, and a sweet warmth drifted over her. I love him, she thought, and he loves me. What else did I want? What was all this confusion for? Where else does safety lie?

"Even the fortuneteller?" she asked.

"Don't tell me you wanted your fortune told."

"Well," Janie said, "in a way. I wanted to hear her tell me that I was going to take a trip. An ocean trip, Turner, with a tall, dark man . . ."

AT MIDNIGHT The Patio closed. The chairs were stacked around the tables, the waiters yawning as they shrugged into their coats. The pianist was stacking his music; he frowned at the sheet before him and played a chorus.

The fortuneteller, standing behind him, said, "Play the whole thing. I've always liked that song."

"Don't tell me," the pianist said, "that it reminds you of something."

"Well . . ." said the fortuneteller. Grumpy and weary, she sighed and dug into her purse for a cigarette. "What a night," she said. "I can see myself getting fired tomorrow if a certain customer makes a complaint. I—"

The pianist wasn't interested. He squinted up at the dark sky. "I'm planning to go to the beach tomorrow," he said. "Think it's going to rain?"

They started out together. "How the devil should I know?" the fortuneteller asked.

+

First Star

Continued from page 81

fact, Virgie means nothing to me, you know. I only asked her because—well, because I didn't want to be left out."

"Yeah?" Tracy yawned. "Gosh, what a dull party. How soon you think we'll be moving on, Bud? Anyway, don't get the idea Virgie is hot stuff or that you're missing anything special. But she's a nice little kid."

SHE STOOD there, listening to the two boys discussing her and she wanted, quite literally, to die. Quickly. Preferably painlessly but in any case quickly, immediately, and with such complete annihilation that not even an eyelash would be left to remind anybody that Virgie Piersoll had ever trod this earth and had to listen to two boys talking about her this way: and one of them the first boy who had ever asked her for a date and the other a boy she had been just a little bit in love with for longer than she cared to admit.

Out of the frozenness she was aware of Midge's arms around her. "Never you mind, Virgie. They're absolute icks, both of them. All men are icks," Midge said, wiping Virgie's tears away, her own eyes filled with wrath for her friend's hurt—and gentle, triumphant malice.

"Oh, that Tracy," Midge said. "What I'll do to him when I get him alone!"

But all that Midge did to Tracy when she got him alone, in the car, was to go into Tracy's arms with a little gentle whimper. "I—Oh, Tracy!"

After that there were sounds that even Virgie, in her inexperience, could pretty well identify. She sat as far as she could from Bud, who stared ahead into the night.

"End of the line," he said, helping her out at the country club. He sounded relieved. Only this one more place and the evening would be over. But this place would be the worst because their parents would be here, to share the cake and punch and hear the presentation of the award and watch them dancing.

She wasn't stuck as badly as she had been afraid she would be. Everybody could guess that Bud danced with her only because he had to; and once or twice she thought she saw her mother glance curiously in her direction with that anxious look mothers get when they want to fix things up for you and just can't. But it wasn't too bad. Or else she was too numb to care any more.

THE BAND played *Good Night Ladies* and they got into the car once more and Bud drove silently and didn't suggest taking Midge and Tracy home first.

Continued on page 107

galaxy by coro . . .

galaxy

... as brilliant and beautiful
as the stars themselves,
and almost as many different
pieces to choose from!
Shown here are only a
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200 lovely Galaxy designs
all of them Coro originals.



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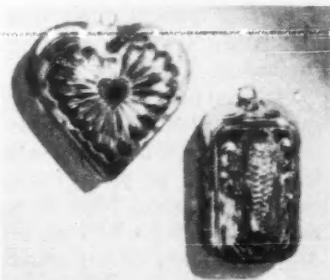
makes air pine fresh
in kitchens, cellars, closets,
living rooms, bathrooms
dispels bad odors
from fish, cabbage, onions,
cauliflower, garlic, tobacco

WIZARD WICK
"Pull up the wick—
stops odors quick!"
ONLY 59¢
COSTS LESS! KEEP SEVERAL BOTTLES HANDY!

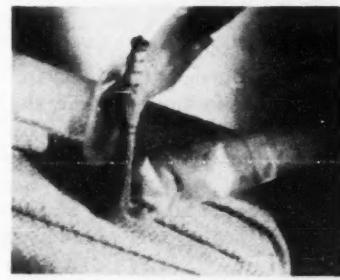
Shopping

BECAUSE THERE is such a variety of new products being manufactured that women will want to know about, Chatelaine will round up the most newsworthy among them to present to you from month to month in these pages. They will be selected with an eye to practical as well as decorative value in the hope that your purchase of any of them will give you pleasure, convenience or save you time.

Information as to where any of the illustrated items may be had, their prices and other details will be freely given. Just ask "Shopping With Chatelaine" by letter, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope to facilitate mailing.



Shape from copper molds. The corn-starch pudding will look so appetizing shaped by this cob o' corn mold; the meat loaf so individual by this Pennsylvania Dutch heart design. When molds are not in use hang them up. It's a long time since kitchens have had such charming decoration. Under \$5.



Elegant household mitts, brand named and everything about them to assure the protection of your "lily whites" when dusting, doing dishes and other handwork. Next kitchen shower you go to be sure to tuck a pair of these plastic handies in with your other good wishes to the bride. Around 40¢.



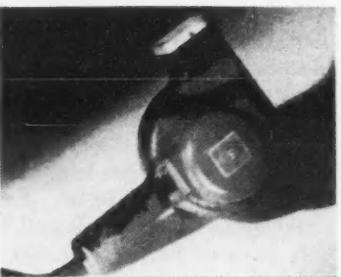
Imported pottery. Brown or natural-colored casserole and ramekin set from which to serve soup, macaroni and cheese, baked beans or any other hot late supper dish. The individual ramekin covers may be placed under the dish to protect the table from extreme heat. Ramekins about \$1.50; Brown Casserole about \$4.50.



Your skin, like the soft, pink skin of a baby, loses its charm when over-exposed. To make and keep your skin whiter, smoother, fresher—use Mercolized Wax Cream. Its different action gently clears dull, lifeless, coarsened skin, fades freckles—reveals a skin that is baby-smooth, fresh and radiant. Your skin looks younger, firmer, has new allure. Mercolized Wax Cream, has beautified millions of women. Sold for nearly 40 years at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Buy a jar, today.

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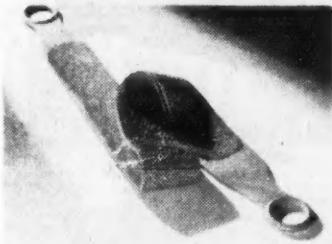


It's an electric hair drier for home use, not a gangster's gun! The news is in its silent operation and its moderate price. These days when practically every woman is giving herself a permanent or a quick wave-set at home, this aid to speedy drying becomes an indispensable part of the hair beauty treatments. Under \$15.

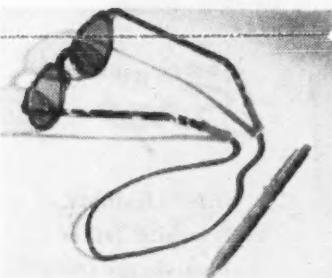
GIRL
THE
FOR
This a
zipper
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with Chatelaine

by Wilma Tait

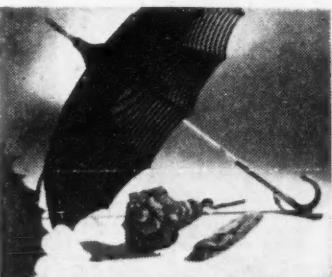


Flexible rubber bath brush to give you the glow of health. Soft rubber sponge to soap with on one side, corrugations to produce friction on the other and rings for your fingers at both ends to give yourself a good brisk bath rub. About \$2.25



No more groping for mislaid eyeglasses. When not in use wear 'em on a neckband—a simple arrangement of braid, ribbon, silver or gilt links with rubber tips to insert over ends of ear frames. \$1 or \$2.

Pencil with four leads, red, green, blue or black. Price \$5.



Rainy day solutions. The pagoda-shaped umbrella with shepherdess crook handle is a new old fashion, around \$6.25. Very simple, very compact, the collapsible umbrella opens by drawing out the frame, releasing the spring and whoops, it opens! To collapse, push ends together, fluff out, roll and cover. About \$11.50.



Animal Kingdom—Peter Rabbit, Tom Kitten, Jemima Puddleduck and all the other wonderland creatures straight from Beatrix Potter's books are being faithfully produced in Beswick English china for small tot's nursery collections. They'll love them. Under \$3.50 each.

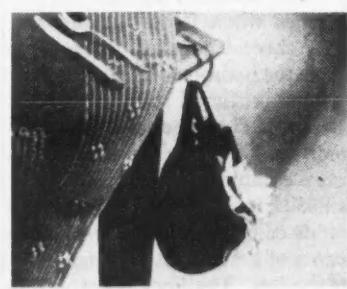
GIRLS! HERE'S SOMETHING NEW THERMOS BRAND LUNCH KIT

FOR OFFICE, SCHOOL OR ANY LUNCH OCCASION
This attractive kit comes in Brown or Tan zippered leatherette case with white lining. Holds one 7 oz. Thermos Brand Bottle with ample room for lunch, change purse and cosmetic bag. If your dealer is unable to supply you, write direct.

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Thermos (1925) Limited, London, England.



Bag holder. Why didn't someone think of this before? A brass bracket that holds your handbag safely within reach but out of the way while eating, playing cards or shopping. No more bag shifting from table to lap to floor. About \$1. Handmade bag is of black felt with drawstring and extravagant water lily decoration. Under \$8. +



Warm Carriage Set Knits Quickly

You'll knit this four-piece carriage suit for baby quickly, with 4-ply P.K. Zephyr Fingering and No. 9 needles. Smart with contrasting pom-poms and two rows of buttons. Simple, clear instructions for knitting sizes 6 mos. to 1 year are included with a host of baby patterns in the new P.K. Baby Book. Get your copy at any store selling P.K. Mothproof Yarns. Or send coupon today.

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Quickly sewn on, or attached with NO-SO CEMENT. Washable and permanent. Order from dealer—or direct
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Use Paris Pâté as a base—Add one hard-boiled egg, chopped onion and pickle, and cream mix with mayonnaise... 1 tin of Paris Pâté makes half a loaf of sandwiches!

PARIS-PÂTÉ PARIS BRAND MEAT PÂTÉ

6-49

PARIS-PÂTÉ PARIS BRAND MEAT PÂTÉ

When a youngster's upset by "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your child frets and fusses . . . when he's cross because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give him Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative
made especially for children



I Married an Ex-convict

Continued from page 55

which he was sentenced, or the equivalent.)

Three years ago the father of two children in a community close to ours went to the penitentiary. After the first scandal had died down, people didn't quite know what to do. Our attitude helped a little, I think. We continued to drop in, take the children out.

Her great problem, like that of many such women left without means of support, was to make a living for herself and her family in his absence.

At present, if a woman goes on relief (as most of them do, under these circumstances) she cannot go out and earn more than two or three dollars a week, or own her house or have any other income, except the Baby Bonus. If she could receive the Mother's Allowance given to women without husbands, or married to incapacitated ones, she might be able to do sufficient work to see her through, an officer in the John Howard Society says.

If, when the man returns home, he can earn a living, and if former friends as well as his wife are prepared to give him a second chance, there is a very good possibility that he will again become a satisfactory member of society.

The future of that family—like ours—is at the mercy of other Canadians everywhere. You wouldn't go out and run down a child in your car, with the set purpose of maiming him for life. Then why ruin his future by spreading rumors and gossip about his father, or making life more miserable for a woman who has already gone through hell.

I would be an unnatural mother if I did not say I hope my daughter will marry a man with no criminal record—or tendencies. If she does, I can only hope I have built up in her the strength and understanding to help him, make himself into the kind of good citizen her father is. *

Adventure in Decorating

Continued from page 84

flower pictures (in bleached wood frames) repeat the color of the entrance.

In the dining alcove, also, an illusion of size has been achieved by well-proportioned furniture placed in such a way that the centre of the room is opened up. (With table and chairs in the centre the room would tend to look much smaller.) The table is noteworthy—40 x 20 inches when folded, it can be extended by three leaves of 12 inches.

In the master bedroom, as elsewhere, the furniture is limed oak in good modern design. The room is like Margaret, herself. She wears suits well, is fond of grey combined with green and avoids frills. The bedroom is without frills . . . its colors are dusty pink with sharp accents of lime green in bedspread and lamp shades. The floor is carpeted from wall to wall in grey Axminster. Two walls are cocoa brown, two walls are covered with a rose-toned paper.

The nursery for Gail (not illustrated) has a circus tent effect in the gay awning-striped ceiling of blue and white with grey. The floor is a warm red. A clever playpen fits into a corner.

The kitchen is every woman's dream of cupboard space to spare. Its colors are white, yellow and red. Efficiency is its keynote. *

Made for each Other

Baby's Own
3 Step Formula

and your baby



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.. with its feathery, fluffy white lather that whisks the impurities from each tiny pore.



BABY'S OWN
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.. smooth ontender scalp, pat soaked pad around diaper region and—goodbye to chafing.



BABY'S OWN
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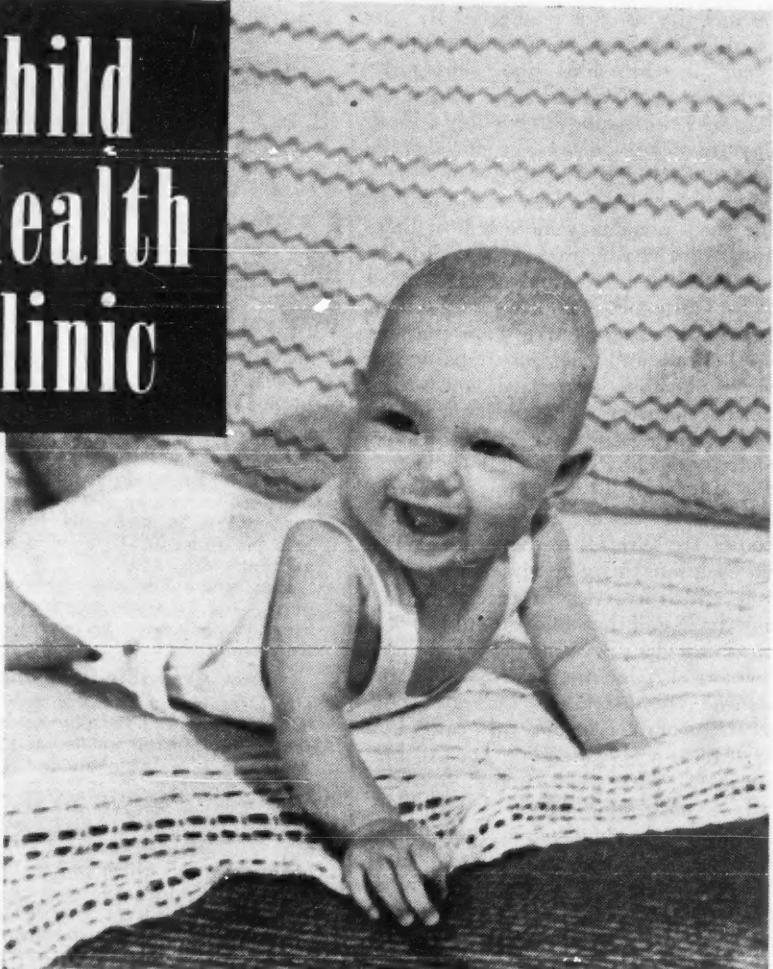
.. a fluffy, fragrant cloud and a film of protection that banishes roughness or irritation.

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MADE JUST FOR BABY...

Child Health Clinic



What Hope For Our RH Babies?

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

YOU HAVE probably read accounts of babies suffering from RH disease or erythorblastosis, as it is known to physicians. What kind of disease is it? It is not caused by germs or in other words it is not an infection. It is not due to an overwhelming growth of cells, like cancer or sarcoma. It is not a metabolic disease like diabetes, where the pancreas is unable to produce enough insulin. It is due to a different kind of trouble altogether and it is not surprising that the cause escaped discovery until quite recently.

What is the explanation? We will simplify it as much as possible. About 85% of the white population have the RH substance in their blood. About 15% of people do not have this RH substance in their blood. We call them RH negatives. It is perfectly normal for them not to have it and they too were born that way.

If a man that is "pure" RH positive marries a woman that is a "pure" RH negative, all their children will be RH positive or in other words the RH trait

is dominant. A child of such a marriage may develop RH trouble. Of course if both parents are pure RH positives, the child will naturally be pure RH positive too. Or if both parents are pure RH negatives the child will of course be RH negative. If the father is RH positive and the mother is a pure RH negative some of their children may be RH negatives and then the trouble will not occur.

As you know, a baby grows and develops in his mother's uterus or womb. If the father is RH positive and mother RH negative, you have an RH positive child developing in the uterus of an RH negative mother. Trouble arises because some of the baby's RH substance gets into his mother's blood. She reacts to this substance and produces antibodies against it. Later on, either in that pregnancy or a later one, these antibodies get across to the unborn child where they combine with the RH substance in the child's red blood cells and as result destroy them.

The first and second child of an RH positive father and an RH negative

Gail Denise, young daughter of Paul and Margaret Bergman, is a healthy, jolly baby and living proof that RH trouble can be overcome if given proper medical care.

Progress in fighting DIABETES



One of the final steps in the extraction of purified insulin from pancreas glands. Here a solution of insulin is being filtered. It is later adjusted to meet dosage requirements of individual patients.

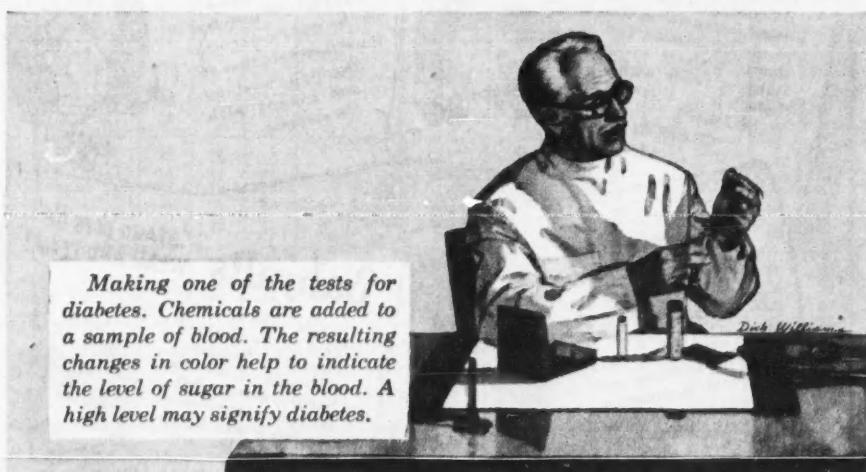
What Medical Science is Doing...

Great advances have been made in controlling diabetes. The discovery of insulin in 1921 has led to a much greater life expectancy for the average diabetic today. For example, at age 40, the expectancy is more than twice what it was before insulin was developed.

Medical science is still on the march. It has developed different types of insulin. Some are quick acting with a short term of effectiveness, while others are slower acting but longer lasting. Recent research gives hope

that there soon will be available a single insulin that combines both the rapid and more lasting effects. In many cases, this would mean better control of the disease.

In addition, it has been discovered that diabetes can be produced experimentally with a substance called *alloxan*, as well as by other means. This may shed new light on how and why the disease develops. Various studies, including research with radioactive isotopes, also offer hope for important advances in the treatment, and perhaps the prevention, of diabetes.



Making one of the tests for diabetes. Chemicals are added to a sample of blood. The resulting changes in color help to indicate the level of sugar in the blood. A high level may signify diabetes.

What You Can Do...

Recent surveys indicate that in addition to the thousands of known diabetics, other thousands of people in our country have diabetes and are unaware of it. So it is wise for everyone to keep alert for these warning signals — excessive thirst, hunger, or urination, continual fatigue, or loss of weight. It is important to see a doctor at once if any of these conditions appear.

Doctors recommend that everyone

have an annual physical examination, including tests for diabetes. These tests are especially important for those who have diabetes in the family, those who are overweight, and those past 40.

While there is as yet no cure for diabetes, it can generally be controlled through insulin, diet, and exercise. By following the doctor's advice about keeping these three factors in proper balance, the diabetic can usually live a practically normal life.

**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

To learn more about diabetes, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 109-L, entitled "Diabetes."



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Babyalls and Playalls
Sensationally New Children's Play Clothes

**APPROVED BY DOCTORS
AND NURSES FROM
COAST TO COAST!**

YES, 486 Doctors and Nurses, from Vancouver to Newfoundland, after carefully examining Babyalls and Playalls—voiced their enthusiastic approval of these wonderful play clothes. About Babyalls, they said such things as: "a splendid idea for changing and training babies" . . . "should be a great help to mothers." About Playalls: "excellent for teaching children to dress and undress" . . . "most practical garment of this type ever seen!"

Here's why Doctors and Nurses approve Babyalls and Playalls—why you should insist on Babyalls and Playalls for your children—

FOR TOTS FROM 6 TO 18 MONTHS!

Babyalls "MAKE DIAPER CHANGING EASY!"

No button fumbling with Babyalls! No hooks to catch! Babyalls have sturdy dome fasteners on the inside leg seams. You don't undress your baby or tussle with baby's legs . . . just UNSNAP! CHANGE! AND SNAP!

Babyalls "NO BUTTONS FOR BABY TO SWALLOW!"

With "easy-on, easy-off" Babyalls, forget loose, broken buttons or hooks—because Babyalls are fastened with extra-strong dome fasteners that go through washing and ironing without damage.

Babyalls "FIT PERFECTLY—BY WEIGHT-NOTAGE!"

Babyalls give your baby full freedom with the greatest comfort. Exclusive, adjustable sta-put shoulder straps won't slip off. Babyalls "grow" with your baby. Sizes from 16 to 26 pounds.

Babyalls "STAND LOTS OF WEAR AND TEAR!"

Made from "12 Test"** Sanforized fabrics, shrunk Babyalls come in hard-wearing drills, cotton gabardines, corduroy and Viyella. Babyalls are guaranteed not to shrink, fade or discolor your wash.

*Must pass 12 rigorous tests against shrinkage and running in the wash.

Playalls FOR ACTIVE YOUNGSTERS 2 TO 8 YEARS!

Playalls—The Ideal "Easy-On, Easy-Off" Garment for your youngster—boy or girl. Especially made for 2 to 8 year olds, self-help Playalls have special gripper fasteners or zipper down the front so that your child quickly learns to dress himself—without your help!

Playalls—Expertly Made from rugged cotton gabardines and long-wearing corduroys—in five distinctive pastel shades. Highest quality woollens also available in a variety of plaids and patterns. Keep at least 2 pair of Playalls always handy for your lad and lassie—let them dress themselves and look their best—in self-help Playalls!

REMEMBER MOM—INSIST ON GENUINE

Babyalls



Playalls

Babyalls - 327 Cumberland Ave. - Winnipeg

mother are usually unaffected by this trouble. RH disease is much more apt to occur in the third and subsequent children of such a marriage. We are not sure why this happens. Possibly a small amount of antibodies are produced in the first pregnancy. In the second pregnancy more of them may be formed. In the third pregnancy more still of these antibodies may be produced. In order to cause damage, a sufficient amount of these antibodies must pass back to the baby in her uterus. We know that the mother can supply her unborn baby with very valuable protective antibodies, against measles and diphtheria for example, although these antibodies remain in the baby's body for only the first few months of his life. However in the case of RH disease the anti RH antibodies are harmful to the child. When they get into the baby's blood they combine with the RH substance in his red blood cells and that unfortunately breaks up these cells. Because quantities of his red blood cells are destroyed he becomes very anaemic. This great destruction of red cells may also cause him to develop severe jaundice (not the mild jaundice that very many newborn babies have and which is harmless), sometimes the damage may be so great that the baby dies either before or after birth. However you should remember that this trouble is not common.

**What Can Be Done to Guard
Against This Trouble?**

Medical scientists have developed methods for determining whether the person is RH positive or negative. Often physicians have this test done when expectant mothers are under their care. If the mother belongs to the common RH positive type, that is fine. If she is one of the RH negative, the husband's blood might well be tested also. If he too is RH negative, which is rather unlikely, that is very fortunate. If the mother is RH negative and the father RH positive, it is best to measure the amount of anti RH antibodies in the mother's blood at intervals during her pregnancy. If the antibody level is low, the baby will probably be all right. If the antibodies rise above a certain level, preparations are made to treat the baby when he is born. Blood for transfusing him is obtained, because anaemia is probably the commonest symptom of this disease. If the condition of the baby is serious, an exsanguination-transfusion may be done, in which the baby's blood is withdrawn from one blood vessel as fresh normal blood is injected into another. New methods of treating the mother before the child is born and the baby after birth are being worked on.

There is one other circumstance in which RH negative women and girls should be given special care. If such a person needs a transfusion, following an operation, an accident, or for any other reason, if possible, she should be given RH negative blood. If she is given RH positive blood, she will develop anti RH antibodies. Then later on if she marries an RH positive man and has a baby, even her first child may have RH disease.

By their appearance, behavior, health or in any other evident way, you cannot distinguish an RH positive individual from an RH negative one. It is only by a special test on their blood that the difference can be shown. It seems remarkable indeed that the cause of RH disease was ever discovered. +



**he's warm in
Dr. Denton Sleepers**

Your child grows damp with perspiration—may often be wet at night. But even when he kicks off his covers, he'll be warm in Dr. Denton Sleepers all night long.

Dr. Denton Sleepers are made from pure, soft, wool-and-cotton—which keeps in body heat, keeps out cold, so baby won't get cold and clammy.

Now Available in Colours!

Dr. Denton Sleepers are now made in pink, blue and the popular natural shade. Reinforced seams and button or fastener styles. Double-facing at points of wear.

Dr. Denton Sleepers are also available in two-piece garments—extra lowers available. No need to undress baby completely when you change him. Save on washings and wear too!

Dr. Denton Sleepers resist shrinking, stay soft and warm after countless washings. You get better value in safe, warm Dr. Denton Sleepers.

**Dr. Denton
SLEEPERS**
made in Canada exclusively by
MERCURY MILLS LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Evenflo
Nipple, Bottle, Cap All-in-One
"America's
Most Popular Nurser"



Doctors recommend Evenflo because its air-valve nipple provides smooth nursing which helps babies finish their bottles better. Mothers like Evenflo Nurses because they are handier to use at home or while visiting.



Continued from page 101

"Good night," she said, politely, by rote, through stiff lips. "Thank you for asking me to the party. I had a nice time."

"You don't have to pretend." His voice was harsh.

"All right! So, I didn't." Her voice broke in spite of her. "You certainly were right in that editorial when you said that youth wasn't the wonderful time the grownups seemed to think it was, but a hateful time, a time of too many choices, too many directions—" She parroted the words, and then her voice faded because he was looking at her very strangely.

"Hey! You really read it, didn't you? I thought when you said you liked it way back when we started out—remember?—well, I thought you were just—you know—feeding me a line."

"Oh, no," she said. "No." She hesitated, feeling suddenly warm and clear and very anxious to be honest with him so that he would know she wasn't feeding him a line. She felt almost the way she had felt sometimes in class when they were talking over an assignment together. "I liked it," she said.

"You just wait and see the one I'm going to turn out next year," he said. "I bet you'll like that one." He stopped as though he had said too much maybe. He thrust out his hand. "Well. It's getting kind of late."

His hand was warm and firm.

"Well," she said finally. "I—I guess I'd better go in now, Bud."

"Yeah." He hesitated. "I wish things—well, I'll see you tomorrow."

He made a question out of it somehow, though he knew he would see her tomorrow in class. And it was as though he were asking something else of her with that question.

"Good night," she whispered, smiling. "Good night now."

Safe within her own door, safe within these familiar halls, she leaned against her own side of the door. She tried to quiet her own loud heartbeat as she listened and knew that he was still standing there on the porch. As though he hoped she might relent and come out again. And after a while she heard his footsteps clatter down the front porch—and they didn't sound as though the evening had bored him and proved a disappointment. They sounded as though he could hardly wait for tomorrow to come.

Maybe, she thought softly, there were as many answers as there were stars in the sky. Suddenly, for no reason at all, she thought of that eager first star on which she had wished her vague formless wishes, and she could feel tears stinging gently against her lashes. Though why thinking back to how very very young she had been at the beginning of this evening should make her want to cry was something she could not quite understand.

+

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Brock's Bird Seeds	75	Locomotive Washers	80
Burns & Company	17	Lovalon Hair Rinse	78
Campbell Soups	37	Lysol	54
Canada Saving Bonds	44	Magic Baking Powder	38
Canadian Beauty Electrical Appliances	83	Marchands Golden Hair Wash	55
C.G.E. Appliances	8	Maytag Washer	96
Canadian Ice Foundation	76	McClary Ranges	14
Cash's Name Tags	103	Mercerized Wax Cream	102
Castoria	104	Metropolitan Life Insurance	105
Cat's Paw Rubber	75	Mintex Non-Burn Mittens	103
Christie's Ritz Biscuits	64	Modena Blankets	55
Circle Bar Hosiery	69	Modess	19
Colman's Mustard	4	Morphy-Richards Electrical Appliances	88
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Congoleum	41	Murray-Selby Shoes	61
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Crane Limited	40	Newspaper Institute	50
Cream of Wheat	47	Noxzema Cream	13-81
Decoware	102	Pall Mall Cigarettes	49
Domestic Shortening	92	Palmer Institute	55
Demidin Oilcloth	63	Parisian Corset	58
Doubleday Book Club	1	Paris-Paté (Paris-Patty)	103
Dow Chemical	100	Parker Pens	39
Dr. Denton Sleepers	106	Perma-Lift Girdle	60
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Eagle Lion Films	79	P.K. Yarns	103
Easy Washer	46	Playalls	106
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What changes to expect

in Baby's Weight



● Is that tiny, helpless bundle getting enough to eat? Don't worry, mothers! If he isn't, he'll probably tell you so—and loudly. Babies seem to know how much food they need. When they get too much, they balk at taking it. When they get as much as they want, they fall asleep with groggy satisfaction. When they get too little, they yell for more. Baby's weight is the important thing:

But don't be alarmed if your baby differs a pound or so from the average weights given in the charts below. However, if the difference is too great, consult your physician.

WEIGHT—HEIGHT—AGE TABLE

FOR BOYS								FOR GIRLS							
1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	12 mo.	18 mo.	24 mo.	Height (in.)	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	12 mo.	18 mo.	24 mo.	
8							20	8							
9	10						21	9	10						
10	11						22	10	11						
11	12	13					23	11	12	13					
12	13	14					24	12	13	14	14				
							25	13	14	15	15				
							26	15	16	17	17				
							27	16	17	18	18				
							28	19	19	19	19				
							29	20	20	20	20				
							30	21	21	21	21				
							31	22	22	22	22				
							32	23	23	23	23				
							33	24	24	24	24				
							34	25	25	25	25				
							35	26	26	26	26				
							36	27	27	27	27				
							37	28	28	28	28				

(Weight figures shown above are in pounds)

The first big change in baby's menu comes when the doctor says he's ready for solids—usually when baby is about four months old. Then both mother and baby will discover the joys of Heinz Strained Baby Foods—27 wholesome, tempting varieties made from choice vegetables, fruits and meats—strained to a smooth, even texture—easy for baby to swallow and digest.

The next big change in menu comes when baby approaches his first birthday and the doctor advises coarser-textured foods. When this happens, choose baby's meals from the 17 appetizing varieties of Heinz Junior Foods. Like Heinz Strained Baby Foods, Heinz Junior Foods are cooked—by the best available methods developed by food technologists.



Look for the complete line of Heinz Baby Foods (Blue Label), Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label) and two Heinz Pre-Cooked Baby Cereals at the sign of the smiling Heinz Baby when you are shopping.



HEADQUARTERS
for all
BABY FOODS

Heinz Baby Foods



Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year... As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

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Chatelaine

Fall Fashion Issue

OCTOBER 1949

VOLUME 22

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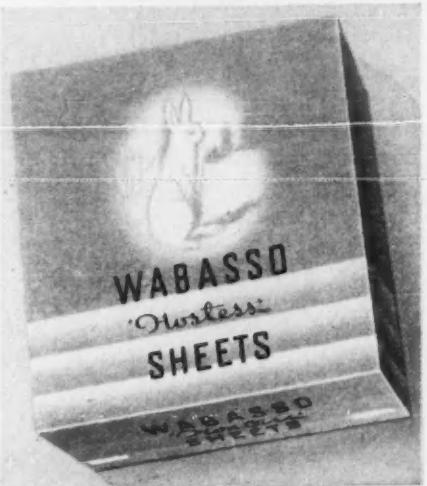


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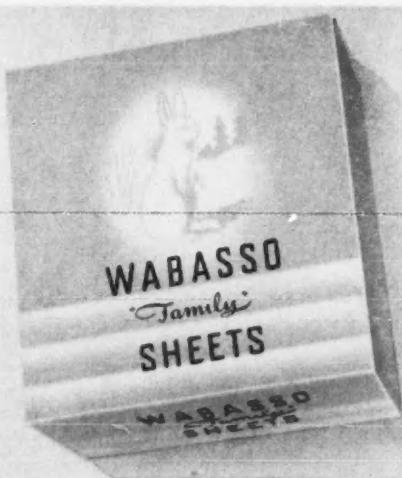
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